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MARCHES OF THE NORTH

BOOKS BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

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Photograph by F. S. Ambrister

ON THE GREAT DIVIDE

MARCHES OF THE NORTH

FROM CAPE BRETON
TO THE KLONDIKE

Illustrated with Photographs



BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

THE CENTURY CO.
NEW YORK LONDON

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First Printing

To

SIR HENRY W. THORNTON, K.B.E.

JOHN MURRAY GIBBON, Esq.

WALTER S. THOMPSON, Esq.

J. HARRY SMITH, Esq.

*in grateful appreciation
of their assistance
and kindness*

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MARCHES OF THE NORTH

CHAPTER I
THE MARITIMES

I

I HAVE never been able to resist the summons of the open road. I am obsessed by a hankering to find out what is at the other end. It goes *somewhere*, you see, and always I have the feeling that far off in the distance, beyond that next range of hills or the other side of yonder wood, there is something mysterious and magical waiting to be found.

Let me admit at the outset that there is nothing mysterious or magical about the road which leads "down East" through Acadia to the Canso Gut and "up along" Cape Breton Island to the edge of the icy ocean. But it is a soothing, sympathetic, friendly sort of road. A road, moreover, which is rich in scenic, historic, and romantic interest. To the restless and the tired of soul a road of heart's delight.

You should take it, by preference, in the late spring, when the bustle of the city is getting on your

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nerves; when the din of traffic pours in through the open casements of your office; when the asphalt is becoming hot under foot; when you pause before the windows of sporting-goods stores to gaze longingly at fly-rods and camping gear; "when the wind comes up from Cuba and the birds are on the wing."

There are no motor cops upon that road and not many motor cars. Hot-dog stands and gas stations are few and far between. There is a gratifying absence of those shrieking signs and bilious billboards with which enterprising but unesthetic American manufacturers have marred the beauty and tarnished the charm of our own countryside. Perhaps it is not a historic road in the same sense that certain European highways are historic, yet it has felt the moccasined tread of painted savages and fur-capped voyageurs, the shuffle of Jesuit missionaries in sandals and woolen robes, the measured tramp of French soldiers in white coats, American soldiers in blue coats, and English soldiers in scarlet ones.

A winding road, a rolling road, meandering for the most part through dark fir woods, but affording glimpses every now and then of moss-bound streams

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scurrying light-heartedly down happy valleys . . . of meadows where Rosa Bonheur cattle graze contentedly in lush green grass . . . of weather-beaten fishing villages odoriferous with the smell of drying cod . . . of log cabins set in forest clearings . . . of the pointed wigwams of Micmac Indians, the smoke of their camp-fires spiraling lazily into the blue . . . of sleepy hamlets whose shops bear names—Rory McLeod, Sandy M'Lean, Murdoch MacPherson—that smack of the Highlands . . . of vine-clad farm-houses with well-sweeps in the yard and lilacs by the gate, that peep out from perfumed orchards—that is, if you go there in apple-blossom time . . . of bright blue bays hemmed in by frowning headlands and dotted with the sails of fishing craft . . . of distant ranges of brooding purple mountains . . . and of the sea which stretches away, away, beyond the Grand Banks, to the inhospitable coasts of Labrador and Greenland.

It is a road which has been traveled in turn by Indians and Jesuits, by explorers and pioneers, by settlers and soldiers; by the convict-colonists of de la Roche; by the cavaliers and men-at-arms of the Sieur

MARCHES OF THE NORTH

de Monts; by Champlain and his Knights of the Order of Good Cheer; by the kilted gillies of Sir William Alexander; by the Acadians going into exile; by Montgomery and his New England riflemen marching to the taking of Louisbourg. In that road are epitomized the history and romance of America's first frontier. It has been a course of conquest, a trail of torture, a way to wealth, a road of religion. He who can travel it with no thought for anything save the number of miles shown by his speedometer and for the comfort of the hotel ahead; who is so lacking in imagination that he cannot see the countless phantom shadows that crowd it with their unseen presence; who is incapable of appreciating that it contains all the elements of this continent's panorama and procession, had better stay at home. The only thing such a person would understand would be a danger signal or a traffic policeman's whistle.

I don't know how many American tourists visit Nova Scotia each summer, but the total must run far into the tens of thousands. They come for the most part by steamer from New York or Boston, breakfast in Yarmouth, spend a day or so in the region about

Annapolis Royal—which I am heartily tired of hearing called “The Land of Evangeline”—and sail from Halifax for home. They leave in blissful ignorance of the charms of the back country, cheated of many a fascinating side-trip by guide-books and advertising folders which bury in a mass of historical rehash, booster statistics, and quotations from Mr. Longfellow’s hackneyed poem the things which they ought to know about.

Then there is another class of Americans, usually robustious men in leather jackets and khaki breeches, enveloped in an aroma of strong tobacco and Scotch whisky, who go to Nova Scotia to hunt or fish. Their knowledge of the country is generally confined to what they can see of it between the sights of a sporting rifle or within the arc described by a fly-rod. All they can tell you after their return is the measurement of the antlers of the bull moose shot in the Lunenburg country or the best salmon fly to use on the Margaree.

II

Since Time began, the Nova Scotian peninsula has reached out into the Atlantic from the American main-

land like a hand extended in greeting by the New World to the Old.

It was the first land sighted by Giovanni Caboto, the Italian navigator whom school children have been taught to call John Cabot, when he discovered North America in 1497, five years after his fellow Genoese had set foot on the beaches of San Salvador. Caboto landed on the northern extremity of Cape Breton Island at daybreak on a warm June morning. Unsheathing his sword and unfurling the English standard—for he had been financed by the trade-hungry merchants of Bristol and bore a commission signed by Henry VII—he took possession of the country in the name of the English king and presumably in broken English, which must have detracted considerably from the dramatic qualities of the occasion. The soil was fertile and the climate mild, so Caboto, with the optimism characteristic of the early mariners, jumped to the conclusion that he had reached the coast of China. True, there were no pagodas, palm-trees, silks, or spices visible, but, as Caboto doubtless argued, why bring that up? So he straightway hoisted sail for England, hastened to court, and received from the royal

hand for having discovered the new land the munificent sum of ten pounds. The Dutch bought Manhattan Island for twenty-seven dollars and a keg of rum. The English made a better bargain, for they acquired title to the whole of Canada for \$48.66.

One might suppose that the English would have lost no time in exploiting the continent found for them by their Italian employee, but land was to be had for the taking almost anywhere in those days, and they were doubtless occupied with more pressing affairs nearer home. So, barring a few visits by English and French fishermen, buccaneers, and slave-hunters, nothing of importance happened in this portion of the New World until one hundred and seven years after Caboto's discovery, when three adventurous Frenchman, Samuel de Champlain, the Sieur de Monts, and the Baron de Poutrincourt, landed on American soil at Cape Breton, jumped the English claim as it were, and planting the lily-banner, named the continent New France.

While Champlain, who seems to have been of a restless and inquisitive disposition, sailed southward to discover summer resorts for future generations of

Americans, his companions set about the business of establishing on the peninsula a colony which they called Acadia. A charming name, pregnant with romance. As you can't have a colony without colonists, however, de Monts hurried back to France, returning to Acadia some months later with a shipload of ex-convicts, who had been given the choice of serving out their terms or going to the New World as settlers. But Acadia is not the only colony which was originally settled by jailbirds. Tasmania provides another example.

When Champlain returned from his gallivantings in the South he found the colony of Acadia a going concern. Its capital, a village of log huts on the shore of the Bay of Fundy, bore the pretentious name of Port Royal. Winter was now at hand, always a trying season in that region, and Champlain, who probably would have been a Boy Scoutmaster had he lived in our times, bolstered up the drooping spirits of the colonists by founding the Order of Good Cheer. The members were the fifteen leading men of Port Royal, the local gentry, and they had as their guests of honor the Micmac chieftains, who must have viewed the

proceedings of the white men with considerable astonishment. The lodge meetings were held in de Poutrincourt's house, because it was the largest, and here, before the roaring fire, the knights ate and drank and gambled, recited tales of amatory adventures, and roared the ribald songs they had learned when serving under Henry of Navarre, until the North Star paled in the dawn.

The Acadians struggled along after a fashion until 1613, when the English colonists in Virginia sent an expedition against them, claimed the whole territory by right of Caboto's discovery a century before, and ousted most of the French, who sought refuge among the Indians. From this unimportant episode dates the long and bloody struggle, lasting a century and a half, for the possession of Acadia—a struggle that was not to terminate until Wolfe's victory on the Plains of Abraham put an end to France's ambitions in the New World.

In 1621, a year after the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock, James I granted to one of his Scotch cronies, Sir William Alexander, all that portion of North America lying between the 40th and the 46th

parallels of latitude—quite a spacious gift, when you look at it on the map. The king called it New Scotland, but the scribe who drew up the charter, eager to display his erudition, employed the Latin form of the name, Nova Scotia, which it bears to-day.

It reverted to its original name of Acadia, however, when Charles I restored it to France by the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye. In 1654 the Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell, despatched an expedition to regain possession of the country which his predecessor had so basely surrendered, but when Charles II came to the throne he lost no time in restoring it to France by the treaty of Breda. In 1713, however, by the treaty of Utrecht, the province was handed back to England, though the French retained possession of Cape Breton Island, which gave them command of the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

In order to strengthen their position the French built on the eastern coast of Cape Breton the great fortress of Louisbourg, whereupon, by way of counterpoise, the English founded a stronghold of their own at Halifax. Across the narrow waters of the Canso Gut the French and the English growled at each other like

dogs over a disputed bone. And, encouraged by the proximity of Louisbourg, the French settlers in Acadia by their conspiracies and disaffection seriously menaced the security of English rule. At length the situation became intolerable. It was ruthlessly brought to an end in 1755, when Governor Charles Laurence seized about six thousand of the French Acadians and summarily shipped them out of the country. After undergoing many hardships, some eventually found their way back, while others settled in Cape Breton Island or in the distant French colony of Louisiana. This was the Expulsion painted in such harsh colors by Longfellow in his "Evangeline." It had its modern counterpart in 1920, when, under strikingly similar circumstances, the government of Mustapha Kemal expelled the entire Greek population of Asiatic Turkey.

In 1745, England and France being engaged against each other in the War of the Austrian Succession, an expeditionary force from New England carried Louisbourg by storm, but to the disgust of the Americans the fortress was handed back to France three years later under the terms of the treaty of Aix-

la-Chapelle. A decade of peace ensued and then England and France were once more at each other's throats in the Seven Years' War. Again an expedition sailed out of Boston, this time under the dashing General Amherst whose fame has been perpetuated in an American college song—"Lord Jeffrey Amherst was a soldier of the king. . . ." Again the great French stronghold was captured and again the flag of England was hoisted above its ramparts, this time not to be hauled down, for by the treaty of Paris in 1763 the whole of New France was formally ceded to Great Britain.

When the English packets brought the news the Nova Scotians must have heaved sighs of relief, as for nearly one hundred and sixty years they had been but pawns in the great chess-game played in Europe. Throughout that period they never knew when they awoke in the morning the name of the country in which they lived, what sovereignty they were under, the name of their ruler, or the color of their flag.

I am sorry that it has been necessary to serve you such a chunk of history at a single sitting, but a pio-

ture of a country, as of anything else, is flat and monotonous without a background.

III

Nature left Nova Scotia a peninsula. Man could quite easily make it into an island, however, by cutting a canal across the narrow isthmus of Chebucto, only eleven miles wide, which connects the peninsula with the mainland. Such a waterway would have a very real commercial value in that it would permit vessels to pass directly from the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, thereby saving a detour of something over six hundred miles and bringing Montreal two days nearer by steamer to Boston.

But the northern end of Nova Scotia is an honest-to-God island, separated from the rest of the province by the narrow strait known as the Canso Gut. This latter region reverses the usual definition of an island, however, as you will see by a glance at the map, inasmuch as it consists of a body of water surrounded by land, for that golden arm of the Atlantic, the Bras d'Or Lake, forms an inland sea in the heart of Cape Breton Island.

In naming the land in which they settled New Scotland the early Scots pioneers did not need to strain their imaginations, for the seaward coast of the province, on which the original immigrants first landed, is a granite wall, seemingly sterile and inhospitable, the innumerable firths, fiords, and bays with which it is indented giving it a striking resemblance to the east coast of Scotland. And, pushing inland, they found the same low ranges of hills clothed in ruddy heather, the same fir forests, the same lochs and braes and burns and glens amid which they had grown up in the Highlands. Aye, lad, 'tis a bonnie land, verra near as fine as auld Scotland.

Of the nine provinces which make up the Dominion of Canada, Nova Scotia is the only one boasting a flag of its own—a flag which owes nothing to the Fleur-de-Lys, the Tricolor, or the Union Jack. When you see unfurled a white flag with a blue St. Andrew's cross and in the center a golden rampant lion you may know it is the standard of New Scotland.

It is likewise the only province, and, so far as I am aware, the only part of the British Empire, which has its own order of knighthood. This dates back to the

first quarter of the seventeenth century, when Sir William Alexander pocketed the charter given him by King James and set sail for the New World to found a colony. In order to finance the venture he was authorized by the king, who since his accession to the English throne had systematically replenished his revenues by the simple expedient of selling titles, to establish a new order of knighthood—the Baronets of Nova Scotia. The order still exists, and its members, descendants of the original baronets, are entitled to wear about their necks on ceremonial occasions an orange ribbon from which depend by an imperial crown the arms of Scotland.

I was unable to ascertain how many Scotsmen have settled in Nova Scotia, but to-day they form the predominant part of the population. From one end of the peninsula to the other the cemeteries are filled with the white tombstones of the Frasers and the MacDonalds, the Wallaces, the M'Innesses, and the M'Nabs, and there are still many communities where the inhabitants commonly converse in Gaelic and have some difficulty in understanding the barbarous Sassenach tongue.

The Scotch are found for the most part along the eastern coast of the peninsula and in Cape Breton Island; the extreme west is French Acadian; there is a settlement of Germans in the center of the province; and the rest of the population is English, descendants of the loyalists who emigrated from New England after the Revolution. And, scattered all over the peninsula, are small settlements of Micmac Indians.

Thus, in the course of a single day's motor journey, you may inquire your way in English, French, German, Gaelic, and Micmac. Yet the country was discovered by an Italian. But the only son of Italy I came across was the young Sicilian who shined my shoes in the hotel in Halifax.

IV

An American, touring in the Maritimes, was asked by a lady who sat next to him at dinner if he knew the Sydneys.

"No," he admitted. "I can't say that I do. Who are they? One of the old Nova Scotian families, I suppose."

She was not referring to people, the lady told him,

but to the cluster of towns—Sydney, North Sydney, East Sydney, Sydney Mines, and Sydney Harbor—on the eastern coast of Cape Breton Island.

The Sydneys are not particularly interesting in themselves, and this in spite of the fact that the history of the region goes back into the past for upward of a thousand years, that in these bays and inlets have swung at anchor the vessels of Norse sea-rovers, Italian explorers, Portuguese adventurers, Spanish buccaneers, French voyageurs, Dutch traders, English rovers, Scotch colonists, German settlers, Basque and Breton fishermen, American privateersmen, Canadian whalers, Newfoundland smugglers, and rum-runners from God knows where.

Yet, diversified and colorful as is the history of this family of towns at the easternmost extremity of the island, the real charm of Cape Breton is to be found along the winding road which leads to them.

Run your car aboard the motor ferry at Mulgrave, on the mainland side of the Canso Gut, and drive ashore a quarter of an hour later on Cape Breton Island. The island possesses no concrete highways, which to my way of thinking is rather a recommenda-

tion than otherwise, but its roads, though dusty in summer, are well built and moderately smooth. What's the hurry, anyway? Haven't you come here for a vacation?

The ferry lands you at Tupper's Point, where any villager, speaking likely enough in broad Scots, will direct you to St. Peter's Bay. Here the trunk road veers abruptly inland, following the southern shore of Bras d'Or Lake and the Sydney River to Sydney, the *cheflieu* of the island, which has a superb harbor, several movie houses, a moderately comfortable hotel, and, in the immediate vicinity, a number of profitable coal-mines.

If you have a hankering to visit Louisbourg, go there by all means—it will take you only an hour or so and the road is not bad; but I warn you in advance that you will be rewarded only by some grass-grown ruins. But few spots in the New World are so rich in historic memories.

On the assumption that you wish to see as much of the island as possible, I should turn westward from Sydney, if I were you, by the road which runs along the southern shore of St. Andrew's Channel to Grand

Narrows; thence around the head of St. Patrick's Channel (all these waterways, you understand, are arms of the great inland sea known as the Bras d'Or Lake) to Baddeck, which is the center of summer life in Cape Breton.

Above the lake at Baddeck stands a spacious, rambling house with numerous outbuildings called Ben Breagh, for many years the summer residence of that kindly, white-bearded, patriarchal genius, Alexander Graham Bell, whose name appears on the cover of the most widely read volume in the world—the telephone book. (I was on my way to visit him at Ben Breagh when I learned of his death.) And on the smooth waters before Ben Breagh another genius, the late Glenn Curtiss, carried out the experiments which led to the perfection of the seaplane.

This mention of scientific inventions reminds me that the first trans-Atlantic cable was landed at Money Point, on the northern end of Cape Breton Island, in 1867, and that thirty-odd years later, from the deck-house of an Italian warship in Sydney harbor, Guglielmo Marconi sent the first message across the Atlantic by wireless. A curious thing, is it not, that this

remote island of Cape Breton should have been the cradle of four great means of communication—the cable, the telephone, the radio, and the airplane?

From Baddeck you may continue “up along” the east coast, as the Bluenoses say, to Cape North, which is land’s end, and then down the west coast, through Grand Étang and the lovely valley of the Margaree, to the Canso Gut again.

Yes, I know that all this smacks of guide-book and railway-folder literature, but, to tell the truth, I like that sort of reading. It is a sort of mental Magic Carpet. In any event, if you will follow the route that I have outlined you will see Indian villages, cod fisheries, collieries, miles of apple orchards, fleets of fishing craft in from the Grand Banks with their catches, the ruins of the greatest fortress ever raised in the western world, rivers where trout and salmon are jumping-hungry for the fly, and some of the most enchanting scenery to be found anywhere.

They tell of a party of American visitors who parked their car on Cape Enfumé, the mighty headland which rises above the Atlantic a thousand feet

sheer. One of the tourists, turning to address his wife, saw that she was in tears.

“Why, what’s the trouble, dear?” he asked.

“It’s too beautiful,” she whispered, a catch in her voice. “Too beautiful. . . .”

“Sob-sister stuff,” I hear you remark cynically. Well, I’m not so sure about that. I once heard a very worldly young woman use the same words as we stood in the Indian moonlight before the Taj Mahal.

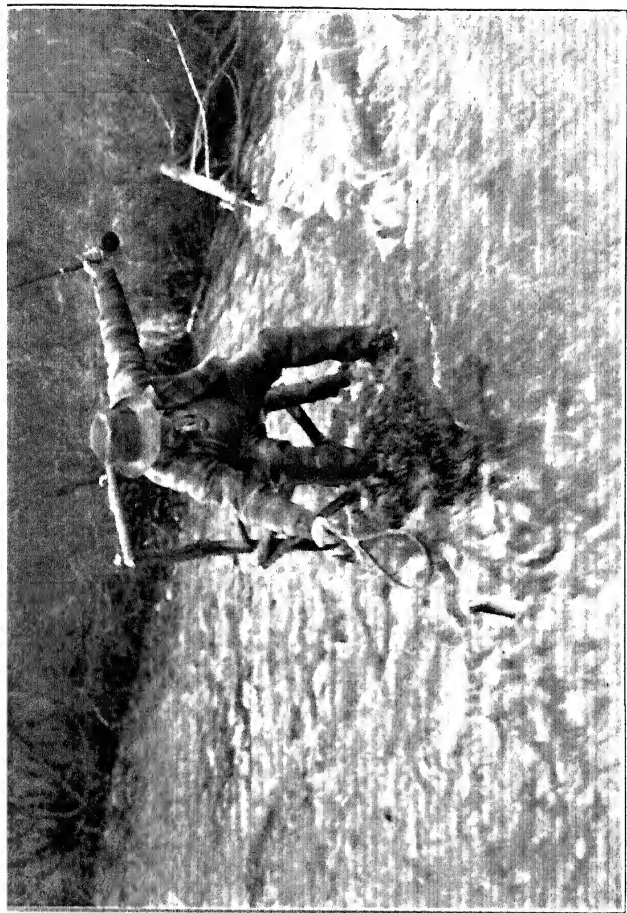
v

I have remarked elsewhere that French rule in North America ended with Wolfe’s victory at Quebec, when New France passed into British possession. This is not a strictly accurate statement, however, for a tiny and almost forgotten fragment of that mighty empire still remains to France in the colony of St. Pierre and Miquelon. These two islands, with a combined area of less than a hundred square miles and a total population of fewer than four thousand, lie close under the lee of Newfoundland, directly opposite Cape Breton. From North Sydney small steamers sail at frequent in-

tervals—twice weekly, I think—for St. Pierre, the colonial capital.

The islands were occupied by the French in 1660. Between 1702, when they were captured by the British, and 1814, when they were finally restored to France, they changed hands eight times. During this period the inhabitants kept a supply of the flags of both countries on hand so that, no matter what the fortunes of war, they could always hoist the proper bunting.

The importance of the islands is due to their proximity to the Grand Banks, which makes them the center of the French Atlantic fisheries. These are kept up by an elaborate system of bounties paid by the French Government, which considers them of great value as a practical training school—and a rude, stern school it is—for the navy. Cod-fishing is carried on from May to October by nearly five hundred vessels, most of which are fitted out in St. Pierre, the remainder coming from France. If you go there in the summer, therefore, you will find the cobbled streets of the seaport filled with red-capped, blue-jerseyed, high-booted men with the odor of fish clinging to their



SOLID COMFORT IN THE LAKE ST. JOHN COUNTRY

An arm-chair set in the middle of a stream where the trout are jumping-hungry for the fly

garments and the roll of the sea in their gait. You may have some difficulty in making yourself understood in college French, however, for these seamen speak the patois of Normandy, Brittany, La Vendée, and the Basque country.

Provided you are willing to put up with small and none too comfortable steamers, and are prepared for a twenty-hour passage which will probably be rough, I should advise you to visit St. Pierre and Miquelon if for no other reason than because they constitute a geographical curiosity. The writers of railway folders are fond of referring to Quebec as a bit of Old France, but that is merely a figure of speech, whereas St. Pierre and Miquelon really are French, with a French governor, and the tricolor floating over his exceedingly modest palace, and postage stamps of their own, and gendarmes in blue-and-silver uniforms, and a branch of Felix Potin's great establishment where you can buy French wines and liquors more cheaply than you can in France.

The islands, being mostly barren rock, are wholly unsuited for agriculture, though some of the inhabitants manage to wrest a precarious existence from

the scanty soil by the exercise of that patience and industry so characteristic of the French farmer. Until the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, however, the chief industry was cod-fishing, and officially it still is, but since the United States undertook the Noble Experiment the most profitable occupation in the colony has been rum-running. Owing to their proximity to Newfoundland, Canada, and New England, and to the topography of the adjacent shores, the islands provide an ideal base for the operations of smugglers and rum-runners, many of the ostensible fishing-craft which have "St. Pierre" under the names painted on their sterns carrying in their holds case-goods instead of cod.

When the World War began the colony was on the toboggan, large numbers of the inhabitants having sought a less arduous existence in Canada, but the passage of the American and Canadian liquor laws brought an unparalleled wave of prosperity. To-day the warehouses of St. Pierre are stacked to the roofs with cases bearing the marks of Pommery & Greno, Veuve Clicquot, Hennessy, and other names which have become but wistful memories in America. The

harbor is crowded with craft whose rakish lines and powerful engines suggest that they were designed for some other business than that of fishing off the Banks. Frequenting the cafés and estaminets are hard-eyed individuals who wouldn't recognize a cod unless it was creamed and served on toast for breakfast, and money changes hands in sums reminiscent of the mining camps of the Old West. It seems to me that it would be a very appropriate and graceful gesture if the inhabitants of St. Pierre and Miquelon were to show their gratitude for all this prosperity by erecting above the harbor a life-size statue of Mr. Volstead.

During the cold, bleak winter months the inhabitants of St. Pierre live snugly in their stone town houses. But with the coming of spring they repair to their country places, which usually consist of shacks made from corrugated iron, driftwood, and discarded packing-cases. Each morning they come into town to open up their shops, and return to the country at nightfall, in queer little two-wheeled carts—as often as not a soap-box mounted on a pair of bicycle wheels—drawn by two, three, and even four Newfoundland dogs driven tandem. On a summer's morn-

ing the trails leading into St. Pierre—for they can hardly be dignified by the name of roads—are crowded with these curious conveyances, the long whips of the drivers cracking like pistol-shots and the dogs all frantically barking.

I cannot recommend St. Pierre as suitable for a prolonged stay, for it is a desolate, wind-swept place, sans trees, sans grass, sans flowers, with the stench of drying cod permeating everything. But the beds in the local inn are clean and reasonably soft; the cooking, though simple, is quite excellent; and to wash down the omelette, saumon grillé, and soufflé, you can have anything from Château Yquem to Napoleon brandy.

A curious episode occurred shortly before my visit to St. Pierre. The colony had had its first murder trial in upwards of a generation. The accused, a sailor who had murdered his mate under peculiarly atrocious circumstances, had been found guilty and sentenced to be guillotined. There then arose a most embarrassing situation. For the colony did not possess a guillotine and no one knew how to make one. But the execution

had to be carried out according to law, so the governor of St. Pierre wired to his colleague, the governor of Martinique, where murders are less uncommon, requesting the loan of that island's decapitating apparatus. It arrived in due time and was set up in the Place d'Armes—or perhaps they call it the Place de la République.

But the difficulties did not end with the receipt of the borrowed guillotine, for no one knew how to operate the instrument of death and, what was more, no one had the slightest desire to learn. Whereupon the governor, who was a resourceful fellow, announced that the authorities would pay a thousand francs to any one who would conduct the execution with neatness and despatch. The day after the proclamation was posted a burly, hard-boiled Breton fisherman applied for the job. He was shown "the Widow" and how it worked.

"*Bien, M'sieu le Gouverneur,*" he grunted. "A child could operate it. Now all I require is a pig."

"A pig?" exclaimed the governor. "*Au nom du bon Dieu, pourquoi?*"

“I’ve never sliced off a man’s head before,” explained the amateur executioner, “and, as this must be a neat job, I want something to practise on.”

The pig having been provided and decapitated to every one’s satisfaction, the condemned man was led out and strapped to the plank. The executioner jerked the cord which released the knife, and the weighted blade dropped. But something went wrong, for, instead of decapitating the poor devil beneath, it only inflicted a ghastly wound. Whereupon the volunteer headsman drew from his pocket a seaman’s clasp-knife and proceeded with horrifying deliberation to finish the grisly job by hand.

He received the reward that had been promised him, but he could not spend it, for the superstitious islanders regarded it as blood-money and refused to touch it. He could not obtain food or drink or even a night’s lodging. At length, faced by starvation and in danger of his life, he sought passage on a French vessel to the mainland. But the crew threatened to mutiny if he came aboard. The authorities finally got rid of the fellow by smuggling him aboard a British steamer bound for Cape Breton Island.

That, so far as I am aware, was the last execution to be held in the colony. What became of the executioner? Well, they will tell you in St. Pierre that his spectral figure may be seen slinking across the Place d'Armes on stormy nights when the Atlantic gales shriek eerily between the chimneys and the wind-driven sleet descends with a hiss like a falling knife.

VI

When my grandmother became exasperated—and I am afraid that I exasperated her pretty frequently—she was wont to employ a colloquialism current in her girlhood and exclaim, “Go to Halifax!”—which was the early Victorian equivalent of “Get the hell out of here!” The idea being, I suppose, that Halifax was at the end of things, as far away as one could go without stepping off the continent. To-day, however, it is virtually in our front yard, for one may leave Boston by steamer in the afternoon, breakfast in Yarmouth, lunch on the train, and dine in the Nova Scotian capital.

In winter, when the St. Lawrence is closed to navi-

gation because of ice, Halifax to some extent usurps the place of Montreal as the chief port of Canada though I believe there is an even heavier winter traffic from St. John. But all the year round Halifax harbor is a-bristle with masts and funnels, there being frequent sailings for the British Isles, European ports, Newfoundland, the West Indies, and the United States.

Which reminds me that the recently completed Nova Scotian Hotel is built in such close proximity to the harbor that the traveler may leave his train, pass through the hotel, and embark on his steamer without having to go out from under a roof. This is an arrangement which eliminates one of the curses of travel, for I know of nothing more irritating than the usual business of transporting one's self and one's belongings from a railway station to a wharf, running the gauntlet of porters, red-caps, taxi-drivers, stevedores, and stewards.

Halifax, which has a population of 100,000 more or less, is built on the slopes of a fortified hill which runs down to a deep and spacious harbor. The fact that the harbor has two entrances enabled the Confed-

erate cruiser *Tallahassee* to slip through the little-used eastern passage by night and evade the Union squadron which was waiting off the western entrance like a terrier before a rat-hole.

Until 1906 the citadel—the strongest in Canada next to Quebec—was garrisoned by British troops, but in that year, with Esquimaux on the Pacific, it was taken over by the Canadian Government, as were the extensive dockyards, and the last imperial regiments in the Dominion marched down to the waiting transports with their bands playing “The Girl I Left Behind Me.” With them disappeared the picturesque martial life and color characteristic of a British garrison town.

Halifax has little to recommend it architecturally, its public buildings being for the most part those mediocre and unimaginative edifices of red brick or gray granite which one finds in British cities the Empire over—and Halifax is very British indeed. The attraction of the place lies almost wholly in its immediate surroundings, for behind the city stretches the North-West Arm, a really charming sheet of water, whose high, wooded shores are dotted with golf clubs, yacht

clubs, canoe clubs, and pleasant, unpretentious country houses standing amid lovely old-fashioned gardens and acres of carefully manicured lawns.

Speaking of gardens reminds me that you should on no account miss the Public Gardens, which cover a dozen acres or more in the very heart of the city. Here, in summer, are set out magnificent specimens of many exotic trees and plants, giving to the place a curiously tropical aspect. Here, also, is the finest display of azaleas on the continent outside of the famous Magnolia Gardens near Charleston. At the height of the season they are worth crossing Nova Scotia to see, for they are of the most gorgeous and unusual colors—flame, vermillion, blood-orange, crimson-lake, violet, amethyst, mauve, even a near-purple—and these colors have been blended by a master-gardener into combinations which would arouse the admiration of Jean Patou. But perhaps you don't care for that sort of thing.

VII

So much has been written about "The Land of Evangeline," as the fertile farming region lying along

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the southern side of the Bay of Fundy is poetically called, that little remains to be said.

If one comes early enough, the whole Annapolis-Cornwallis valley from Digby to Grand Pré is fragrant with a hundred miles of apple blooms. In late May and early June the houses and barns and highways are literally buried beneath the petaled drifts. For this was Acadia, the cradle of apple-growing in America, and the present orchards sprang from the apple-trees brought over from Normandy by the first French colonists three hundred years ago. From these orchards come the highly colored apples which you see on English fruit-stalls, for virtually the entire crop goes overseas. The Nova Scotian growers claim that they are the finest apples in the world, but to my way of thinking they are by no means the equal of the fruit grown in the Hood River Valley in Oregon.

Drained by numerous rivers and protected by coastal ranges from sea winds and fog, this region deserves the name Acadia which was given to it by its first settlers, for it is the epitome of rustic simplicity and contentment, of pastoral charm. You will travel far before you find meadows quite so green or skies of

such deep cerulean. Marsh-roses and violets and purple iris bloom along the roadsides. The fields are of grass-green cretonne patterned with white daisies and yellow buttercups. Every village street is lined with maples and majestic elms. And the villages themselves are spick-and-span as Spotless Town. The windows of the trim white houses are filled with geraniums and fuchsias; behind the white picket-fences blossom roses and tiger-lilies and heliotrope; and there are always lilacs, white or purple, by the gate.

From St. John, in New Brunswick, a ferry plies across the Bay of Fundy to Digby, on the Nova Scotian shore, where there is excellent bathing and a well-run, rather expensive summer hotel. But I should keep on a few miles, if I were you, to Annapolis Royal, the charming old town at the head of Digby Gut which stands on the site of Port Royal, the capital of Acadia.

In 1710, as I believe I have mentioned elsewhere, the French garrison of Port Royal surrendered to an expeditionary force from New England, and the name of the town was changed to Annapolis Royal as a compliment to the queen then on the English throne. The

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fort, which has been admirably restored, contains a small but interesting museum, and on a knoll hard by stands a bronze figure in the romantic costume that one associates with d'Artagnan. I like the inscription on the base of that monument because it pays tribute to a very gallant gentleman:

TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS MEMORY OF
LIEUT.-GEN'L TIMOTHÉ PIERRE DU CAST
SIEUR DE MONTS
THE PIONEER OF CIVILIZATION IN NORTH AMERICA
WHO DISCOVERED AND EXPLORED THE ADJACENT RIVER
A. D. 1604
AND FOUNDED ON ITS BANKS THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
OF EUROPE AS NORTH OF THE GULF OF MEXICO
THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA
REVERENTLY DEDICATES
THIS MONUMENT
WITHIN SIGHT OF
THAT SETTLEMENT
A. D. 1904
Genus immortale manet

If you want a pleasant and astonishingly cheap summer's vacation, with plenty of sport thrown in, you could hardly do better than go to East Milford, perhaps a dozen miles from Annapolis Royal, where

MARCHES OF THE NORTH

you can get a room with bath in a rustic cottage on the margin of a forest-encircled lake, and plain but excellent meals, for three dollars and a half a day. It is a favorite resort for retired American army officers, several of whom have built cottages of their own. If you must have golf there is a very sporting little course at Annapolis Royal, half an hour by motor, or, if it is fishing that you are after, you can take canoes and guides and make your way through the Liverpool Lakes right across Nova Scotia to the Atlantic.

Two or three hours beyond Annapolis, if you are traveling toward Halifax, the train will halt at a way-station bearing the name "Grand Pré." Directly opposite the station platform is a meadow. From the meadow rises a narrow stone church with a slender spire. It is not a particularly attractive church as churches go, but it is supposed to be a duplicate of the one which stood on this site two centuries ago. On a stone pedestal before the church stands the anguished figure of a beautiful young woman. You don't need to be told the young woman's name. You know that you are now in the Land of Evangeline.

Personally, I have never been able to work up

much sympathy for poor Evangeline. She belongs, it seems to me, in that too-good-to-live gallery of which Little Eva is a well-known example. If her creator—for she was, of course, a fictitious character—had given her a few frailties, I should like her better. She would have been more human. Nevertheless, I don't know how this part of Nova Scotia could have gotten along without Evangeline. In the eighty-odd years that have passed since Longfellow wrote his famous poem, sentimental tourists must have left in this region several millions of dollars.

Longfellow viewed the Acadians through rose-tinted spectacles and the English through smoked ones. To obtain a clear idea of the conditions which led up to the expulsion of the Acadians you should supplement Longfellow with Parkman. For the expulsion, seen in the cold light of history, was a political and military necessity. It was just such a "minority problem" as those which have been causing such perplexity to the League of Nations.

I don't like to destroy illusions, but the truth of the matter is that the simple Acadians of whom the poet wrote so feelingly were a cantankerous and trouble-

making folk. They were as much of a thorn in the side of the British authorities in Nova Scotia in the eighteenth century as the Greeks of Asia Minor were in the side of the Turks in the twentieth.

When Acadia was awarded to England by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, the British authorities found themselves with some six thousand settlers of another race, sullen and resentful, on their hands. Ignorant and superstitious, these peasant farmers became willing tools in the hands of the Jesuit missionaries and the French political emissaries who were seeking to stir up fresh trouble in the land. Moreover, England's grasp on the new territory was by no means secure, for the French still retained possession of Cape Breton Island, where they had built a mighty fortress at Louisbourg, and the colonists along the whole New England coast were in deadly fear of French aggression.

For upward of forty years, however, the British seem to have treated the French in Acadia with exemplary patience. Despite their unfriendly attitude they were not taxed, they were allowed full religious freedom, and they were not called upon to take up

arms against their countrymen or against the Indians. Yet they stubbornly refused to take the oath of allegiance save with vitiating reservations; they encouraged the Indians to attack the English settlements; and they were constantly intriguing with the French in Cape Breton Island. Obviously, this state of affairs could not be permitted to continue indefinitely. It amounted to a struggle between a little community of disloyal French farmers and the British Empire. And the farmers had to go.

Not until 1755, however, was it decided to deport them. The thankless task was allotted to a New Englander, John Winslow, a descendant of the early governors of the Plymouth Colony, who sailed from Boston for Acadia with an expeditionary force composed of New England volunteers. The Acadians were ordered to assemble in their respective villages, and the decree ordering their deportation was read to them. They were unorganized and unarmed, and resistance was out of the question. The men of Grand Pré were shut up in the church of St. Charles—the original of the present structure—while the women hastily got together their household goods and bore them to

the waiting vessels. When all was in readiness the men were marched aboard under guard. As they rounded Cape Blomidon and headed down the Bay of Fundy toward the open sea, flames burst from the miserable thatched hovels which they had called their homes. The British had decided to make a thorough job of it while they were about it, and to eliminate French influence, lock, stock, and barrel.

It being obvious that the deportees could not be turned loose on the borders of Acadia to join their countrymen in Cape Breton Island, they were scattered among the English colonies along the Atlantic seaboard as far south as Georgia, some of them eventually making their way to Louisiana, where their descendants may be found to-day. Orders were given not to separate families or neighbors, and, Longfellow's poem to the contrary, few such separations are believed to have occurred. Yet there is no denying that the Expulsion had its pitiful aspects, view it from what standpoint you will, and its pathos has dimmed the eyes of the world to the conditions which made it necessary.

VIII

Nova Scotia is almost completely separated from New Brunswick by the two-pronged fork of the sea which we know as the Bay of Fundy. The bay is nearly a hundred and fifty miles long, but between Digby, on the Nova Scotian shore, and St. John, on the New Brunswick side, it is only about twoscore miles in width, and in clear weather the little steamer waddles across in three or four hours, depending upon how the engines are feeling.

The Bay of Fundy is known all over the world for the phenomenal rise and fall of its tides, which at the head of the bay have been known to reach sixty-two feet. Owing to the high tides the air in the neighborhood of the bay is constantly in motion, the result being a cool temperature along its shores even in summer. The tides also account for the fact that many of the meadows along the Acadian coast are surrounded by high dikes, so that the country bears a certain resemblance to parts of Holland.

I must confess that I cannot recall anything of out-

standing interest about St. John,* the metropolis of New Brunswick (*St. John's*, you know, is the capital of Newfoundland), save that the St. John River runs uphill. Not throughout its entire length, of course—for it is four hundred and fifty miles long and rises in the State of Maine—nor all the time. But, believe it or not, as the newspaper cartoonist says, it does run uphill on occasion, as you can see for yourself by driving out to the bridge which spans the river at the Reversing Falls and watching the water pouring upstream, whereas, according to the law of gravity, it ought to be rushing down. This phenomenon is due, as you have doubtless surmised, to the high tides in the Bay of Fundy, whose waters rush up the tidal rivers in great crested waves known as “bores.” These ascend in such volume and with such velocity that they overcome the rivers’ natural flow. Posted in the hotels of St. John are tables showing when the Bore comes in, and I should advise you to consult them, for one of these tidal waves, a solid wall of water as high as a man, is a spectacle worth seeing.

* Its citizens insist on spelling the name out in full—Saint John—but geographers persist in using the abbreviated form.

St. John prides itself on being known as the City of the Loyalists. In 1635 a French adventurer, Charles de la Tour, established at the mouth of the river a trading-post which he named Fort St. Jean, and a trading-post it remained for upwards of half a century, when it passed into British possession. It did not become a town, indeed, until the close of the Revolution, when a body of Empire United Loyalists from New England, preferring to live under King George, moved there, bag and baggage, and established a settlement originally known as Parr Town. Descendants of those "first families" form the upper stratum of the city's social life to-day, and are more English than if they had been born in London. In their hearts they still regard Americans as rebels and ingrates, they consider George Washington a traitor and Benedict Arnold a patriot, and wonder how any sane man could exchange a monarchy for a republic. When I consider some of our laws I wonder the same thing myself.

Nowadays St. John is a rather sleepy little city, and this despite the fact, as its Chamber of Commerce will indignantly point out, that it has 47,166 inhabitants

and in its volume of exports is the third port of the Dominion. But its golden days were in the Age of Sail, when the shores of its harbor were fringed by a long succession of shipyards. This industry filled the town with seamen, ship carpenters, sail-makers, spar-makers, figurehead-carvers, riggers, and chandlers, the whole atmosphere of the place smacking of the Blue Water. Of all the black-hulled, tall-sparred ships with "St. John" in golden letters beneath their taff-rails whose keels plowed the waters of the Seven Seas in those great days, not one remains. But they made history in their time.

Now, in the Age of Steam, St. John is still a seaport of importance, vessels setting out from there for the ports of Europe, the Orient, and the three Americas. The steamers in the West Indian and Central American trade go out laden with Canadian apples and return with cargoes of oranges and bananas and occasionally even more exotic fruits. Strolling one day along the water-front I saw displayed on a fruit-stall a great heap of golden mangoes. I could hardly believe my eyes; I thought at first that I must be mistaken. I

bought a bag of them and took them to the hotel to be put on ice and had them that night for dinner. And let me tell you that until you have eaten a mango, just ripe enough and properly chilled, you don't know how delicious fruit can be.

Meandering across the whole southwestern corner of New Brunswick, and forming a portion of its northern boundary, is the St. John River, which in Maine is known as the Wolloostook. It is navigable for large steamers as far as Fredericton, which is the provincial capital, and in spring and early summer smaller vessels ascend as far as Grand Falls, 220 miles from its mouth.

It is an enchanting river, the St. John, for its banks unroll a panorama always beautiful and ever changing. It is not one of those tiresome, monotonous rivers which make you wonder if the damned trip will ever end; on the contrary it keeps you forever speculating on what new scene will reveal itself around the next bend.

Here the stream swirls swiftly through a narrow defile, between lofty walls of rock which rise in sheer

precipices from the water's edge. There it winds sedately, a ribbon of dark green molten glass, through scented forests of fir and pine. You steam around a bend and suddenly the wilderness has gone, and a fertile farmstead, chequered with the green of meadowland and the gold of ripening grain, rolls back to meet the encircling bush. You pass snug white farmhouses with picket fences enclosing gay little gardens and slanting well-sweeps in their yards; old stone mills with tremendous water-wheels to which the Acadian settlers brought their corn to be turned into meal and their wheat to be made into flour; Indian villages where the smoke of wood fires curls lazily above the wigwams, and birch-bark canoes are beached upon the shore; the luxurious clubhouses of millionaire sportsmen whose names are household words in the worlds of industry and finance; the modest camps of those who are less known and less affluent but no less sportsmen; pools where salmon leap in silver splendor; half-hidden inlets, green with lily pads, where moose come down to drink. Indeed, I can think of few more delightful ways to spend a summer holiday than loafing along the sinuous St. John.

IX

By glancing at the map you will see that the eastern seaboard of New Brunswick, the northern coast of the Nova Scotian peninsula, and the western shore of Cape Breton Island between them form an enormous U-shaped bay—the Gulf of the St. Lawrence. And cradled in the crescent of this bay, like a pretty maiden swinging in a hammock, is the smallest and, so many contend, the loveliest province of the Dominion—Prince Edward Island.

To continue the simile, the island might be described as a maiden beautiful but dumb. By that, let me hasten to explain, I mean only that it has no outstanding characteristics—no lofty mountain ranges, no large lakes or rivers, no bustling cities, no superlative features of any kind. But placid beauty and prosperity and contentment are found everywhere. It is the most peaceful land I know. There is nothing else quite like it in all Canada. In the neatness of its houses, the trimness of its fields and orchards, its winding, hedgerow-bordered roads, in the general

orderliness of its landscape, it reminds one of an English countryside.

How do you reach Prince Edward Island? It is not nearly so inaccessible as it sounds. You may travel by rail from Boston to Charlottetown, the provincial capital, in little more than twenty hours, with a Pullman all the way, for at Cape Tormentine the whole train is ferried across Northumberland Strait. Or, if you prefer, you may continue on to Pictou, in Nova Scotia, where the railway company has built a pretentious summer hotel and one of the best golf courses in the Dominion, and cross to the island on a yacht that was built for an Austrian archduke and later belonged to Pierpont Morgan. But, though in daily communication with the outside world, Prince Edward is singularly apart from it.

It was here that the business of breeding black foxes in captivity originated, and the industry has developed until to-day there are more than six hundred fox ranches on the island. Should you go Down East on a shooting or fishing trip, why don't you run over to Prince Edward on your way back and buy the missis a

black fox skin? It would do more to atone for your absence than all the excuses you could offer. By shopping about a bit you could pick up a very fair pelt for from two hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars, and for four hundred you could get one which would make the habitués of the Ritz lobby sit up and take notice.

You know what bent grass is, of course. But perhaps you're not a golfer. Well, then, it is that fine, tough, low-growing grass which makes the putting-greens of the better golf courses look as though they were covered with green velvet. Some of it comes from Germany, but the Prince Edward Islanders have developed a strain so fine and smooth that it makes a surface like a billiard table. They claim that a player needs only one putt to hole out on it.

Barring the hostelry recently built by the Canadian National Railways at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island has no large hotels, and, as a consequence, it is not overrun with summer tourists like Nova Scotia. This I consider a distinct recommendation; though the natives, who are largely of Scotch extraction, want all

the visitors they can get. However, there are small, clean, comfortable hotels and farmhouses everywhere, and the islanders have a reputation throughout the Dominion for hospitality and good living.

I don't know whether you have to consider the cost of your summer vacation, but I might mention that if you do you can live astonishingly cheaply in Prince Edward Island, for the prices of foodstuffs are lower there than anywhere else in the Dominion. Life there is very simple, you understand—no jazz orchestras, finger-bowls, or menus. But . . . the big oysters for which the island has a reputation . . . brook trout fresh from the stream or sea fish fresh from the gulf . . . lobsters, twice the size of those you get in New York . . . milk-fed chicken . . . or game-birds if you are there in the shooting season . . . huge, flaky potatoes . . . green peas from gardens instead of tins . . . corn on the cob . . . strawberries drenched in yellow cream . . . a native cheese that melts in your mouth . . . and, to wash it all down, ice-cold cider that has been left in the keg until it is a first cousin to applejack. And the price doesn't make you shudder either. Moreover, the

buxom island woman who serves the meal will consider it a reflection on her cooking if you don't ask for second helpings.

X

No account of the Maritimes would be complete unless it contained some reference to the fishing which lures tens of thousands of Americans to that region every summer. Excellent trout fishing may be had in all three provinces and inexpensively, a fee of only two dollars being charged non-resident anglers in Prince Edward Island, five dollars in Nova Scotia, and ten dollars in New Brunswick. Competent guides are to be hired everywhere, and simple but comfortable accommodation in farmhouses and fishing camps may be had for from three dollars to five dollars a day.

Salmon fishing is quite a different matter, however, and I should not advise any one to undertake it unless he is prepared to put a considerable crimp in his bank-roll. To begin with, the special equipment required is in itself expensive, a salmon rod costing from fifty dollars up—mostly up—and a hundred dollars for a first-class reel. Incidentally, rods made by the famous

English makers may be obtained in Montreal and certain other Canadian cities at considerably lower prices than in the United States.

Some of the most noted salmon streams in the world, fully the equal of the best in Scotland or Norway, are in the Province of New Brunswick, the Restigouche, the Matapaedia, the Kedgwick, the Tobique, and the Miramichi being familiar names wherever salmon fishermen foregather. Generally speaking, however, the best salmon streams in New Brunswick are closed to the casual visitor, being leased to clubs of wealthy Americans and Canadians. Certain of these New Brunswick fishing clubs are extremely luxurious establishments, the initiation fees and annual dues running into many thousands of dollars, so that a fortnight's salmon fishing *de luxe* costs almost as much as a fortnight of big-game shooting in Africa.

In order to provide first-class fishing for those who are not members of clubs, however, the government of New Brunswick thoughtfully maintains a six-mile stretch of water on the Restigouche below the mouth of the Kedgwick which is open to any one who is enthusiastic enough about angling to pay the license fee

of twenty-five dollars a day. Add to this the cost of guides, boats, tackle, transportation, lodging, and food and it will be seen that Beluga caviare costs considerably less per pound than New Brunswick salmon.

The salmon fishing in Nova Scotia is perhaps not so good as in New Brunswick, but it is vastly cheaper, a five-dollar license permitting the non-resident to fish any stream in the province. There is excellent salmon fishing along the Mersey River near Liverpool, and in the St. Mary's, some forty miles by motor car from Antigonish; while an hour's motoring from Baddeck, in Cape Breton Island, brings one to the salmon pools of the Margaree, which, so many fishermen claim, are the equal of any on the continent. There is no salmon fishing to speak of in Prince Edward Island.

No sport in the world is so uncertain as salmon fishing. The weather may be too wet or it may be too dry. The streams may be too low or too high. The fish may be taking only light colored flies whereas you have been using dark ones. You may travel a thousand miles and spend a thousand dollars and never get a strike. Or you may purchase a one-day license, park your car beside some unfrequented stream, and within the hour land a

fifty-pounder. It is all a matter of luck—fisherman's luck. I have fished Canadian streams from dusk to dark and returned to camp at night with nothing to show for my day's work save a ravenous appetite. But, when the big strike does come, when your reel whirs like an airplane propeller, and your split-bamboo bends double, and the taut line quivers, and in a pool a hundred yards away a silver monster, full of fight and fury, suddenly breaks water—then, my friend, you will have one of the great moments of your life.

CHAPTER II

THE RIVER

I

WHEN, in the early summer of 1534, the French sea-adventurer, Jacques Cartier, eight weeks out from St. Malo, came booming beneath a cloud of weather-beaten canvas through the narrow Strait of Belle Isle, which separates Labrador from Newfoundland, and emerged into the great landlocked gulf beyond, he descried through his telescope a vague blur, a shade darker than the intervening water, athwart the western horizon. As his little craft drew nearer, the lily-flag flaunting from its stern, this blur resolved itself into a large and heavily wooded island.

At the time Cartier little suspected that the island at which he peered so eagerly through the northern mists screened the entrance to one of the world's great rivers—for he did not discover the St. Lawrence until two years later—and he certainly never

dreamed that it would one day become the private playground of a French chocolate manufacturer and that on its shores would rise a château as imposing as those of the French nobles in his native Brittany. I doubt, indeed, if the sturdy Breton mariner had ever heard of, let alone tasted, the sweet brown preparation which was to found his successor's fortune.

This is the same island which you see to-day, off to starboard, shortly before your steamer enters the river, if you come from Europe to Canada by the St. Lawrence route. Its name is Anticosti—presumably from the Spanish term for “coastwise”—and the grandiose château whose turrets peer through the tree-tops was built by the island's one-time owner, the late Henri Menier, the French chocolate king.

Like all the regions at the northeastern corner of the continent, for whose mastery England and France struggled for upward of two hundred years, Anticosti has had numerous vicissitudes. Cartier planted on its soil the white standard spangled with the golden fleur-de-lys, named it “Ile de l'Assomption,” and took possession of it in the name of his sovereign, Francis I. Upward of a century later Louis XIV, who did things

THE RIVER

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in a lordly way as befitting one known as the Grand Monarque, gave the island to Louis Joliet, the Frenchman who explored the Mississippi Valley and whose name has been perpetuated by having an Illinois penitentiary named after him.

Joliet found himself with a white elephant on his hands, for Anticosti is almost as large as Porto Rico, but he brought colonists over from France and did his best to make the colony a going concern. French rule was brought to an abrupt end in 1690, however, when along came William Phipps, the Maine shepherd-boy who rose to an English knighthood and the governorship of Massachusetts, at the head of a New England expeditionary force which had as its objective the conquest of New France. He paused at Anticosti long enough to round up and deport the French settlers, burn their trading-posts and fishing villages, and hoist the flag of England.


For upward of two hundred years Anticosti, though the ships plying between Europe and Montreal passed within hailing distance of it, remained neglected and unoccupied save for a few squatters and lighthouse-keepers, but in 1895 it was purchased from its bank-

rupt owners for \$125,000 by Menier, who turned it into the largest shooting and fishing preserve in the world—and the most jealously guarded.

Though Menier seldom spent more than two months a year on the island, he built a huge, four-story residence in the French château style at a cost of more than a million dollars. He erected luxurious fishing camps beside the salmon pools and at the river mouths, and shooting lodges in the interior. He likewise constructed roads, a narrow-gauge railway, canals and dams, drained the swamps, stocked the island with game. He did everything *en prince*, bringing large parties out from France on his yacht, giving grand *battues* in which hundreds of beaters were employed and thousands of head of game slaughtered, and entertaining his guests in the lavish fashion of those old French seigneurs whom he loved to imitate.

But it was not all outgo, for this chocolate king was a shrewd business man. If he spent huge sums in the development of the island, he likewise made huge sums by exploiting its natural resources, for he established a highly profitable pulpwood business, lobster and salmon canneries, and sealerries. In spite of his

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enormous bags, the game on the island increased rather than diminished, thanks to the measures of preservation which he rigidly enforced. For example, the possession or introduction of any dog, of no matter what species or for what purpose, was formally *dé-fendu*.

As a result of Menier's strict enforcement of his game laws the island is to-day a huge zoölogical garden, the primeval forest which covers the interior being roamed by bear, moose, caribou, elk, deer, wolves, and foxes—red, black, and cross. Sir Wilfred Grenfell of Labrador fame obtained for Menier a herd of a hundred reindeer. There is every form of wild-fowl shooting—partridge, quail, woodcock, plover, ptarmigan, duck, and geese. Beaver, marten, otter, and seal are common in the rivers and along the coasts. Sounds like a story-book island, doesn't it?

Though Anticosti was, and is, a part of the Province of Quebec, Menier made it in effect a French colony by settling it with French Canadians, so that only the French tongue was heard. For his people he built a town, complete with churches and schools and a hospital, which he called Port Menier. He made his own

laws and saw that they were observed. Those who disobeyed them were promptly deported. Like Monte Cristo, he was monarch of all he surveyed.

But Menier died in 1914 and his kingdom died with him. The island which he had bought nineteen years before for \$125,000 his brother Gaston sold to the Anticosti Corporation, a pulpwood concern, for six millions. Though Gaston Menier reserved the right to return to the island when he pleases, to occupy the château, to shoot and fish, Romance has departed from Anticosti.

The Anticosti Corporation is a hard-boiled concern which places pulpwood before pleasure. No one save its employees, of whom there are about 2500, can land on the island, except in case of shipwreck, without its permission. No one can remain, or can lodge, feed, or entertain any one; import or export anything; possess any guns, snares, nets, or traps; own a boat or a motor car or a motor cycle; or bring any animal to the island, unless the corporation gives its consent. Barring only the post-office, the telegraph and cable stations, and the lighthouses, the corporation owns the island and everything on it, lock, stock, and barrel. It is just the



sort of capitalistic state that Mr. Joseph Stalin so violently denounces, and it is run in the same autocratic, high-handed fashion in which he runs Russia.

### II


Though the Gulf of the St. Lawrence is within easy reach of all our eastern cities, its shores are *terræ incognitæ* to most Americans; for most of our people, I am sorry to say, have been hypnotized into believing that pretty much everything in the way of scenery which is really worth seeing is overseas. Yet the regions bordering on the Gulf have the picturesqueness of Lapland, the grandeur of the Norwegian fiords, and the champagne-like air of Switzerland. When all the rest of the continent is sweltering in the heat of mid-summer, when perspiring New Yorkers are mopping their faces and carrying their coats on their arms, the air in the Gulf has the fresh tang of spring. Labrador is its northern shore, curving away in loneliness and desolation to the Arctic seas. Its southern shore is formed by the Gaspé Peninsula, which shelters the first Canadian provinces to be tamed by the white man. Newfoundland, primitive and rugged, guards its

gate. Rimming it round are a thousand miles of wilderness. So far as the eastern part of the continent is concerned, it is the First and the Last Frontier.

It is easy to understand why the Gulf of the St. Lawrence remains so little exploited and tourist-spoiled when one views the ruggedness of its shores. They are the sort of shores that one would pass by in the hope of finding something more hospitable farther on. Champlain carried civilization up the Gulf and past it. At its end, where the St. Lawrence River hastens down from the Great Lakes, he found the fertile lands he sought. But in three hundred years civilization has no more than dented the edges of the Gulf. Trading-posts, mission stations, fishing settlements, and lumber camps are the only signs that the white man has passed this way. There are no railways, no summer hotels, no golf courses, no movies. These will come, of course, and then, so far as I am concerned, the Gulf will be ruined.

The ideal way to see the Gulf is on a yacht. Then you are hampered by no sailing-hours or time-tables; you are your own master. You can drop anchor off Indian villages, eat the simple fare of Jesuit mission-

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aries, ascend uncharted rivers, and fish in salmon pools where game wardens are unknown. But perhaps your yacht is not in commission this year. I understand. This business depression has raised the very devil with all of us.

The next best thing is to book passage on one of the small but comfortable, even luxurious, coasting steamers which leave Quebec at frequent intervals to ply along the shores of the Gulf during the ice-free season. There are three routes to choose from. One rounds the Gaspé Peninsula and enters the Baie des Chaleurs—so named because one of the early explorers, Cartier I think, found the air there pleasantly warm after the chill of the Atlantic. Another, after calling at Gaspé, strikes across the Gulf to the Bay of Islands and Corner Brook in Newfoundland. The third hugs the north coast, where great rivers tumble seaward, and salmon leap, and reindeer plod across the tundra, and down to the water's edge comes the dark wilderness of the Labrador.

If you want to do a little inexpensive, not-too-far-from-home exploring, to learn what is meant by "the Call of the Wild," to obtain a glimpse of civilization

in the frontier stage of its existence, and to see regions which civilization has not touched at all, you should take one of these Gulf trips. You can go from New York or Chicago to the Labrador and return quite comfortably in a fortnight—and you will have something to tell the folks at home when you get back.

The terminus of the North Coast line from Quebec is Blanc Sablon, a settlement on the northern side of the Strait of Belle Isle, which marks the boundary between Canadian and Newfoundland Labrador. Until 1927 the Province of Quebec claimed the whole of the vast peninsula—nearly half again as large as Alaska—which lies between the St. Lawrence, the Atlantic, and Hudson Bay, but the long-standing dispute was settled in that year by the award of the peninsula's whole Atlantic seaboard, from Blanc Sablon right away to Cape Chidley, to Newfoundland, of which colony it is a dependency. Consequently, that portion of the Labrador where Sir Wilfred Grenfell carries on his humanitarian labors among the Eskimos is governed from St. John's, the Newfoundland capital, instead of from Ottawa as formerly, for it is now not a part of Canada at all.

Should you hunger for real, honest-to-God adventure, up in the High North, where men are men and the only women are Eskimo squaws in sealskin pants, you might obtain passage on one of the little coast-wise vessels which once or twice each summer leave Quebec with supplies for the Hudson Bay and Mounted Police outposts along the coasts of Labrador, Ungava, and Baffin Land. I think—though of this I am not certain—that these steamers are the property of that great mercantile corporation whose official name is the mouth-filling “Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson’s Bay.” It will be a tough trip in more ways than one, and in all probability a rough one, but you will see things to remember and tell about all the rest of your life—log trading-posts, Jesuit mission stations, Eskimo igloos, icebergs and ice-floes, thousands of square miles of tundra, mounted policemen in scarlet tunics, trappers, Indians, herds of reindeer, musk-oxen, wolves, seals, sea-lions, whales, and, of course, the *Aurora Borealis*.

The mounted policeman who is on duty at the Canadian Legation in Washington spent three years in these

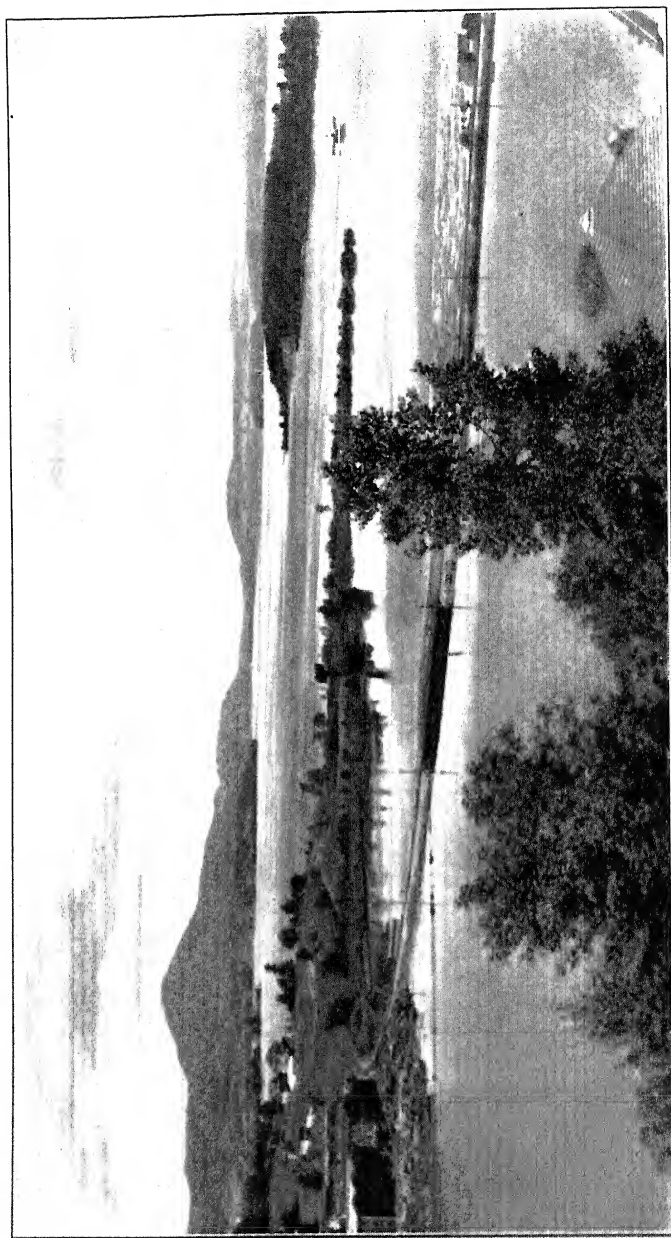
solitudes. Now he tells me that he is fed up on city life, unstrung by the noise and bustle, and that he hankers to go back to Baffin Land. Well, every one to his taste.

## III

Should you enter Canada through the front door, instead of coming in from the United States by a side-entrance, you will observe on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, when still a night's steam from Quebec, the weathered houses of Tadousac, the oldest European trading-post in the Dominion.

Tadousac is at the mouth of the Saguenay, which has its source one hundred and twenty miles to the west in Lake St. John. The river, which at its mouth is deeper than the St. Lawrence, is navigable for the largest steamers as far as Ha Ha Bay, this stretch being a loch or bay rather than a river, in places upward of two miles across, with neither rock nor shoal. It is darkened by the shadows of tremendous, treeless cliffs which rise from the water's edge a thousand feet sheer, separated here and there by narrow, wooded valleys, and culminating in two majestic headlands,





*Photograph by Canadian Pacific Railway Co.*

IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS OF QUEBEC

Looking across Lake Memphremagog to Owl's Head



## THE RIVER

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Cape Trinity and Cape Eternity, the one 1600, the other 1800, feet in height.

From Ha Ha Bay one may proceed by small steamers to Chicoutimi, six miles farther on. There all up-bound navigation ends, the next forty miles consisting of a series of dangerous rapids, which may, however, be descended by canoe provided one has skilled boatmen at bow and stern. Between Chicoutimi and Lake St. John, from which the Saguenay issues by two impassable rapids, La Grande and La Petite Décharge, the river runs between low hills densely wooded with maple, spruce, and birch. Beautiful in the spring and summer, this region is glorious in the autumn, when the foliage begins to turn and the whole countryside is a tapestry of crimson and gold.

Lake St. John, a shallow body of water twenty-five miles long, receives several important if almost unknown streams which come down from their birth-places in the northern wilds through forests of spruce and pine. The lake is celebrated among fishermen the world over as almost the sole water in which may be found the ouananiche, the true "landlocked salmon," which in everything save size and sea-going habit is a

blood brother to the great Atlantic salmon. Though it attains no great size, seldom running over six pounds, it is admittedly one of the gamiest fishes that swim.

The most satisfactory way to see the Saguenay country—and I assure you that it is worth seeing—is to make a round trip from Quebec. Leaving Quebec by train in the morning you jog northward through the wilderness of the Laurentians, skirting the edge of the Laurentides National Park, and you will have supper that evening in Roberval, on Lake St. John. Here you can obtain canoes and Indian or French-Canadian guides for the forty-mile dash through the rapids of the Saguenay to Chicoutimi, where there is a good summer hotel. Thence by steamer down river to Tadousac and up the St. Lawrence to Quebec again.

A good many years ago, when Northern Quebec was almost unknown to Americans, a friend and I set out with canoes and Indian guides from Lake St. John on a wilderness trek which led us up the Ashuapmucuan to Lake Mistassini, and thence by unmapped waterways through a primeval wilderness

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which had rarely echoed the sound of a white man's voice, to the borders of Ungava and beyond.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten experience, a white mile-post on the road of memory. Long, lazy days in the canoes, pushing up unexplored rivers; mountains, forests, lakes, and streams flitting past as on a motion-picture screen; the only sounds the rhythmic *chunk-a-chunk-a-chunk* of the paddles, the occasional crash of some large animal in the underbrush, the weird cries of startled wild-fowl, the plaintive *chansons* of the boatmen. Trout, bass, or ouananiche hungry for the fly in every stream. The tents pitched at nightfall on shelving, mossy banks, with the river sweeping past before and the dark mystery of the forest behind. The appetizing smell of fish, bacon, flapjacks, and coffee cooked in the open. A final pipe as we sat in the circle of warmth cast by the camp-fire and listened to the guides, speaking their queer mixture of English, French, and Indian, spinning old frontier yarns. Then our five-point blankets, spread on mattresses of aromatic spruce, and a dreamless sleep beneath the stars. Ah, those were days that I should like to live again. And I shall. I shall!

If you are prepared to spend an entire summer in the wilderness, with all the fishing the most ardent angler's heart could desire and some adventure thrown in, you could hardly do better than follow our trail from Roberval to Lake Mistassini, whence you can reach Rupert House, the Hudson's Bay post at the foot of James Bay, in about ten days. From the factor at Rupert House you will receive a warm welcome, for visitors from the outside world are seldom seen in that region, and he will arrange for you to cross by sailboat or launch to Moose Factory, another Hudson's Bay post on the opposite shore of James Bay. From there you can ascend the Moose and its tributary, the Mattagami, to Lake Nipissing, and thence down the French River—so named because Champlain descended it three hundred years ago—to Georgian Bay and civilization again. The trip I have outlined is, of course, rather an ambitious one, and not to be undertaken lightly or without due preparation. But the memory of it will stay with you as long as you live. And, when you hear some millionaire sportsman boasting about the fishing or shooting on his club pre-

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serve in New Brunswick or the Laurentians, you can remark patronizingly, "Oh, yes. Very good, no doubt. But have you ever caught trout in the Ungava country or shot caribou on the shores of James Bay?"

IV

Scattered through the length and breadth of the Quebec hinterland are numerous lumber camps and pulpwood mills, for on this region the newspapers of the world have come to depend for most of their supply of paper. Many of these camps, being far back in the wilderness, are self-contained communities, with shops and hospitals and schools and motion-picture houses and churches of their own. The workers are mainly French Canadians and there is generally a French-speaking priest to minister to their spiritual needs.

A lifelong friend of mine for a time held a responsible executive position in one of these camps. His closest friend was the local priest, a reserved, highly cultured, charming Frenchman. Though there was an air of mystery about the man he was liked and re-

spected by every one. He was a welcome guest at the houses of the camp officials, and the lumberjacks worshiped the ground he walked on.

It was evident to every one that he had not always worn the cassock; that he had been a figure of consequence in *le haut monde* before entering the priesthood. When the mood seized him he could talk fascinatingly and familiarly of the resorts of fashion—Paris, London, Rome, Deauville, St. Moritz, Monte Carlo. Though he was known simply as Père Gérard, there was a rumor current in the camp that he was of the old aristocracy and was entitled to place “Vicomte” before his name.

He lived, with a single manservant, as uncommunicative as himself, in a log cabin which stood by itself on the outskirts of the camp. It was a comfortable place, as wilderness habitations go, with bearskins strewn on the living-room floor, a fireplace which held four-foot logs, a table piled high with magazines, and bookshelves rising to the ceiling. Those who were invited to dine in his cabin rarely declined, for he was a connoisseur of food and wines. Once, my friend told me, while the priest was searching a drawer in quest

of something there fell on the floor a bit of enamel and scarlet ribbon. Though he snatched it up my friend recognized it as the cross of the Legion of Honor.

One winter's day Father Gérard sent for my friend.

"My son," he said, "would you do me a great favor?"

The other assured him that it would be a privilege to serve him.

"And you will consider what I am about to ask of you as confidential?"

"Certainly."

"*Très bien.* On Saturday there is due at Quebec a steamer from Europe. Aboard it is a very dear friend of mine. A lady. We have not met for many years. She is crossing the ocean to see me. But there is illness among the men in the camp and I cannot go to Quebec to meet her. Will you go in my stead? Yes? *Mille remerciements.* I have engaged for her a room at the Château Frontenac. Here is the number of the room. You will present yourself and explain why I was unable to come. You will escort her to the camp, taking the morning train. It will be dark when the train arrives. A sleigh will be waiting at the station and you will

bring her directly to my cabin. She will remain with me until the next steamer sails for France. Her name? It will suffice if you address her as 'Madame.' "

In making this strange request the priest showed no embarrassment, made neither apologies nor excuses. Father Gérard was not that sort of man.

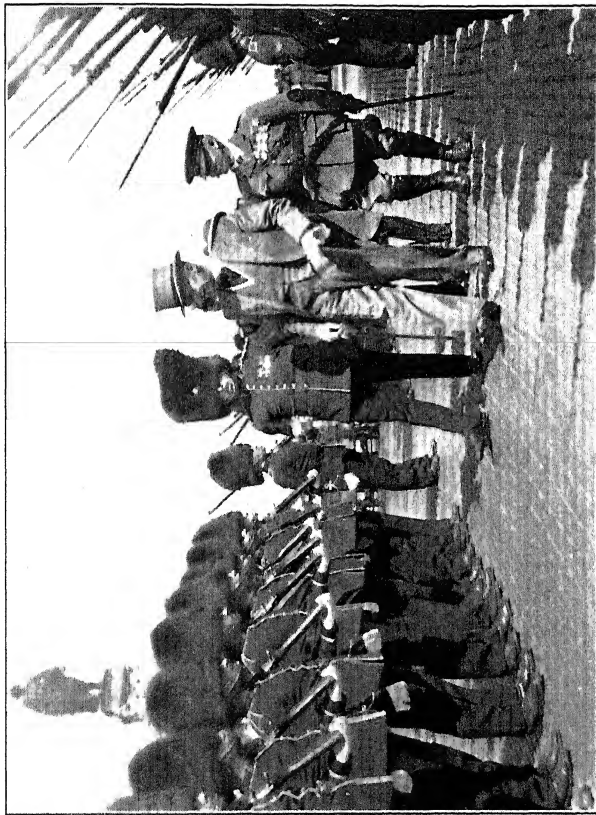
My friend, though naturally mystified, promptly accepted the romantic mission.

He journeyed to Quebec, went to the hotel, made his way to the room whose number the priest had given him. A maid admitted him. The room was fragrant with the scent of flowers.

"One little moment, m'sieu, and Madame will receive you."

The woman who entered the room a moment later was no longer young. In the early thirties, my friend judged. But she was beautiful. One of the most beautiful women, he thought, that he had ever seen. Moreover, a person of exceptional intelligence and charm. Very sure of herself, too. *Une grande dame.*

She listened in silence to the message that my friend delivered. When she spoke it was in English with only a trace of accent.



Photograph by Canadian Pacific Railway Co.

THE REMINDER OF THE DIM AND DISTANT PAST

Champlain, the first governor-general of New France, looks down from his lofty pedestal on the governor-general of a British Canada

“Very well,” she said. “I quite understand. We will start to-morrow morning as Père Gérard suggests. I shall be ready. No, my maid will remain behind.”

When my friend called for her the following morning she was waiting for him, heavily veiled and muffled to the ears in furs. Throughout the tedious, twelve-hour journey the lady of mystery seldom spoke. A sleigh was in waiting, and through the crisp Canadian night they drove the twenty miles to the camp. With a jingle of bells the sleigh drew up before Father Gérard’s cabin. In the open doorway stood the priest, his tall form silhouetted against the firelight.

“*Ah, Gérard, mon cher chéri. . . . Enfin! Enfin!*” cried the beautiful lady at sight of him and walked straight into his waiting arms.

The door swung to behind them.

During the week that followed she was never seen. If her presence in the priest’s cabin was suspected by others in the camp they made no comment, gave no sign. In their eyes he could do no wrong.

When the sailing-date drew near Father Gérard again sent for my friend and asked him to escort the lady back to Quebec. It was arranged that they should

leave the cabin before daybreak. She scarcely spoke during the return journey. When she raised her veil it could be seen that her eyes were red from weeping. My friend saw her aboard the ship and settled in her cabin. When it came time for him to leave she held out her hand and he bent low and kissed it, as he would have kissed that of a queen. She was that sort of woman.

“Did you ever hear of her again?” I asked him.

“Once, years later,” he told me, “I saw her picture in an English illustrated weekly. She was one of a house-party at a château on the Riviera—the guests of royalty. I recognized her at once. No one could forget such a face.”

“Did it give her name?”

“Yes,” he answered slowly. “She was the wife of a French nobleman whose name is known from one end of Europe to the other.”

“And the priest, Father Gérard?”

“He died from exposure a few months after the lady’s visit. We buried him within sight of the cabin where they had had their little moment of happiness together.”

v

For some reason I have never been able to achieve much enthusiasm about Quebec. Perhaps because I am heartily tired of seeing the alliterative adjective “quaint” applied to it in railway folders and advertisements. Perhaps because it does not greatly differ from any one of a dozen French provincial cities I could name.

Its streets are narrow and irregular and many of them are so steep that a promenade assumes the aspect of a mountain-climbing expedition. The houses in the old city are high and narrow, of cold gray stone with gray slate roofs, and present a monotonous, rather cheerless appearance. The public buildings and the churches are for the most part of mediocre architectural merit, and the interiors of the latter are often too garish to be impressive. On a dull day the city is rather drab and depressing, and on a rainy day it is positively dismal. Yet I freely admit that I voice the opinion of a small minority, for most visitors are bubbling over with enthusiasm. Particularly thirsty

convention-goers and bridal couples on their honeymoons.

Few other cities are so finely situated as Quebec. It is built on the steep slopes and summit of a lofty tableland which at one point rises from the St. Lawrence in sheer walls of rock. The Dufferin Terrace, its wooden flooring reminiscent of the Board Walk at Atlantic City, commands a glorious view of the majestic river sweeping past, of the Ile d'Orléans, and the Côte de Beaupré, dotted with white villages, beyond.

It is a very old city, according to American standards, for it had its beginnings in the Indian village of Stadacona which Cartier found here when he sailed up the river nearly four hundred years ago. It is not the only walled city on the continent, however, as some of its boosters assert, for they forget St. Augustine, whose ramparts were built by the Spaniards a century and a quarter before Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, constructed the fortifications of Quebec. But its walls are vastly higher and more extensive than those of its Floridian rival and from their embrasures still peer the muzzles of many ancient cannon.

Dominating and dwarfing the entire city is a huge

and picturesque hotel—the Château Frontenac. It is, I should think, perhaps the most picturesque and imposing hostelry in the world. Certainly there is no other building in Canada which can compare with it architecturally. Clustering around its base, as though seeking its protection, are little gray houses with narrow dormer-windows and red chimney-pots and slate roofs of exceptional steepness so that the winter snows may slide off. How astounded the great French explorer whose name it bears would be could he see it! Barring the Palace of the Louvre, it may be doubted if Champlain ever set eyes on so immense a building. It is as large as all the châteaux along the Loire combined. The central tower alone, eighteen stories high, would have made the Bastille seem insignificant in comparison. Viewed from the river, preferably at night, when its towers and turrets and gables are dotted with lighted windows, it is tremendously imposing. For the European visitor arriving by sea it forms a gateway to the New World which must measure up to his highest expectations.

For one unspoiled by familiarity with the Old World, Quebec has an undeniable appeal. It really is

a foreign city, not only to Americans but to Canadians. Nearly nine-tenths of its 135,000 inhabitants speak the French tongue. (Yet if there is a really good French restaurant in the city I have never succeeded in finding it.) Effigies in bronze or stone of French explorers, soldiers, statesmen, priests, look down from their pedestals upon the city which they founded, ruled, and guarded. Along its narrow pavements pace priests in soutanes and shovel-hats, monks in sandals and woollen robes. Look at the signs on the corners and you might well assume yourself to be in France—the Grande Allée, the Place d'Armes, the Porte St. Louis, Dauphin, d'Auteuil and Sous-le-Cap streets. In the shop-windows are displayed characteristic goods—furs (neither cheaper nor better here than elsewhere in Canada), paraphernalia for winter sports, soft *habitant* homespuns, and *articles religieuses*. Parked along the curb of the Place d'Armes, alongside ancient victorias, yellow taxicabs, and motor cars bearing the license-plates of all the provinces in the Dominion and all the states in the Union, are the high, hooded, two-wheeled vehicles called *calèches*, their wheels, high as a man, usually painted white, their bodies sky-blue, and their

hoods lined with orange. They are characteristic of the province and extremely picturesque, but they are also slow and uncomfortable and no one uses them save bridal couples and unsophisticated tourists who send photographs of themselves in these curious vehicles to the folks back home. The most amusing way of seeing Quebec, to my way of thinking, and the most comfortable, is to board one of the trolley observation-cars which start every hour from the Place d'Armes on a circuit of the town. The megaphoned comments of the conductor-lecturer, usually an unconscious humorist, in themselves make this trip worth taking.

By walking from the Château Frontenac straight out St. Louis Street to the Plains of Abraham you can obtain in thirty minutes or so a very fair idea of Quebec's stormy history.

The Château itself is built on the site of the ancient Fort St. Louis, which was the official residence of the viceroys of New France. The bronze figure of Frontenac, the first governor-general of France's American empire, is a fitting starting-place. Across the way, in the Place d'Armes, the Hurons, the Indian allies of the French, were wont to pitch their tepees under the pro-


tection of the fort's guns in order to find safety from their traditional enemies, the Iroquois.

A few rods up the street, on the left, is Kent House, the oldest building in the city, which was occupied in 1636 by the Chevalier d'Ailleboust when that nobleman was Viceroy of Canada. Later it became the residence of the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, who was stationed for three years in Quebec while commanding the 3rd Fusilier Regiment.

At the corner of Garden Street stands a low brown house, with a steeply pitched roof and three dormer-windows, which is labeled "Maison Montcalm" and is pointed out to credulous tourists as the place where the French commander died. This is pure fable, however, for Montcalm breathed his last in a house which stood some distance beyond and has long since been demolished.

Further up St. Louis Street you will pass the square, grim building where lived and loved and intrigued Madame de Péan, the provincial Madame de Pompadour. With the aid of her amorous accomplice, the Intendant Bigot, she scandalized the community, squandered the provincial revenues, and brought the

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administration to the verge of ruin. When things go wrong in a French colony you can usually find a pretty woman in the woodpile.

Just beyond, spanning the road in a graceful arch, is the Porte St. Louis, in French times the city's principal landward gate. Through it, in the old days, came the men from the far interior—fur-capped voyageurs, trappers in garments of fringed buckskin, feathered and painted Indians—bringing their packs of furs to barter for cloth, salt, guns, powder, and fire-water. Through it too poured in panic the defeated troops of Montcalm, bearing with them their dying general, and hard on their heels tramped the scarlet ranks of the British infantry, their brass-bound shakoes towering above the slanting lines of steel, the regimental bands playing "The World Turned Upside Down."

Turn sharp left at the Chain Bridge, between two ancient cannon, and you will find yourself at the main-gate of the Citadel. A sentry, very smart in khaki and highly polished leather, will halt you and demand your business, and for a small consideration a soldier who is not on duty will act as your guide. Should the Governor-General be in residence you might sign your

name in his book, a large, red-bound volume, like a hotel register, on a table within the guardhouse. This is equivalent to leaving your card, and, if you are of any importance whatsoever, the chances are that in due course you will receive an invitation to a viceregal garden party. The women wear their best afternoon frocks, and the men don morning-coats and top-hats, and every one stands around uncomfortably, looking very conscious, and sips tea and listens to the band and admires the view. It is all very stiff and formal and English, but some people enjoy that sort of thing.

The Citadel of Quebec was considered a great stronghold in its time, scarcely inferior to Gibraltar, but long-range guns, high-explosive shells, and aircraft have made its defences obsolete. Now it is little more than a military museum, its tunnels and magazines frequented by bats, its casemates deserted, its bastions and embrasures overgrown with grass, its huge black cannon but empty gestures. A handful of garrison troops still strive to maintain a semblance of the military pomp which the English love, and each summer the Governor-General comes down from Ottawa to spend a few weeks in the long, low house above the

river which was formerly the quarters of the commanding general in preference to living at Spencerwood, his official residence in the outskirts of the town.


Continue out St. Louis Street, through a section of nondescript suburban residences, and in another quarter of an hour, provided you are a brisk walker, you will see on your left a broad and well-kept park. At its far side, where the level expanse of turf drops in a sheer cliff to the river, is a terrace lined with ancient, crouching cannon. From the greensward springs a slender shaft, crowned with a sword and helmet in the Roman fashion, which bears on its base the significant legend: "Here Wolfe died victorious on the 13th of September 1759."

If you remember your history all this should give you something of a thrill, for these green levels are the Plains of Abraham—named not for the Old Testament patriarch, as I had always assumed, but after Abraham Martin, a St. Lawrence pilot who abandoned the river to become a farmer. Up yonder cliffs scrambled under cover of darkness the British storm-battalions, sweating, slipping, softly cursing; and on these heights they advanced in steel-tipped scarlet

waves against Montcalm's surprised brigades, shattered them with unhurried, smashing volleys, and, charging with the bayonet amid a storm of cheers, increased the confusion in the French ranks into panic. This battle, in which the total forces engaged did not equal the strength of an American division, ended French rule in North America for good and all and made the continent definitely Anglo-Saxon. But did you ever speculate on what might have happened had Wolfe been defeated?

From all accounts this James Wolfe was a most extraordinary person. Before he reached his 'teens he accompanied his father on the Venezuelan expedition and was present at the taking of Cartagena. He was commissioned an ensign of infantry at fourteen. At fifteen he was promoted to a lieutenancy for distinguished gallantry at Dettingen. At seventeen he was a company commander. At eighteen he took part in the suppression of the Scottish rising as a brigademajor. He saw service at Falkirk, at Culloden, and in the Flanders campaign, and at twenty-three was made a lieutenant-colonel. He was only thirty-one when, a brigadier-general, he took part under Amherst in the

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storming of Louisbourg. A year later he was commissioned a major-general and given command of the Quebec expedition. But Lady Luck betrayed him in the end, for he died on the thirteenth of the month when only thirty-two. But perhaps she was not unkind after all, for he had packed his life with romance and adventure, he died with the cheers of victory ringing in his ears, and he sleeps in Westminster Abbey.

Though a first-class fighting man, he was very far from being a hard-boiled soldier, for as he was being ferried across the river in the darkness he quoted to his adjutant that stanza from Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard":

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

"I would rather have written those lines," he remarked, "than take Quebec."

VI

The most attractive way to approach Montreal is, of course, by river, but the most popular is by the road

from Rouse's Point. As soon as you cross the Canadian frontier—where, by the way, the customs officials are extraordinarily courteous and obliging—you are made to realize that you have entered the Great American Oasis. Just beyond the border is a huge billboard bearing the hospitable injunction, "Drink Canada Dry," and scattered over the landscape are numerous other billboards on which Messrs. Haig & Haig, Dewar, Gilbey, Buchanan, Seagram, Gordon, Guinness, and others suggest, in letters ten feet high, the best way to set about it. Runners toss into your car booklets telling you where the government liquor stores are located and containing lists of cocktail recipes. The question most frequently asked is "How far to Montreal and can we get there before the liquor stores close?"

Montreal, which was founded by French missionaries in order to spread Christianity among the Indians, has become a sort of gigantic bar-room for thirsty Americans. Its citizens may object to this characterization, but it is none the less true. Nor should the Montrealers object, for the Eighteenth Amendment has sent millions of dollars across the border and has brought the city unexampled prosperity.

Stand at the entrance to the mile-long Victoria Bridge on a Saturday afternoon in summer and see the endless stream of American cars pouring down the road from Rouse's Point. Not one in twenty of these hurrying tourists is bound for Montreal because of its scenic or historic attractions. They may give the city the once-over, but they regard it primarily as a filling station. So crowded is the city between June and September that one has to engage hotel rooms weeks ahead. To arrive unheralded at the height of the drinking season is to experience the greatest difficulty in obtaining accommodation of any sort. During this period of excessive moisture every hotel and lodging-house in the city is full, and the Americans who fill them are usually full too.

Before the cloud of prohibition settled upon the United States, Montreal was one of the most delightful cities on the continent, characterized by a combination of French *joie de vivre* and dignified English hospitality which gave it a peculiar charm. But the old atmosphere has gone. Conspicuous in the restaurants and hotel dining-rooms are flushed-faced, boisterous folk from below the border. From hotel bedrooms

comes the sound of high-pitched voices, and outside their doors in the morning are trays loaded with empty bottles and the other accessories of an alcoholic night. One can rarely walk more than a few blocks in any direction without encountering an inebriated American. It is not surprising that, after a dozen years of this sort of thing, the Canadians should have come to regard their visitors from across the line with something akin to contempt. What I object to is their smug, holier-than-thou attitude toward America's prohibition laws when those laws are bringing them a fortune.

Montreal is built on the southeast side of an island at the confluence of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa rivers. Situated at the head of ocean navigation, nearly a thousand miles from the sea, and at the foot of the great system of rivers, lakes, and canals upon which the commerce of the interior is carried to the Atlantic seaboard, it is the largest inland port in the world. It has had an astonishing growth, its population having increased since 1901 from 266,000 to 1,256,000.

Built originally along the water-front, the city has in the course of years spread inland over a series of levels to the foot of Mount Royal, the seven-hundred-foot

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eminence from which it takes its name. Held there, it has swept around the mountain, whose steep, densely wooded slopes have been transformed into a magnificent park by the genius of an American landscape engineer, Frederick Law Olmsted. Seen from the air, Mount Royal Park looks like a bright green island in a sea of asphalt, brick, and stone.

The city is somewhat lacking in color because most of the public and many of the private buildings have been constructed of the gray limestone quarried from the mountain. It has a number of fine squares, an amplitude of broad, tree-lined thoroughfares, and a superb memorial boulevard known as the Road of Remembrance. But its architecture, though substantial, is neither picturesque nor inspiring. This is in part due to the fact that most of the older buildings were destroyed in a series of disastrous fires and were replaced during an architectural period wholly lacking in originality and imagination.

Thus, the Roman Catholic Cathedral of St. James, facing on Dominion Square, is an almost exact reproduction, reduced to one-half the scale, of St. Peter's at Rome, but it lacks the great colonnade and vast

piazza which make that basilica perhaps the most impressive religious edifice in the world. On the Place d'Armes stands the church of Notre Dame, whose twin Gothic towers give it a certain resemblance to the Paris cathedral of that name. Its towers contain a carillon of ten bells, one of which, "Le Gros Bourdon," is said to be the largest in America, weighing upward of twelve tons, and when it rings of a Sunday morning its resonant voice may be heard far up and down the river. Alongside the church of Notre Dame is one of the few remaining relics of the days of French rule in Montreal, the Seminary of St. Sulpice, now used to house the offices of the Order of Sulpicians. Founded by Abbé Olier early in the seventeenth century, the order has retained large blocks of land in the heart of the city as well as elsewhere on the island, so that the "Gentlemen of the Seminary," as they were locally called, form one of the wealthiest societies in America.

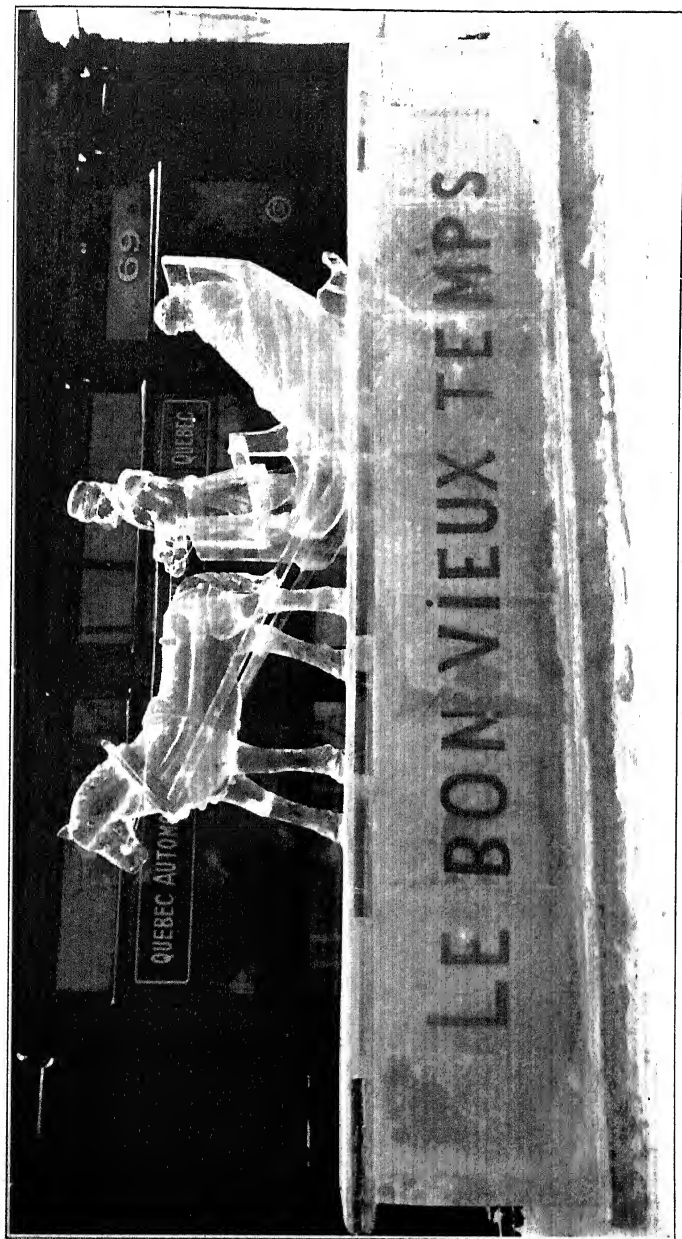
Perhaps the oldest building in the city, and the most interesting historically, is the Château de Ramezay, a long, low structure, not much more than a bungalow, with whitewashed walls, which was built in 1704 by Claude de Ramezay when governor of Montreal. When

Montreal was captured and occupied by American troops at the outbreak of the Revolution the military governor, General Richard Montgomery, used the château as his headquarters, and thither came in 1776 an American commission composed of Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase, John Carroll, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton. In the vaults of the château Franklin—already one of the most-talked-about men in the world—set up the small printing-press which he had brought with him from Philadelphia and on it printed the manifesto addressed by the commission to the Canadian people in an attempt to detach them from England.

Montreal has more clubs—social, educational, golf, country, racing, fishing, boat, yacht, tennis, toboggan, skating, ski, curling—than any city of its size that I know. The Mount Royal Club, with a membership drawn from the local aristocracy, with its admirably trained English servants, its staid and substantial furnishings, its wine-card featuring rare old madeiras, ports, and sherries, has the same atmosphere of ponderous dignity which characterizes the clubs of Pall Mall and Piccadilly. The University Club is a smaller, less

formal establishment, and before the open fire in its cozy living-room one meets interesting figures—educators, scientists, authors, soldiers, travelers—from every corner of the globe, for Montreal is a half-way house for the Englishman returning from the Orient to London. A few miles to the west of the city, at Dixie, is the Royal Montréal Golf Club, with the oldest golf course on the continent and one of the finest. But to see Montreal club life in its most picturesque aspect you should visit the city in winter, when its numerous curling clubs are in full swing, and hear the endless arguments, usually in broad Scots, between elderly gentlemen in startling tweeds, over the “keenness” of the rink and the relative merits of Ailsa Craigs, Carsphairn Reds, and Crawfordjohns, as the most popular stones are called.

Montreal has four large hotels and numerous smaller ones. The Ritz-Carlton, as might be assumed, is quiet, conservative, expensive, and high-hat. The Mount Royal is a “chain hotel,” poured from the same mould as the score or so of hostelries belonging to the same system on the American side of the line. The Windsor is an old establishment which has been com-



AT THE QUEBEC ICE CARNIVAL

A reminder of the good old days before the taxi came

pletely modernized, though there still cling to it a few vestiges of the old hospitable atmosphere. The Place Viger belongs to the Canadian Pacific Railway, and, consequently, is well managed, but it is so far from the center of the city that it is patronized mainly by travelers on that system.

The buildings erected during the French occupation have nearly all been swept away by fire or the march of progress, but some idea of what the city was like in the old days may still be had by visiting the Marché de Bonsecours on a market day. Thither on Tuesdays and Fridays flock the *habitants* of the surrounding region in their garments of homespun, their gaily painted carts piled high with vegetables, fruits, native tobacco, maple sugar, bunches of garlic, huge cheeses, straw hats, hand-carved crucifixes and rosaries, home-made rocking-chairs. Here the dickering is not carried on in terms of cents and dollars, for above the chatter of the Norman patois may be caught such old-time phrases as “trente sous,” “neuf francs,” and “un écu.”

Montreal is the American headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company, or, to give it its official and sonorous title, the Governor and Company of Adventurers

of England Trading into Hudson's Bay. This corporation, originally formed for the purpose of exporting to England the furs and skins which it obtained by barter from the Indians of British North America, was granted a charter by Charles II in 1670 and for two hundred years exercised entire legislative, executive, and judicial power over the whole of that vast region lying between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the American border, and the Arctic Ocean. Within these limits the Company was the supreme overlord, negotiating its own treaties, maintaining its own forces, making its own laws. Though in 1869 the Company surrendered all its rights of government to the Crown, and no longer enjoys a monopoly of the Canadian fur trade, its name is still one to conjure with in the remoter parts of the Dominion, for its trading-posts, factories, and stations dot the North Country right away to the edges of the Arctic ice; it numbers its employees by the tens of thousands; its land-holdings are enormous; and a vast fleet of steamers—river, coastal, and ocean-going—fly its flag.

From its various stations the furs brought in by the white, Indian, and Eskimo trappers are despatched in

part to factories on the shores of Hudson Bay or Labrador for shipment by the company's vessels to England, or by canoe and river-steamer to points on the railway whence they are shipped to Montreal. Most of the raw skins are consigned to about half a dozen London brokers who roughly sort them into convenient lots. Catalogues are issued to the fur trade of the world, and, after due time for inspection by intending purchasers, the lots are sold by public auction. Few Americans realize, I imagine, that the furs which they purchase in Canadian cities have not come to them "straight from the trapper," as the advertisements intimate, but in most cases have twice crossed the Atlantic, for the raw pelts are usually shipped to England or Germany to be dressed and dyed.


In addition to carrying on an enormous fur trade, the Hudson's Bay Company operates large and up-to-date department stores in every city of importance in the Dominion. These establishments, which are the Canadian equivalents of Wanamaker's, Macy's, Saks's, and Marshall Field's, are outgrowths of the old-time trading-posts—and probably quite as profitable. One associates furs, five-point blankets, rifles, ammunition,

cotton goods, and other articles used on the frontier with Hudson's Bay stores, so it comes as something of a surprise to the American visitor to find that they likewise deal in suites of parlor furniture, French porcelain, cut glass, party slippers, and ladies' pink silk underwear, and that most of them have beauty shops in their basements.

VII

In 1666 a young French aristocrat, René Robert Cavelier La Salle, having been disinherited by his father because of his Jesuitic leanings, arrived as a settler in Montreal, whither his brother, a Sulpician abbé, had preceded him. From the Seminary of St. Sulpice young La Salle received a grant of land on the St. Lawrence a few miles above Montreal, where the river sweeps around the southern salient of the island in a series of roaring rapids. Here he built a stockade and established a trading-post, but he sold it three years later in order to raise funds for an expedition to China, for his talks with the Indians had led him to believe that he could reach the Pacific by way of the Upper St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. His neigh-

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bors thought La Salle a visionary fool and by way of expressing their opinion of him sarcastically applied to his trading-post on the St. Lawrence the French name for the country which he had set out to find—La Chine. La Salle had the last laugh, however, for whereas those who jeered at him are long since forgotten, he has had a motor car named after him.

For one hundred and fifty miles above Montreal the St. Lawrence flows through a region of low hills, green meadows, and white farmhouses, pleasant and prosperous but not particularly interesting. The monotony of the Ontario farming lands is more than compensated for, however, by the loveliness of the Thousand Islands, an archipelago of heavily wooded islands, great and small, at the point where Lake Ontario and the river meet.

Forty years ago the Thousand Islands ranked with Newport, Bar Harbor, and the Adirondacks as a summer resort for the rich. They were dotted with huge frame hotels encircled by miles of wooden verandas, with the palatial summer residences of millionaires whose names were household words, and with the pic-

turesque camps and cottages of the less affluent. Here George M. Pullman, who originated the sleeping-car, and George Boldt, the owner of the old Waldorf-Astoria, erected "castles" which were the wonder of the day, with towers and turrets and terraces and sunken gardens patterned on the feudal strongholds along the Rhine. But suddenly, almost overnight, and for no particular reason, "the River" went out of fashion. The coming of the motor car had something to do with it, no doubt, as did the increase in European travel which came with the end of the century. To-day most of the great summer hotels are boarded up, and the imposing castles have been permitted to fall into ruin. But it was a place of real enchantment in the eighties and nineties, when the *Island Wanderer* made its evening cruises, sweeping past camps festooned with colored lanterns, from which came the sounds of music and laughter, the beam of its search-light surprising petting parties on the shore.

At the head of the river, looking out toward Lake Ontario, is Kingston, an old and sleepy town which was founded by the French under the name of Katera-

coui, became Fort Frontenac, was taken and destroyed by the English in 1748, was refounded under its present name a quarter of a century later, and was from 1841 to 1844 the capital of Canada. Notwithstanding its sleepy appearance there is plenty of life in Kingston, for it is the seat of the Royal Military College, the West Point of Canada; of an artillery school; and of Queen's University.

One of the most delightful trips in Upper Canada, as the Province of Ontario was formerly called, is by steamer through the Rideau Canal—in reality a succession of small lakes and rivers connected by canals and locks—which connects Kingston with Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion. If time is of no great importance, however, and you wish a pleasant and unusual holiday, you could hardly do better than to make this trip by canoe, for there are modest but comfortable hotels at various points along the way, good camp sites abound, supplies may be obtained very cheaply from the local farmers, and in these back-country lakes is to be had some of the best black-bass fishing in Canada.




VIII

Ottawa was chosen as the capital of Canada by Queen Victoria, though she had never set foot in the Dominion. Her choice of this obscure lumber town on the Ottawa River was not dictated by its extremely picturesque situation, but was due rather to the impossibility of reconciling the claims of Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, and Kingston, between which existed the bitterest jealousy. The queen's selection proved a happy one, however, for Ottawa is as conveniently situated as the capital of a far-flung country like Canada well could be, for it is on the river which forms the boundary between the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, being only about two hundred miles from Toronto and half that distance from Montreal.

Few national capitals are so fortunate in their natural surroundings. The city is built on a cluster of hills on the west bank of the Ottawa River, occupying the three miles of river-bank between the Chaudière Falls, whose mist-crowned caldron is clearly visible from the summit of Parliament Hill, and the Falls of the Rideau, so named by the early French explorers

THE RIVER



because the broad sheet of falling water suggested to their imaginative Gallic minds a huge silvery curtain.

Above the Chaudière Falls the Ottawa is broken by the tumultuous Deschênes Rapids, and beyond these again it expands into Lake Deschênes, a favorite summer resort for the people of the capital. To the north lie the rugged Laurentian Hills, through which the picturesque Gatineau sweeps down from the northern wilds to enter the Ottawa directly opposite the city. On the other bank the canal connecting the Rideau with the Ottawa cuts the city in half, so that the residents always have in their ears the pleasant sound of running water.

Rising sheer from the river's edge is the limestone bluff known as Parliament Hill, crowned by the stately group of Gothic buildings which are the seat of the Canadian Government. The original Parliament buildings were almost completely destroyed by fire in 1916; only the Senate and the magnificent library escaped. The new buildings, which are double the height of the old ones, form three sides of a great quadrangle, producing an effect of spaciousness and dignity which is very pleasing. In the main tower is

an impressive memorial chamber dedicated to the Canadians who fell in the World War, and in the belfry is a carillon whose mellow notes on still nights carry far up and down the river.

Ottawa is a striking memorial to the genius and good taste of the engineers who landscaped it, for nowhere has the artificial been permitted to dominate or intrude upon the work of Nature. The precipitous and heavily wooded slopes of Parliament Hill have been transformed into a very charming park. Cut from the sheer face of the cliff, midway between the river and the summit, is a narrow, winding pathway, banked with shrubs and flowers, known as Lovers' Walk. Just the sort of place that lovers would choose for a stroll of a summer's evening. I know of no other city of the same size that has such a wealth of parkland—upward of two thousand acres in all, I was told—for beyond Parliament Hill lies Major's Hill Park, and beyond that Strathcona, and beyond that Rockcliffe, not to mention the beautiful grounds of Rideau Hall, the official residence of the governor-general. At night, when the great dim bulk of the Parliament buildings is spangled with lights, with the stately

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campanile rising majestically against the stars, and the dark, swift river rushing along below, Ottawa bears a striking resemblance to Buda, that portion of the Hungarian capital which, crowned with palaces and government offices, stands high above the west bank of the Danube.

The Parliament group by no means constitutes the whole of the government buildings, for Ottawa also contains the Royal Mint, the Royal Observatory, the National Art Gallery, and the Victoria Museum. The last-named houses a remarkable and superbly arranged collection of Canadiana, covering the Dominion's history from the earliest exploratory period to the World War, and is well worth half a day of any one's time.

Ottawa is a pleasant, though, I believe, an expensive, place to live in. Socially it is the gayest city in Canada, for there are frequent and colorful ceremonies and entertainments at the viceregal court; several foreign countries, including the United States, France, and Japan, maintain legations in the capital; and during the season numerous balls are given at the Château Laurier, the huge and magnificent hotel oper-

ated by the Canadian National Railways. These social functions smack of the Old World rather than the New, for color is lent them by the brilliant uniforms of the officers of the Air Force and the Canadian Mounted Police, both of which have their headquarters in Ottawa, and by the gorgeous habiliments of the Governor-General's Bodyguard, and they are characterized by that atmosphere of pomp and ceremony which the English love.

Though Ottawa is a delightful place in summer, with country houses and summer resorts dotting the banks of the river in both directions and cool breezes sweeping down from the near-by Laurentians, its most characteristic season is midwinter, when it is clad in ice and snow and the annual tobogganing, skiing, and skating contests are at their height.

To see the Canadian capital in its most picturesque aspect one should go there for the opening of Parliament, when the governor-general, attended by the high officials of the government and a glittering staff, drives in state through the snowy, troop-lined streets. Individuality is lent to the procession by the ceremonial sleighs, brilliant in scarlet and gold, each

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drawn by four horses, with liveried postillions and outriders and with footmen clinging on behind. The wealth of furs and gold braid and decorations, the gleaming helmets of the bodyguard, the fur caps and scarlet tunics of the Mounted Police, the blues and reds and greens of the other military units, the tossing plumes and gold-encrusted harness, the jingle of sleighbells, the crash of bands and the thunder of cannon, the background of snow glittering beneath the winter sun—all these combine to produce a picture of magnificence and pomp which has had no parallel since those vanished days when the tsars drove in state through the streets of St. Petersburg.

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## CHAPTER III

### THE LAKES

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#### I

THE difference between the provinces of Quebec and Ontario is the difference between France and England. Quebec was originally settled by the French and still retains a characteristically Gallic atmosphere by reason of its overwhelming French population. Its architecture is that of Normandy and Brittany; its people are light-hearted, pleasure-loving, easy-going.

Ontario, on the contrary, is reminiscent of an English shire. Its people are far more staid, reserved, and serious-minded than the French Canadians. There are scores of trim villages, with hedge-bordered lanes and meticulously kept lawns, which might have been transplanted bodily from England.

The striking difference between the characters and customs of the two populations is most apparent in the cities. Particularly on Sunday. Sunday in Mon-

treel is devoted to recreation. There are dances, races, band concerts, games, amusements of all kinds. The theaters and motion-picture houses are open. After early mass is over every one seems bent on having a good time.

But Sunday in Toronto is marked by deadly dullness and sanctimonious depression. The streets are deserted. No place of amusement shows a sign of life. Only the churches are open. The last time I was there I came down to breakfast at ten o'clock to find the hotel dining-room closed. I had to walk a mile to find a lunch-room. The people of Toronto presumably enjoy this rigid observance of the Sabbath, but the city is no place for a stranger on Sunday unless he is piously inclined.

The best time to visit Toronto—provided you can obtain rooms—is, perhaps, in August, during the Canadian National Exhibition. You should not fail to see it if you enjoy that sort of thing, for it is the biggest exposition of its kind on the continent. The extensive grounds are situated on the shores of Lake Ontario, so that they are usually swept by cooling breezes even in the hottest weather—and Toronto

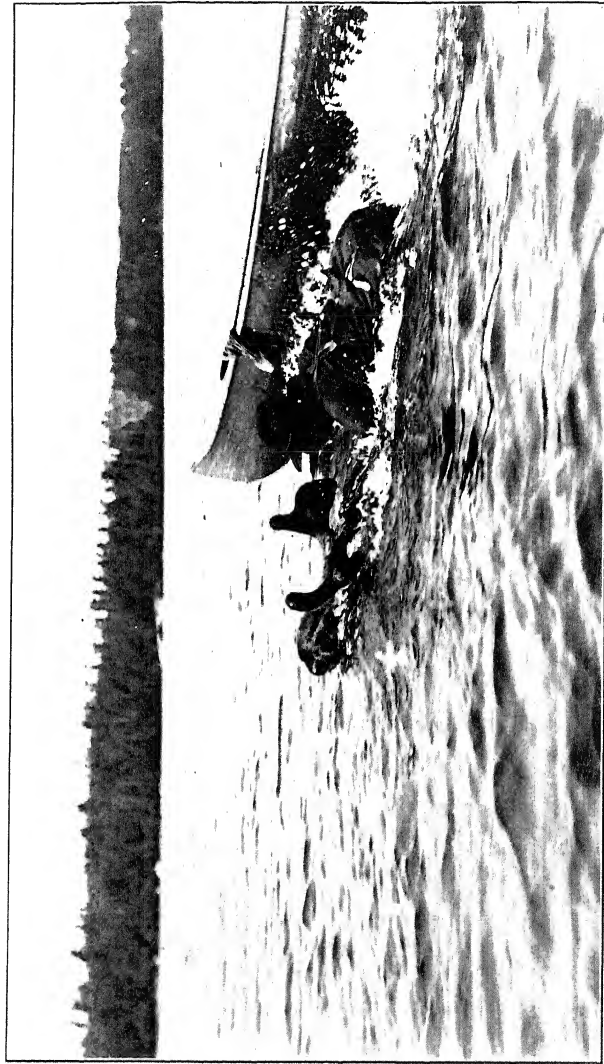
can, on occasion, be as hot as the hinges of Hades. The buildings are permanent, substantial, and many of them quite imposing; the grounds are beautifully landscaped, which is seldom true of fairs at home.

It is, despite its name, an imperial rather than a Canadian exposition, with interesting and admirably arranged exhibits not only from all parts of the Dominion itself, but from the mother-country, the West Indies, South Africa, Australia, and even India. You can purchase almost anything from homespun woolen goods made in Quebec to linens made in Ireland; from Benares brasswork to English shoe-creams. The display of fine livestock—particularly hunters, draft-horses, and dairy cattle—probably has no equal anywhere else in the world. And there are special events of every description, from military tattoos to swimming matches, from band contests to yacht races.

But the feature that impressed me most was the exhibit of the Canadian Department of Agriculture. Running along one side of the great Horticultural Hall was a landscape effect composed of those varieties of evergreens which one usually associates with lands lying in northern latitudes. But on the opposite







CANADIAN WATER SPORTS

Changing from a canoe to a moose in the Vermilion River

side was a collection of trees, shrubs, and plants so exotic-looking that it took the assurance of the director in charge to convince me that they were likewise from the Dominion. It takes that sort of thing to remind the American visitor that Canada is a huge country, four thousand miles across, and that, though its eastern side is snow-bound for a considerable part of the year, it also has a west coast with a climate almost as mild as our own Pacific slope.

On Sundays, as I have remarked, Toronto is characterized by an air of piety and prim decorum, but on Monday morning it abruptly comes to life, and throughout the week you will not find a more wide-awake and bustling city anywhere. Its numerous tall buildings give it a distinctively American sky-line; its huge department stores are as up-to-date as similar establishments in Buffalo, Cleveland, and Detroit; and it now boasts an enormous hotel, the Royal York, the largest in the British Empire and comparable with any in the United States.

It is not so easy to get a drink in Toronto as it is in Montreal, for the Ontario liquor laws are stricter than those of Quebec, but, once one becomes accustomed

to the system, it is a simple matter to procure anything in the way of bottled goods that may be desired. Incidentally, I found that I could purchase French wines more cheaply at the Toronto liquor stores than I could in France itself. For quite a modest sum, in fact, I was able to enjoy that grandest of all white wines, Château Yquem, with my evening meal of fried trout, throughout a fortnight's fishing trip.

### II

Toronto's appeal to the average visitor from across the border lies in the fact that it is the gateway to the greatest summer playground on the continent. For the Province of Ontario is larger than our three Pacific Coast states of California, Oregon and Washington combined, with Utah thrown in. And east, north, and west, for hundreds of miles, this enormous hinterland is clothed with forests, broken by mountains, sprinkled with lakes, and gridironed with rivers.

To the northwest of Toronto are the Rideau Lakes and the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. To the north are the Muskoka and Kawartha lakes and the Lake of Bays, and, beyond, the Algonquin National

Park. A short night's run by train brings one to Georgian Bay, where the map-makers have discovered forty-eight thousand islands, though only thirty thousand of them have been given names. Above Georgian Bay are the French and Pickerel rivers, leading into the heart of the Lake Nipissing country, and still deeper in the northern wild is the great Timagami Forest Reserve. Follow the Canadian shore of Lake Superior westward and you come eventually to the Nipigon, celebrated the world over for its particular brand of trout. And from the Nipigon another day's journey—you are still in Ontario, remember—brings you to Minaki and the beautiful Lake of the Woods. In fact, nearly one-seventh of the total area of the province consists of lakes, great and small.

It is only about four hours by train from Toronto to Muskoka Wharf, which is the gateway to the three lakes composing the Muskoka chain. It was the bright blue sky, mirrored in the clear waters of these forest-girt lakes, which caused the Indians, who are an imaginative race, to give this region its name. The three lakes—Muskoka, Rosseau, and Joseph—are con-

connected by navigable channels, and a small but comfortable steamer makes the hundred-mile round daily, skirting heavily wooded shores fringed with summer hotels, log camps, and deep-verandaed bungalows. There is no longer any fishing to speak of in the Muskoka lakes—nowadays one has to push further into the hinterland, beyond the edge of the tourist tide, for that—but there is pretty nearly every other form of summer recreation, including golf. The social life of the region is less sophisticated and formal than at such American resorts as, say, Lake Placid, and, consequently, considerably less expensive. The greatest charm of the Muskoka lakes, to my way of thinking, is in the evenings, when the strains of dance music drift across the darkened waters and for miles and miles the indented shore-line is outlined in colored lights. Then it requires no straining of the imagination to convince yourself that you are on Como or Maggiore rather than in the heart of the Canadian North.

Half a hundred miles above the Muskoka country lies the Lake of Bays region, usually entered via Huntsville. From here a small steamer makes its

## THE LAKES

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leisurely way through a chain of little lakes, blue and lovely as a string of sapphires, to a portage, only a mile across, where a miniature railway, said to be the smallest in the world, conveys passengers to the Lake of Bays itself. By this time the visitor may assume that he has about reached the end of things, yet he is really only at the jumping-off place, so far as the real wilderness is concerned, for by canoe he can continue northward, via Oxtongue River and Lake, to Algonquin Park, where the government of Ontario has set aside three thousand square miles of forest, lake, and stream for the preservation of game and the enjoyment of those who love the unspoiled wild. Shooting is not permitted in the park, and, as a consequence, it is a vast menagerie of Canadian game, but special licenses may be obtained for fishing. Indeed, I know of few regions so accessible where the efforts of the fisherman are more richly rewarded, for the waters of the park are comparatively little fished, and speckled and lake trout, black bass, maskilonge, and pickerel are not only really plentiful but run to exceptional size.

To the northwest of Algonquin Park, only about

a hundred miles distant as the airplane goes but at least double that distance by canoe, lies another great game sanctuary, the Timagami Forest Reserve. The area of this, the largest and remotest of the Ontario parks, exceeds that of Connecticut and Rhode Island combined. Provided you enjoy canoeing—and to my mind it is the most soothing and delightful form of travel—you can journey from Algonquin Park to the Timagami Reserve by South River, Lake Nipissing, Sturgeon River, the Timagami River, Cross Lake, and so into Lake Timagami, whose arms, like the tentacles of a giant octopus, reach out to all parts of the reserve. The amazing irregularity of the lake's contour will be realized when it is mentioned that a canoeist, to skirt its shores completely, would have to paddle a distance equivalent to that from New York to Liverpool. There are as yet, thank heaven, no hotels or other appurtenances of civilization in the Timagami Reserve; only a Hudson's Bay post and the dwellings of a few old-timers on Bear Island, and, at long intervals, the cabins of forest rangers. Barring these, the region is precisely as it was before the first white man came.



## THE LAKES



Instead of continuing northward to the Timagami country, you can, if you choose, turn the prow of your canoe southwestward from Lake Nipissing and follow the French River straight away to Georgian Bay, a distance of only about fourscore miles. In doing so you will be following the trail blazed by the greatest of the Canadian path-finders, for this forms a portion of the route taken by Champlain on his memorable journey from Montreal to the waters of Lake Huron and by the long line of explorers and fur-traders who came after him. It adds immeasurably to the interest of the journey to remember that in days gone by the brooding forest, its silence now broken only by the chunk of paddles, resounded to the rhythmic chants of French voyageurs and the war-whoops of Huron savages.

I have mentioned elsewhere, I believe, that Georgian Bay, the great gulf which forms the eastern extremity of Lake Huron, contains, according to the geographers, 48,000 islands. This archipelago is the place to come if you want fresh water and fresh air, for the rollers from the Great Lakes come roaring in to break in spume and spray upon the island beaches,

and out of the north comes the aromatic breath of the great forests. This, likewise, is a region of historic memories, for near Midland and Penetanguishene may be seen the remains of Huron villages where white captives died at the stake, surrounded by whooping fiends in paint and feathers, and at the former town a church has recently been erected in memory of two of these martyrs, Fathers Lalement and Brébœuf. The very names of the ports of call of the island steamers are romantic and suggestive—Penetang, Honey Harbor, Go-Home Bay, Wawataysee, Copper Head, Sans Souci, Snake Island. One is willing to overlook the rather prosaic aspect of the places because of their fascinating names.

Did you ever have a hankering—almost every one has had, I suppose, at one time or another—to break away from towns and men, to push so deep into the wilderness that you would be beyond the reach of the mails, the telegraph, and the telephone? I found such a region one summer in that unmapped and almost unknown territory lying between the southern borders of the Timagami Reserve and the northern shores of

## THE LAKES



Lake Huron. Outfit at Sudbury, which is a junction-point on the C.P.R., board a west-bound train, and, after twenty miles or so, drop off at almost any station. Guides and canoes are nearly always available—or, better still, they can be arranged for in advance through an outfitter in Sudbury. Then tell your guide to head the canoe toward the north and keep going. The last sign of civilization will be the smoke of the disappearing train, for within a few hours after leaving the railway you will be as completely lost to the world as though you were in Inner Africa. You know that there will be no summer hotel around the next bend; that, if there is any habitation there whatever, which is unlikely, it will be a cluster of Indian wigwams or a trapper's cabin. And you have the romantic satisfaction of knowing that if summer and your supplies hold out, by keeping on and on you will come in time to the edge of the icy ocean.

The happiest, most care-free days of my life, I sometimes think, were spent in this region, encamped on the shores of Mountain Lake. No, you won't find it on any of the ordinary maps, though it may possibly

be shown on the large-scale charts of the Canadian Government Survey. It isn't large, but it is as gorgeously blue as the tiles of the *medresseh* in Samarkand, and beneath the summer sun its surface seems powdered with gold-dust. When I was there the forests had not yet fallen before the woodsman's axe, and against the turquoise sky, across which drifted fleecy clouds like flocks of unshorn sheep, rose in their black battalions the grim barbarian pines. The air was crystalline, exhilarating, freighted with the fragrance of balsam. Toward nightfall moose and deer, quite unafraid, came down to drink, and the trout were leaping-hungry for the fly.

Simple as was the food, how good it tasted! Pan-fried trout, cooked as only an experienced woodsman knows how to cook them, golden brown without and flaky white within. Flapjacks, hot from the griddle, drenched in maple syrup. Deep-dish pies made from the blueberries which grew in profusion along the shore. Coffee that was coffee in spite of the condensed milk. And—sole concession to the civilization we had left behind—champagne! Have you ever drank from a tin cup Moët et Chandon that has been cooled in

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a northern lake? No? Then you don't know what champagne can be like.

After supper, when the dishes had been washed up—a phase of camp-life that I heartily detest—we would lounge on our blankets within the circle of warmth cast by the fire, a mighty roarer of resinous logs the size of a man. And, between puffs on his pipe, the guide, who had fought in France with the Princess Pats and before that had worn the scarlet tunic of the Mounted Police, would spin engrossing yarns of life on the Western Front, in the High North, or on the Plains. He had lived more stories than Kipling or Service could invent, that man.

At length, when the camp-fire had died down to a bed of crimson embers, we would pile fresh balsam boughs a foot high on a mossy shelf beside the lake and spread our sleeping-bags atop them. Then, lulled by the gentle lapping of the water on the shingle and the whisper of the night breeze in the pines, we would count the stars until sleep descended upon us, which was never very long.

Some day, *Deo volente*, I shall once more hear the rhythmic *chunk-a-chunk* of paddles, see the wood-

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smoke curling skyward, smell the balsams' fragrance, be spellbound by the glory of the sunsets, as my slim canoe bears me North again.

### III

Sudbury, the center of the nickel-mining industry—its leading hotel, the Nickel Range, always reminds me of a kitchen stove—marks the parting of the ways for the west-bound traveler by the Canadian Pacific, for here the system divides. One line, swinging to the northwestward, parallels the northern shore of Lake Superior, traverses the prairie provinces, crosses the Rockies, and eventually comes to an end beside the Pacific at Vancouver. The other line continues straight westward to Sault Ste. Marie, where it connects with the American branches of the C.P.R. system.

The Province of Ontario is separated from the State of Michigan and Lake Huron is connected with Lake Superior by a short, rapid, and turbulent stream—the St. Mary's River. The water-level of Lake Superior is sometimes twenty feet higher than that of Lake Huron, and, as a consequence, the connecting river hurls itself westward through the channel in a

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series of long and dangerous rapids. To circumvent this natural barrier to navigation two canals have been built, one on the American side of the rapids and one on the Canadian, and through them passes the water-borne commerce of half a continent, for the Great Lakes and their tributary streams embrace an area rich in coal fields, grain-growing plains, iron-mines, and fisheries. The canals are international and ships of either nation use them indiscriminately and without paying toll.

Three hundred years ago Jean Nicollet, searching, like all the French voyageurs of the time, for a shortcut to Cathay, pitched his camp on the southern shore of what is now known as St. Mary's River. The Chipewas of the region told him that by carrying his canoes around the rapids he could launch them in a boundless sea. Convinced that he had found the way to China, he made the portage, only to find that the water of the boundless sea was fresh. But he had discovered Lake Superior. Disappointed, he retraced his steps to Lake Huron, passed through the Strait of Mackinac, and discovered Lake Michigan. A town in Michigan bears his name to-day, but if he

heard it as pronounced he probably wouldn't recognize it.

Returning to Montreal, he told the story of his discoveries to the Jesuits, those black-robed soldiers of the Lord who did so much to shape the history of this continent. Though they were quick to realize the strategic value of the river connecting the two great inland seas as a base for their proselytizing operations, it was not until thirty-odd years after Nicollet's discovery that Father Marquette, with a small band of priests and voyageurs, set out to raise the cross and establish a mission station beside the rapids. One night there appeared to the great missionary-explorer in a dream a vision of the Virgin, whereupon he christened the rapids Sault Sainte Marie. This beautiful and poetic name is still borne by the cities which have sprung up on either side of the river, but common usage has shortened and cheapened it to "the Soo."

Sault Sainte Marie—the Canadian city of that name, I mean—lives up to Ontario's pious traditions in that the local Rotary Club has motor cars waiting at the dock to meet the lake steamers reaching that port on Sunday morning in order to take passengers



to church and, after service, back to the ship again. This novel arrangement serves to advertise the town, helps to fill the collection-plates, and is presumably of spiritual benefit to the passengers.

Peculiar to the Great Lakes are the enormous, ungainly looking freighters known as whalebacks because of their striking resemblance to leviathans. Some of them are upward of six hundred feet in length—four and a half laps to the mile—and their curious, convex decks enable them to carry enormous cargoes of grain. The first whaleback to be constructed was, by some curious miscalculation, too long to pass through the locks at the Soo as they were at the time. But that did not perturb the commander, a Down East Yankee named Ransford Bucknam. He built bulkheads amidships, cut his ship in half between them, took her through the lock in sections, joined the halves together again, and unconcernedly continued his voyage. That performance won him a reputation in the shipping world, and he was offered a position by Cramp's, the great ship-builders of Philadelphia. He was entrusted with the mission of delivering to the Turkish Government the battleship *Medjedieh* and

eventually became a Turkish admiral, a pasha, and naval adviser to the Sultan.

## IV

God was good to the people of North America when He gave them the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, for between them they form a waterway reaching from the Atlantic into the very heart of the continent. Did you realize, I wonder, that the distance by water from the Gulf of the St. Lawrence to Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior, is upward of three thousand miles—equal to that from New York to Havre? Trans-Atlantic travelers are accustomed to look with something akin to contempt on fresh-water voyages as being a poor imitation of the real thing, yet the Great Lakes trip, with its really luxurious steamers, its many ports of call, its glimpses of the industries and scenic beauties of half a continent, is vastly more interesting than the Atlantic voyage, where there is nothing to see but water. And if you enjoy rough weather, you need not seek it off the Banks. Try Lake Superior when a gale is blowing and you will never speak contemptuously of fresh-water sailors again.

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Sixteen hours out of the Soo, the vessel driven at top speed, before you sight land. Then the great promontory of Thunder Cape looms up ahead, its summit thirteen hundred feet above the lake. Behind it crouch the twin cities of Port Arthur and Fort William. I have never been able to understand why two cities should have sprung up, side by side, on the shores of Thunder Bay, instead of one. To have one municipal government instead of two would, presumably, be more economical and more efficient. But we have a similar case on the American side of the line in Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Fort William is largely industrial, its long rows of mammoth grain elevators looking from a distance like the towers and bastions of a fortress. Port Arthur is industrial too, but it is also residential. Built on a hillside overlooking the lake, its broad avenues, lined with double rows of mountain ash and silver birch, march for miles into the surrounding country. Incidentally, I don't recall having seen these two varieties of trees planted alternately, at least on such a scale, elsewhere. Thus used, the ruddy berries of the mountain ash and the pale leaves of the birch pro-

duce a most novel and striking effect, as though the streets were draped in scarlet and silver. Just as Rio de Janeiro has its Sugar Loaf Rock and Cape Town its Table Mountain, so Fort William and Port Arthur are overshadowed by the tremendous bulk of Mount McKay, a giant ridge, sixteen hundred feet in height, clothed in green.

Fort William was named after William McGillivray, a factor of the North West Company, which established a trading-post there in 1801. Port Arthur was named, I assume—though of this I am not certain—after the Duke of Clarence, Queen Victoria's eldest son. In the early days its log stockade was a rendezvous and a refuge for trappers, traders, and prospectors, but the little frontier settlement was virtually unknown to the outside world until 1870, when Garnet Wolseley—later to win immortal fame on the hot sands of the Sudan—led his column of troops out the Dawson Road on their famous overland march to Fort Garry, on the Red River, to crush the rising of the half-breeds under Louis Riel.

A mile off Thunder Cape rises from Lake Superior a barren rock known as Silver Islet. It owes its

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name to the discovery of silver there in 1868. The island is only eighty feet in diameter—no larger than many a public dancing-floor—yet nearly four million dollars' worth of the precious metal was extracted from that small area before the waters of the lake poured into the shaft and abruptly brought the mining to an end.

By virtue of their position at the head of lake navigation, Fort William and Port Arthur are natural outlets for the grain of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, which is stored in mammoth elevators along the water-front against the day when it is loaded into the holds of steamers for the six-thousand-mile journey through the Great Lakes, down the St. Lawrence, and across the Atlantic to Europe.

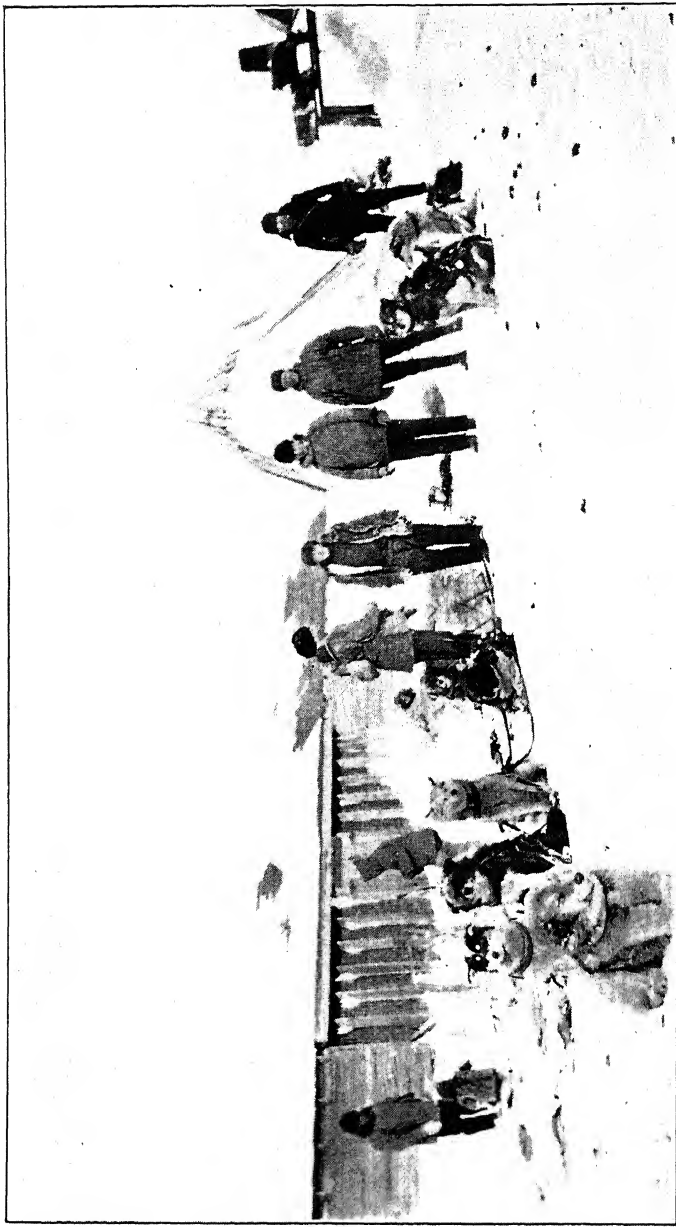
Before continuing westward to the prairie provinces, let us turn eastward for a few-score miles along the shore of Lake Superior in order that you may not miss the Nipigon. Persons with elastic imaginations—I suspect that they were writers of railway advertising literature—have called Lake Nipigon the sixth of the Great Lakes because its waters pour down through the Nipigon River into Lake Superior. It might be

mentioned, in passing, that Nipigon, whose syllables roll so pleasantly from the tongue, is a contraction of the Ojibway Aweenipigo—"the water that stretches far." A fitting name for a lake that has eight hundred miles of shore-line.

The lake is in the heart of the Nipigon Forest Reserve, another of the great parks which the provincial government, with commendable foresight, has set apart for the preservation of the fish, the game, and the wilderness itself. Its chief claim to fame, of course, is the exceptionally large variety of speckled trout that bears its name—perhaps the "fightingest" fish that swims in Ontario waters. For fishing in the Nipigon Reserve a special license is required, costing \$10.50 for non-residents of Ontario.

I fished the Nipigon for a week with no conspicuous success, though I tried every form of bait and lure and had the most experienced guides procurable. Yet one day during my stay a "tin-can tourist" drove up in his ramshackle flivver, cut a rod from a convenient bush, and within the hour, without the aid of a net, had landed the largest trout taken from the Nipigon





*Photograph by Canadian National Railways*

Winter mail leaving Fort Churchill, the northern terminus of the Hudson Bay Railway, by dog-sled



## THE LAKES



that season. That's what is known as fisherman's luck.

In the Rainy River district, a hundred miles or so to the west of Fort William, another provincial reserve, Quetico Park, snuggles up against the American border. A few hours' journey by rail farther on, in the extreme lower left-hand corner of Ontario, is Lake of the Woods, a bewilderment of forests, lakes, islands, and streams which sprawls its two thousand square miles from the international boundary north to the line of the Canadian Pacific and west to the borders of Manitoba. And directly north, on the banks of the Winnipeg River, is the equally beautiful Minaki country.

All these regions of farther Ontario were the scenes of picturesque and thrilling episodes in the winning of the Canadian West. Almost two centuries ago La Vérendrye, that romantic figure of New France, followed the moonbeam trail down the Winnipeg when he crossed the uncharted plains to the Rockies in his search for the western ocean. Over these waters, too, passed that grim Scottish adventurer, Alexander Mackenzie, most noted explorer of the Canadian

Northwest. And, long, long before the railway was conceived of, Minaki, now a fashionable summer resort, was a station on the route of the "Canoe Express."

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## CHAPTER IV

### THE PRAIRIES

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#### I

IT is said that a representative of Baedeker, sent to Canada to collect data for a guide-book on the Dominion, complained bitterly that the statistics he had gathered with such Teutonic thoroughness were rendered valueless overnight by the amazing growth of the country; that before he could get the population of a city into print it had almost doubled. And his complaint was not unjustified. Winnipeg is a case in point. In 1870 it had two hundred and fifteen inhabitants. To-day it has nearly 300,000.

Upon reviewing the history of Manitoba's capital, the metropolis of the plains, one is tempted for once to adopt the grandiose phraseology of the booster and the writer of railway literature by calling it the wonder city of the West.

Its story has its beginnings nearly two centuries

ago—in 1738, to be exact—when the French adventurer, La Vérendrye, built at the point where the Assiniboine joins the Red River of the North a log block-house encircled by a palisade which he called Fort Rouge. It continues through the days following the English conquest, when the Hudson's Bay Company erected near the site of Fort Rouge its own Fort Garry and from this stronghold of commercial power ruled with an iron hand a domain extending from the American border northward to York Factory and Fort Churchill, westward to the Rockies. And it keeps on through the period of development inaugurated by the coming of the iron horse, when the country known as the Red River Settlement changed its name to Manitoba and entered the Dominion as a full-fledged province. And so down the years, each marked by a steady rise in the tide of immigration as the settlers poured in from Eastern Canada, from Europe, and from the United States.

When the empire-builder who was born plain Donald Smith and died Lord Strathcona of Mount Royal constructed a spur from the main line of the Canadian Pacific, which he was then building, to his estate at

Silver Heights, he deliberately avoided the little settlement at Winnipeg because of its crudity and unattractiveness. And great numbers of people, I suppose, still think of it in terms of a frontier town, with dusty, unpaved streets, wooden sidewalks, and cow-ponies tethered to the hitching-rails before low, unlovely buildings.

Yet how different is the reality. You step from the sleeping-car of a transcontinental train to the platform of a white marble station. The local boosters, with justifiable pride, will tell you that it cost upward of two million dollars, which is, however, neither here nor there. A red-cap will bear your bag—for there is no need of a taxi—to the imposing Fort Garry Hotel, an adaptation to modern requirements of the French château architecture of Francis I, its fourteen stories looking down upon the ivy-covered remains of old Fort Garry—a constant reminder to the visitor of the city's romantic past.

It might be remarked, in passing, that the two great railway systems, the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National, have shown real imagination in their choice of architecture and of names for the

chains of great hotels—the Château Frontenac in Quebec, the Château Laurier in Ottawa, the Fort Garry at Winnipeg, and a score of others—which they have strung across the Dominion from sea to sea. In size, appointments, and service these establishments rival—and in some cases excel—the finest hotels of New York, London, and Paris.

Because Winnipeg is on the prairies, in a region which is either dead flat or gently rolling, one who has never been there might assume that the city and its suburbs would present a rather monotonous aspect; yet there is nothing of monotony in the panorama spread before one standing on the roof-garden of the Fort Garry or of its equally luxurious rival, the Royal Alexandra—the great dome of the Manitoba parliament buildings and the spires of the Cathedral of St. Boniface rising above a sea of green, the wooded expanse of Assiniboine Park, and the two great rivers winding into the distance across the illimitable plain.

Those responsible for the planning of Winnipeg were men of vision, with an eye to the future, for the streets are exceptionally wide—some of them nearly fifty yards across—thereby avoiding all possibility of

traffic congestion in the future and lending to the city an atmosphere of dignity and spaciousness. Farther out, where the business section gives way to the residential, the streets become winding avenues and parkways, lined with stately trees and in summer bordered by carpets of greensward and banked with flowers.

One can form a very fair estimate of a city's culture by the architecture of its dwellings, and I know of few cities of the same size on either side of the international boundary where the architect and the landscape gardener have produced more pleasing effects than in Winnipeg. One of the most charming small Italian gardens I have ever seen outside of Italy was shown me while driving through the residential district, and even those mansions where taste has been subordinated to ostentation are redeemed by the beauty of their lawns and gardens. Another surprise in store for the visitor to this prairie city is that the surrounding country is green with woodlands instead of yellow with grain. Recreational facilities—shooting, fishing, yachting, canoeing, bathing—are within easy access for every one, for an arm of Lake Winnipeg, whose forest-hemmed waters extend into the northern hinter-

land for two hundred and sixty miles, reaches almost to the city's door. And a short distance to the north-west sprawl two other huge lakes—Manitoba and Winnipegosis.

Winnipeg has an institution which might be copied to advantage by many American cities in its permanent exposition building, where the two transcontinental railway systems as well as thirty western boards of trade have installed exhibits illustrative of the natural resources of their respective territories. It is a sort of clearing-house for newly arrived immigrants, prospective settlers, where they can obtain information and advice as to the best methods of establishing themselves in a land which is appalling in its vastness. But Winnipeg has not neglected the cultural side of its development, for it has a university with three thousand students, the first civic art gallery to be opened in Canada, and, in connection with the latter, an art school where drawing and painting are taught. It is to be hoped that this last will eventually develop a school of artists who will devote themselves to depicting the romantic and colorful life of the Old





THE WEST THAT WAS  
Blackfoot Indians of Alberta



## THE PRAIRIES



Frontier, taking up the pen and brush laid down by Frederic Remington.

### II

Nearly four hundred miles to the northwest of Winnipeg as the airplane flies, and perhaps double that distance by train, is The Pas, the half-way house on the line of the recently completed railway to Hudson Bay, and the gateway to the almost uninhabited North Country. At The Pas is held each winter the greatest sporting event of the Northland, the Dog Derby, which brings together in competition the best teams of huskies that Canada and Alaska can produce. It likewise brings together a boisterous and colorful crowd of prospectors, miners, trappers, traders, and city sportsmen, who lay enormous wagers on their favorite teams.

The Dominion Government, which built the Hudson Bay Railway, expects great things of it, but I must confess that I am not so sanguine. It leads for hundreds of miles across a peculiarly desolate and inhospitable region, much of it a treeless and unstable

muskeg swamp, where there are no towns worthy the name and no inhabitants to speak of, and where there are not likely to be many for years to come. It was undertaken with a view to providing the farmers of the prairie provinces with a short-cut to Europe for their grain, the Hudson Bay route being several hundred miles shorter than via the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence. But Hudson Bay is closed to navigation by ice for a much longer period than is the St. Lawrence; any shipping rates made by this route will probably be met by its southern competitors; there are no adequate facilities at Fort Churchill, the terminus of the line, for the storage of grain awaiting shipment; and navigation in these extreme northerly waters is a hazardous business under the most favorable conditions. The time will doubtless come when this line of steel across the quaking muskeg will justify the cost of its construction, especially as deposits of gold and copper ore have recently been discovered, but, judging from similar wilderness railways which I have seen in other parts of the world, I would hazard the guess that a good many years will elapse before it becomes a paying proposition.

The new railway provides the most expeditious means of reaching Hudson Bay—for it is to be presumed that it will have been opened to passenger traffic by the time this book is published—but there are other avenues of approach which, though requiring far more time, are a hundred-fold more interesting. Thus, one can travel by steamer, power-boat, and canoe all the way from Winnipeg to York Factory on Hudson Bay, a distance of approximately a thousand miles. This was one of the main routes followed by the fur brigades, and since those adventurous days conditions in these remote regions have not greatly changed.

Such a trip is a serious undertaking, however, and not to be entered upon without due preparation or unless one is in good physical condition, for there are no summer hotels and camps along the route to rest up in, and the trading-posts at which you can replenish your supplies are few and far between, for every stroke of the paddle takes you farther from civilization. But you will encounter prospectors and miners, half-breed traders and Indian trappers, government surveyors and outfits from the great fur companies,

even an occasional mounted policeman; you will stop, now and then, at trading-posts and mission stations; you will see bear, deer, elk, antelope, caribou, moose, ptarmigan, and prairie chicken. In short, there will be unrolled before your eyes the whole stirring panorama of the Last West as you have heretofore visualized it only through the medium of story-books or the motion-picture screen. There's adventure for you! Have you no wish to go? Can't you hear the Red Gods calling?

The first section of the trip I have outlined can be made comfortably by steamer from Winnipeg through the shallow waters of Lake Winnipeg to Grand Rapids, at the mouth of the Saskatchewan, whence it is only a short distance to The Pas. From here another steamer will bear you up the Saskatchewan (which, incidentally, is navigable to Edmonton, eight hundred miles to the westward) as far as Sturgeon Landing. Here, having made preliminary arrangements through the Hudson's Bay Company's agent at The Pas for guides, canoes, camp outfit, and provisions, you leave civilization behind and begin the six-hundred-odd miles of paddling, poling, and portaging through a

series of unmapped lakes and streams into the Nelson River, and so down to Port Nelson and the Bay. Instead of returning by the same route, you can take a launch from Port Nelson across the estuary to York Factory, a famous trading-post in the days when fur was king, and follow the Hayes River and its tributaries into Lake Winnipeg again. That will be a trip to talk about to the men at the club when you get home.

It should be remembered, however, that the days of the through trip in the North Country are about over; it is only the old-time Indians who have traveled the whole distance and know the way, and not many of them remain. Hence the trip would probably have to be made in relays. But, as both the Hudson's Bay Company and Révillon Frères have posts at several points along the route, it would no doubt be possible to obtain guides and canoes from one post to the next, thus obviating long and wearisome delays. Owing to recent discoveries of gold and copper deposits, what was formerly a region inhabited solely by Indian trappers and hunters now attracts the prospector, the miner, and the trader, the result being that many of the water routes have been improved and the trails

and portages kept clear. It is also possible to procure fresh vegetables, eggs, and poultry at the occasional trading-posts and mission stations, at all of which the wilderness traveler will find the latch-string out, an extra place at the table, and a hearty welcome.

### III

For half-a-hundred miles west of Winnipeg stretches a belt of arable land, approximately three hundred miles in width, with water nowhere very far below the surface, which is known as the Red River Valley. This is a misnomer, however, for the Red River, which rises in Minnesota and flows north through Manitoba into Lake Winnipeg, crosses only the eastern end of this region. Though the area to which the term "Red River Valley" is loosely applied is considered by many to be the best wheat-growing land in the world—a claim which is hotly disputed by the Canadian grain-growers of the farther West as well as by those on the American side of the line—the empire of grain sweeps right across the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta to the foothills of the Rockies. Of the three prairie provinces,



## THE PRAIRIES



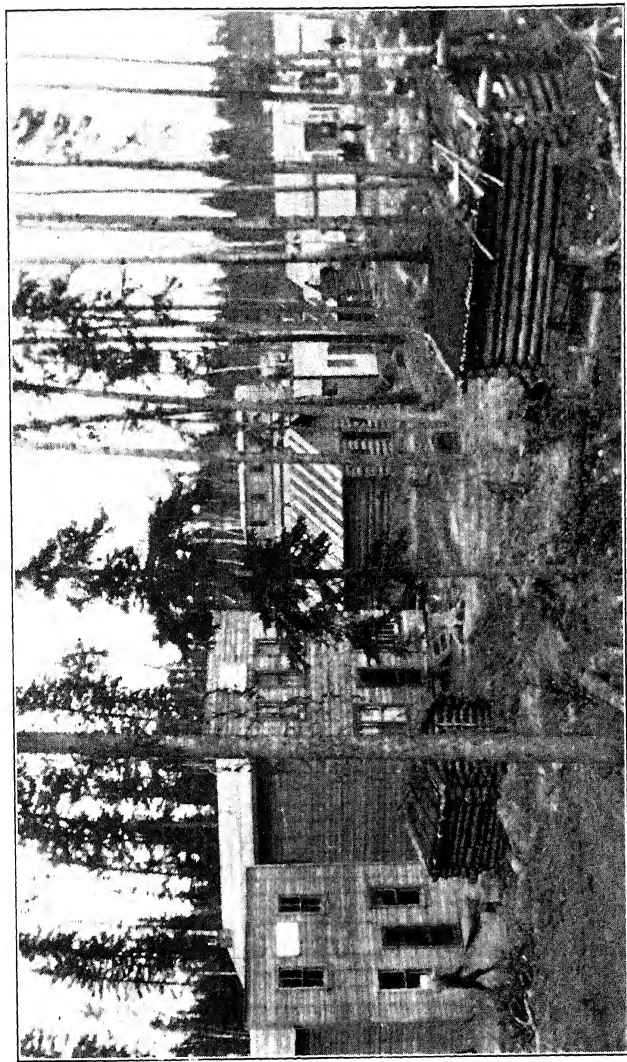
Saskatchewan is vastly the most important from the agricultural viewpoint, having nearly twenty million acres under cultivation to wheat, oats, and barley, as compared with nine and a half million acres in Alberta and six million in Manitoba. Though the three provinces are of approximately the same size—each having an area of about a quarter of a million square miles—the surprising discrepancy in cultivated lands is due to the fact that the greater part of Manitoba consists of lakes, woodlands, and tundra, and that the Rockies occupy a considerable portion of Alberta.

To the average transcontinental traveler wheat is simply wheat. He discerns no romance in the sea of billowing gold which rolls away to the horizon. To him wheat is a plant—and he cannot always distinguish it from oats or barley—producing a grain which, after harvesting, storage in elevators, transportation by land and sea, flour-mill operations, and grocery store transactions, finally reaches him in the form of bread, Parker House rolls, soda biscuits, buttered toast, or some form of breakfast cereal served with sugar and cream.

But good wheat, as any farmer will tell you, is not

merely a matter of sprinkling seed on plowed soil and in due course harvesting it. Wheat is to-day as carefully bred as a prize-winning cow or a racehorse. It is the product of endless experiments—and countless discouragements.

It did not take the early settlers in the Canadian West long to realize that the climate of the prairie provinces, with their long and bitterly cold winters, was not adapted to the growing of winter wheat—that is, wheat which is planted in the late summer and begins to sprout in the autumn. If the vast tracts of arable land which spread up the Peace River Valley to within a few degrees of the Arctic Circle were to become agriculturally valuable a strain of wheat must be developed which could be sown in the spring and would mature within ten weeks of planting. Moreover, it must be a strain capable of resisting drought, for Western Canada is often both cold and dry; if it was to command a good price it must mill and bake well; and it must produce a high yield to the acre. There have always been varieties of wheat possessing certain of these five essential qualities, but the task that confronted the experts of the Department of



*Photograph by Canadian National Railways*

ON THE LAST FRONTIER

The town of Cranberry Portage in the Flin Flon district of Manitoba



## THE PRAIRIES



Agriculture at Ottawa was to develop a variety that combined all of them.

They started their experiments with a Russian wheat that ripens on the edges of the Arctic. This they crossed with a Scotch variety, Red Fife, which has superior milling qualities. Having thus produced a hybrid which could stand the northern cold, would ripen within ten weeks, and make a superior grade of flour, they introduced a strain of Calcutta wheat which had demonstrated its ability to withstand the long Indian droughts and is noted for its productiveness. Thus they ransacked Europe and Asia to find strains which could be blended into a wheat suitable for growing in North America. They worked patiently, year after year, trying one combination after another, until at length their efforts were rewarded by a seed possessing every quality required for sub-Arctic culture. It is called Marquis. Later on they produced another variety, named Prelude, which, though its yield is small, has the peculiar merit of ripening in only eight weeks and has been grown successfully at Dawson City, within three degrees of the Arctic Circle.

Rearing themselves like medieval fortresses above the prairie landscape are the huge elevators in which the grain is stored preliminary to shipment. In the early days the farmer hauled his grain, either loose or in sacks, to wooden storehouses built by grain dealers along the line of the railway. In the early '80's the elevator was introduced because of the facilities it afforded for handling grain in bulk. Some of the elevators are owned by dealers, others by coöperative societies run by the farmers themselves. When the farmer takes his grain to an elevator he can either sell it, pocket his money and go home; or he can hire a bin in which his grain will be kept apart from that produced by his neighbors; or he can store it in a common bin with other grain of the same grade. In the last two cases he arranges with the railway for a car into which the elevator company loads the grain when the owner, having studied the market reports, thinks the top-notch price has been reached. Once the grain has been loaded, he can either sell it on the spot or send it forward to grain dealers in the larger centers to be sold on commission. To wring a fortune from the wheat-fields one has to combine the qualities of a

## THE PRAIRIES

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good farmer and of a successful gambler with the patience of Job.

Nowadays comparatively little of the work connected with the various phases of grain-growing is done by hand. In the spring the rich brown soil is broken by batteries of tractors. The seed is no longer sown in the picturesque fashion depicted on Millet's famous canvases, but by machine. Even the thirty-two-horse teams which were long a feature of the prairie landscape are disappearing from the scene, the ripened grain, at least on the larger farms, now being harvested by motor-drawn reapers, which also bind it into bundles. These bundles are "stooked"—that is, set up in shocks—by the thousands of itinerant laborers who pour into the wheat-lands for the purpose during the harvesting season and who also load them on the trucks which transport them from the field to the threshing machines, but there the manual labor ends.

But sometimes the grain which has been grown with such care and patience never reaches the harvest stage. A whole year of intensive labor may be made fruitless by drought, blight, exceptionally severe

frost, torrential rains, or one of the terrific hail storms not uncommon in this part of Canada. To provide against the last-named calamity there are numerous companies, several of them coöperative organizations, which write hail insurance, so that the grower thus protected can hear the giant hailstones rattling on the roof of his ranch-house like machine-gun fire without worrying.

In the eyes of the world the wheat-farmer is a rather prosaic figure, doubtless because he lacks the glamour of the hunter, the prospector, and the cow-puncher. Yet the record of his vicissitudes, his discouragements, his struggle against enormous odds, forms an epic worthy to stand alongside those of the explorer, the trapper, the fur-trader, the cattleman, and the others who have played brave rôles in the conquest of the West.

### IV

Crossing the prairies by either of the two great railway systems the traveler can hardly fail to be intrigued by the curious and fantastic names of many of the towns along the way—Sioux Lookout, Plum



## THE PRAIRIES

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Coulée, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Seven Persons, Manyberries, Crow's Nest. Some of them tell their own stories. Moose Jaw was so named, for example, according to the Indian version, because a white settler ingeniously mended his broken wagon with the jaw-bone of a moose. (One wonders if he used it to splice a broken wagon-tongue!) The fantastic names of other prairie towns are less susceptible of such easy explanation and open up romantic avenues of speculation. Did the French voyageurs call the trading-station on the Saskatchewan Le Pas because it was only a step from there into the unknown? How did Flin Flon come by its singular name? No one will deny, however, that these western place-names, whatever their origin, are more romantic and distinctive than our own Watertowns and Brownsvilles and Jones Fallses and North Adamses and Sauk Centers and Junction Cities.

The map of the Dominion has undergone a striking transformation since the days of the "Postage Stamp Provinces," when Manitoba consisted of a small square of territory snuggled into the corner formed by the boundaries of Ontario and the United States. But in 1912 the country was politically re-

organized. The Province of Kewatin was eliminated; the borders of Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and Ontario were pushed far to the north, the last two to the shores of Hudson Bay; and the almost uninhabited regions to the east of the Yukon Territory, bordering on the Arctic, were organized as the Northwest Territories under a commissioner who resides in Ottawa.

I imagine that it comes as a good deal of a surprise to one making a first visit to the Canadian West to find that the country between Winnipeg and the Pacific is thickly sprinkled with thriving, up-to-the-minute cities with miles of asphalted streets and beautiful parks and luxurious hotels and lofty office buildings.

Thus, upwards of forty thousand people live within the city limits of Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan. Unlike most Canadian cities, Regina was unfortunate in having no water near at hand, but this scenic deficiency was remedied by turning the waters of a small stream into a conveniently situated depression, the result being Waskana Lake, on whose

## THE PRAIRIES



attractively landscaped shores stand the new provincial parliament buildings. Incidentally, the city has an admirably appointed hotel owned and operated by the C.P.R.—the Saskatchewan.

Two or three miles beyond Regina the train passes the principal training depot of the Canadian Mounted Police—the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, as they were formerly called—whose six hundred red-jacketed troopers maintain law and order over a region which stretches from the American border to the Arctic seaboard, from Cape Chidley on Hudson Strait to the gold-fields of the Yukon. The famous force was organized in 1873, the scarlet which is the dominant note in its uniform having been chosen, in the words of Sir John Macdonald, because “this color conveys the strongest impression to the mind of the Indian.” Though the days have passed when the ranks of the Mounted Police were filled with impecunious remittance men or scions of the English nobility who had put their money on the wrong horse or had been disappointed in love, the old romantic glamour still clings to these Riders of the Plains. Indeed, it is

open to question whether the producers of motion-picture "westerns" and the authors of frontier fiction could long survive without them.

Well up toward the center of Alberta, built on the bold bluffs which rise steeply above the Saskatchewan, is the provincial capital, Edmonton. At the beginning of the present century the place had fewer than two thousand inhabitants, including Indians, most of whom made their living from the Hudson's Bay post which was established there in the early days as an outlet for the furs brought down by the trappers from the Peace River and Great Slave Lake regions. To-day the population of the city numbers close to seventy thousand and is steadily growing. On the site of the old trading-post now stand the imposing parliament buildings, and a little farther along the broad terraces of the Hotel Macdonald, where in the summer afternoons guests sit at tea under gaily striped umbrellas, look down upon the shore where the fur brigades, with their cargoes of pelts from the far North, were wont to land. Strolling through the hotel, its rotunda floored with pink Levantine marble, the dome of its octagonal palm-room decorated in Wedg-






"RIDE 'ER, COWBOY!"

A bucking steer does its stuff at the Calgary Stampede

## THE PRAIRIES



wood designs, it is almost impossible to believe that five-and-twenty years ago Edmonton was but a frontier settlement on the very outskirts of civilization, its only inhabitants traders, trappers, a handful of mounted police, and Indians. Though the fur trade is still carried on, the city now derives its prosperity from the adjacent cattle ranches, wheat farms and coal-mines, while the Hudson's Bay trading-post has developed into an up-to-date department store with—shades of the whisky-drinking early settlers!—a soda fountain.

### V

Though Edmonton was chosen as the capital of Alberta because of its central situation, the largest city in the province is Calgary, two hundred miles to the south, where the foothills of the Rockies begin. The present city owes its inception, in some measure at least, to the Indian outbreaks which occurred during the '70's on the American side of the line. Exasperated by the ill-treatment they received on the Federal reservations, a number of the American tribes crossed into Canada, a country which already had a

large and restless Indian population of its own. The steady infiltration of these warlike savages was regarded by the settlers with grave apprehension, and the government at Ottawa, becoming fearful of the disquieting effect they might have on the Canadian Indians, and wishing to suppress the constantly increasing activities of gun-runners, whisky smugglers and bad men, decided to establish a chain of military outposts stretching right across Central Canada from Winnipeg to the Rockies, the westernmost being Fort Brisbois, which was built in 1875 at the junction of the Elbow and the Bow. The following year—when many of the Indians crossing the line were wearing the scalps taken at the massacre of Custer's force on the Little Big Horn—the new commander of the outpost, Colonel McLeod, changed its name to Fort Calgary in memory of his Scotch birthplace on the Isle of Mull.

Even in 1881 Calgary consisted only of the Hudson's Bay Company's establishment, a general store, the police barracks, and the commander's cabin. But when the railhead of the Canadian Pacific reached the fort on the Bow in 1884 settlers began to pour in, and



with the passage two years later of the first through train from Montreal to the Pacific what had been but an outpost in the Indian country had become a flourishing town. To-day the city has seventy-five thousand inhabitants, nearly two-thirds of whom, so I was told, are of American origin.

A commission form of government has been in successful operation in Calgary for more than twenty years; its voters enjoy the initiative, referendum, and recall; the city owns and operates the street-car lines and the lighting, water, and telephone systems. Thanks to the surplus of power supplied by the tumbling Bow, electric heating is cheaper than coal.

Calgary suggests a cattleman who, having accumulated a fortune and exchanged his sombrero, flannel shirt, and chaps for store clothes, has settled down to enjoy life. But once a year, in July, it puts aside the habiliments and usages of civilization and uses the annual Stampede as an excuse for reviving for a few days the old, care-free, colorful life of the range.

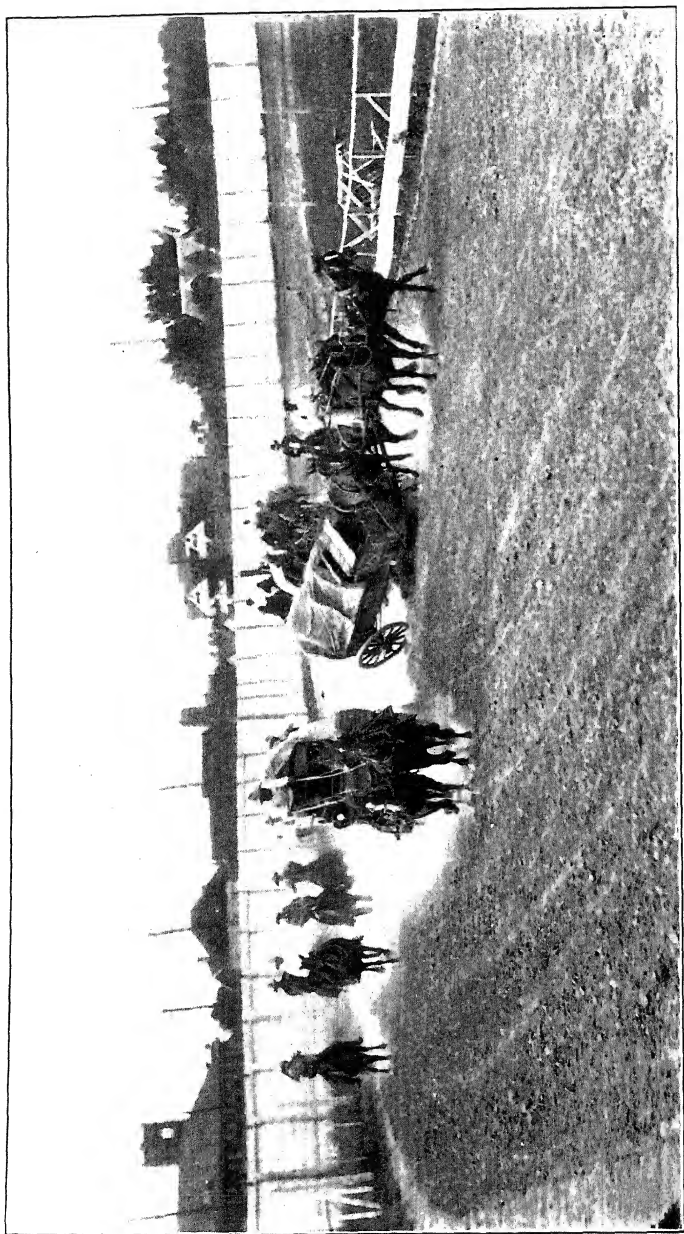
The Stampede is to Calgary what Mardi Gras is to New Orleans and it is then that you should visit the city, provided you can obtain accommodation, for the

event attracts great crowds of visitors from all parts of Canada and the United States, and, as a consequence, beds are at a premium. The Stampede was originally local in its character, like the rodeos held in many of the smaller towns of the American West, the punchers—or cow-waddies, as they are commonly called—from the adjacent cattle ranches coming in annually for an informal jollification, when they engaged in riding and roping contests and other competitions peculiar to the cattle country.

But the fame of the gathering spread, and the business men and railway companies, quick to recognize its commercial value, built it up by means of liberal prizes and wide advertising into an institution which has become a combination of an agricultural fair, a Spanish bull-fight, a Wild West show, and an Old Home Week celebration. As a consequence, it has lost a good deal of its original frontier character, for vaudeville acts, clowns, ballet dancers, and gymnasts in pink tights were not characteristic of the Old West.

In the old days the contestants invariably appeared in chaperajos of leather or sheepskin, but these picturesque and distinctive garments have become the ex-





THE CHUCK-WAGON RACE AT THE CALGARY STAMPEDE

ception instead of the rule because a firm which manufactures blue denim overalls offers a cash bonus to every winner who wears its particular brand of pants. The next thing you know some enterprising hatter will succeed in eliminating the ten-gallon sombrero, the traditional headgear of the plains, by offering additional prize money to those broncho busters and horse wranglers who do their stuff while wearing derbies or silk toppers!

Nevertheless, the Stampede is well worth seeing, for it affords the visitor a glimpse of a life which is fast disappearing, if indeed it has not already gone. Punchers come from as far west as the Pacific, and as far south as the Rio Grande, and, of course, from all parts of the Canadian cattle country, to compete in contests which frequently net the winners thousands of dollars. The events are held in an open-air arena in the city's outskirts, the spectators, who arrive by the train-load, being accommodated in an enormous grandstand and in boxes like those at a polo match. There are bronco-busting and steer-throwing contests (to the great disgust of the old-timers bull-dogging has been prohibited by the S.P.C.A.), exhibitions of roping and

branding, dashes for ponies ridden by Indians, chuck-wagon races, and the like. That the contests involve a very considerable element of risk is indicated by the presence of a motor ambulance and of a field hospital where injured riders are given first aid. When I was at the Stampede one of the most celebrated of the competitors, a slim youth known as the Canada Kid, had his eye gouged out by the horn of a steer that he was riding. Yet he remained astride the frenzied animal until the judge's whistle sounded, and the next day, despite the serious nature of his injury, insisted on continuing in the competitions.

The festivities of Stampede Week are inaugurated by a picturesque parade through the city streets in which ranch-owners in buckboards or on horseback, cowboys—and cowgirls too, for that matter—wearing the gaudy paraphernalia of the range, mounted policemen in scarlet jackets, and Indians in paint and feathers take part. At the head of the 1929 procession rode an officer, slim and erect despite his eighty years, wearing the white helmet and gold-laced scarlet jacket which was the uniform of the mounted police when he led a detachment across the plains to Fort Calgary

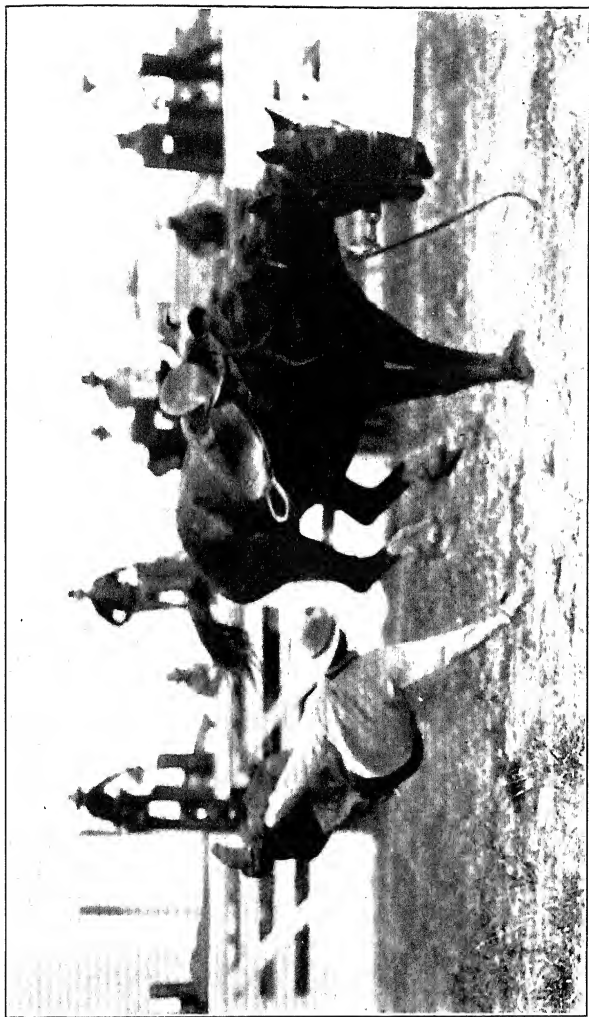
more than half a century before. To me there was something peculiarly poignant in the spectacle of these story-book figures riding out of the vanished past into a present characterized by asphalt pavements, clanging street-cars, and lofty office buildings.

The most gratifying feature of Stampede Week to the old-timers is the opportunities it affords them for reunions. Men who have made their pile in cattle, grain, or gold, and who now live in Winnipeg or Montreal, New York or San Francisco, arrive, not infrequently in their private cars, to be greeted boisterously by friends whom they have not seen, perhaps, since as youngsters on the range they rode herd together. Punchers fresh from the grazing lands of Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia, from the ranches of the Pecos and the Panhandle, from Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana, swagger along the streets in checked shirts and sheepskin chaps, their huge spurs clinking, their high-crowned hats tilted rakishly. Yet, despite all the hilarity, there is surprisingly little drinking, though perhaps I should amend this statement by saying that there is very little drunkenness. During the four days I spent in Calgary I saw

only one person the worse for liquor, and he, I am sorry to say, was an American tourist.

On the last night of the Stampede an old-fashioned cowman's dance is held on the asphalt in front of the Hotel Palliser, the entire block being roped off for the purpose. Every one, regardless of wealth or social station, takes part. American girls on their way to the summer resorts in the Canadian Rockies dance with punchers from the Peace or the Pecos. Millionaire ranchers, directors of banks and railways, have as their partners girls who work in offices or stores or who have ridden in from the range. Townsmen and tourists give themselves up to the spirit of the occasion by exchanging their straw hats for broad-brimmed Stetsons and knotting gaudy handkerchiefs about their necks cowboy-fashion. The blare of bands, the shuffle of feet, the clink of spurs, and the occasional "Yip! Yip! Yip!" of a hilarious cow-waddie continue until above the distant Rockies appears the first faint flush of dawn. Then the tired townspeople and tourists pile into their beds or their waiting trains, while the cattlemen swing into their saddles and go clattering back to resume their work on the range.





BRONCHO BUSTING IN THE ALBERTA CATTLE COUNTRY



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## CHAPTER V

### THE MOUNTAINS

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#### I

“NICE scenery,” the man who sat beside me on the observation platform of the Trans-Canada Limited observed approvingly, though with a trace of condescension in his tone, as the train, winding through the tortuous cañon of the Bow, panted laboriously upward from the Alberta prairie to the lofty gap, 4200 feet in the blue, by which the railway enters the Rockies.

“Very nice scenery indeed,” he repeated, as the panorama of peak, precipice and pine unrolled itself in steadily increasing grandeur, “but not so appealing as the Alps. They have something that these Canadian mountains lack. There’s no denying that the Rockies are tremendously impressive, but they are too impersonal. They are wholly without the legendary and historical associations, the romance, the

human interest, that give the Alps their charm.”

Romance? Human interest? I wondered what those terms conveyed to him. For it seemed to me that the region we were entering fairly reeked with both.

I thought of Pierre de la Vérendrye, who, carrying his life in his hands and a commission from Louis XV in his pocket, was the first white man to set eyes upon the Rockies. Of Jasper Hawes, known to the Indians as “Tête Jaune” because of his shock of yellow hair, the adventurous youngster in charge of the Northwest Company’s trading-posts on the Athabaska, whose memory is perpetuated by the names of Yellowhead Pass and Jasper National Park. Of the young Welsh geographer, David Thompson, who crossed these ranges in the summer of 1812 in an attempt to plant the British flag at the mouth of the Columbia before the arrival of John Jacob Astor’s expedition. Of Sir George Simpson, that indefatigable traveler who traversed the Rockies on the first overland journey around the world from east to west. Of Father de Smet, the jovial missionary to the Piegans, undergoing a two months’ fast at Jasper House so that he might reduce his weight sufficiently to undertake the

## THE MOUNTAINS

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arduous journey across the mountains. And of all those other picturesque, intrepid figures—explorers, voyageurs, trappers, fur-traders, prospectors, missionaries, scouts, soldiers, engineers, empire-builders—who to open up this region defied thirst and hunger, blizzards and landslides, savage beasts and still more savage men.

Nowhere else in the world, so far as I can recall, is there a stranger or more startling transition than from the sunlit prairies of Alberta, level, treeless, dotted with the ranch-houses of the cattlemen whose herds graze upon the open range, to the grim heights where walls of limestone, rising sheer on either hand, form the Bow River Gap, the principal eastern gateway to the Rockies.

From their sources amid the glaciers and ice-fields, mountain torrents swirl and roar through narrow cañons to hurl themselves in a smother of spray over the brinks of precipices into flower-carpeted valleys a thousand feet below. To the south rises the trio of majestic peaks known as the Three Sisters. Their lower slopes are clothed in dense forests of spruce and pine, but half-way up these green skirts give way

to bare brown rock, and the rock rises nakedly until it disappears beneath brassières of snow, above which the glistening peaks lift themselves proudly, like the powdered heads of lovely women.

Whoever described the Canadian Rockies as fifty Switzerlands in one was not indulging in hyperbole. The loftiest of the Canadian peaks are inferior in height, to the mightiest of the Alpine giants, it is true, but the difference in altitude of individual mountains is more than counterbalanced by the vastly greater extent of the Rockies. In the congeries of ranges commonly known as the Canadian Rockies—the Rockies proper, the Selkirks, the Gold, Cariboo, and Coast ranges—there are upward of eleven hundred peaks exceeding six thousand feet in height, and some eight-score which have an altitude of more than ten thousand feet. And, mind you, these figures do not include the innumerable mountains which have not been measured or even named.

In order to preserve the forests and the game, and to prevent any defacement of their scenic beauties, the finest areas of the Rockies have been taken over by the Canadian Government as national parks, but

## THE MOUNTAINS

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the hotels and bungalow camps in the parks are operated by the Dominion's two great railway systems, which have virtually divided the Rockies between them. The tourist business in Banff, Yoho, and Kootenay National Parks is to all intents and purposes monopolized by the Canadian Pacific Railway, while Jasper and Mount Robson National Parks are exclusively exploited by the Canadian National System.

As the airplane flies it is only about two hundred miles from Banff, the C.P.R.'s mountain capital, to Jasper, which is the tourist headquarters of the C.N.R., but by rail it is many times that distance. There are three routes open to the traveler who wishes to see both regions. From Banff he can retrace his steps to Calgary, turn north to Edmonton, and then west again by the C.N.R. to Jasper. Or he can continue westward from Banff to Lytton, a junction point on the Fraser River, and there change to the C.N.R., which will bear him northeastward across British Columbia to Jasper. As a third alternative, he can keep straight through to Vancouver by Canadian Pacific, take either a C.P.R. or a C.N.R. steamer up the coast to Prince Rupert, and return east via Jasper by the Canadian National. By

taking the last-named tour the traveler will be able to see pretty much everything of importance in the Canadian West.

I am frequently asked which region is the more attractive—Banff or Jasper. There is little to choose between them. If the territory of which Banff is the center has its Mount Assiniboine (11,860 feet) and its Lake Louise, the Jasper country has Mount Robson (12,972 feet) and Lake Maligne. Banff has the larger and more luxurious hotel; Jasper has the finer golf course. Both have superb motor roads and comfortable camp accommodations. Both offer the same recreations—motoring, mountain-climbing, trail-riding, golf, and fishing. But if you like to dress in the evening, to dine amid luxurious surroundings where cuisine and service are unsurpassed on this continent or in Europe, and to dance to the music of a famous orchestra, by all means go to Banff. If, on the other hand, you prefer a life which is a shade less formal; if you are content to sleep in a quaint log bungalow instead of a period suite, you will probably like Jasper better. There is, of course, a good deal of rivalry between the two regions. Were you to read only



## THE MOUNTAINS

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Canadian National literature you would not know that such places as Banff and Lake Louise existed, whereas to find Jasper on the maps issued by the Canadian Pacific you will need a magnifying glass.

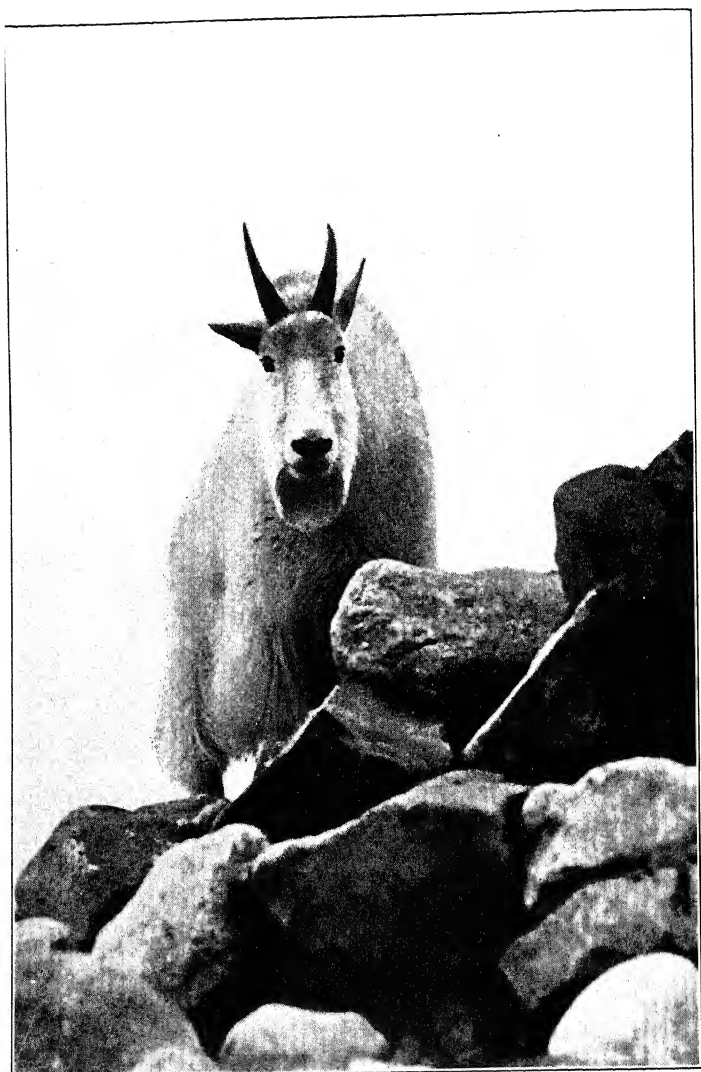
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Banff, a charming little mountain town at the confluence of the Bow and the Spray, with not more than three or four hundred all-the-year-round inhabitants, is the nearest approach to an Alpine summer resort that we have on this continent. Many of its buildings bear a certain resemblance to the chalet style of architecture; imported Swiss guides are at the disposal of mountain-climbers; a brawling torrent goes tearing through the town; and at the end of the main street, in summer gay with flowers, rises a ten-thousand-foot mountain. The place is strongly suggestive of Zermatt or Andermatt, without actually resembling them.

During the season Banff is a gay little place, full of life and color. Its sidewalks are crowded with young people, mostly in riding or climbing clothes, who have come in from the dude ranches in the foothills or from the big hotel. Cow-punchers in gaudy shirts and

sheepskin chaps, and their high-crowned hats, clatter by astride of wiry ponies. Indians from the Stoney Reservation, picturesque in fringed and beaded buckskin, appear regularly on pay-day, eager to spend the money given them by a paternal government. Huge sight-seeing buses, back from Louise, Emerald Lake, or the Yoho Valley, disgorge crowds of dusty, thirsty tourists who throng into the soda-bars. Sun-bronzed Swiss guides stride by, bare of throat and arm, their alpenstocks and coils of rope showing that they have been on a climbing expedition in the higher mountains. Mounted policemen, very smart and soldierly in their scarlet tunics and yellow-striped breeches, pose obligingly for pretty girls with cameras. A pack-train ambles leisurely along, the hoofs of the horses clattering on the pavement like castanets. Waiting impatiently for it to pass is a big French touring-car with an eastern license. A Wall Street broker begs a light from a grizzled mountain man. A tourist, newly arrived and thirsty, asks a cowboy to direct him to the government liquor store. For here, in the heart of the Rockies, East and West not only meet but shake hands.

High above the town, on a wooded crest which



Photograph by F. H. Stark

"I'LL BE THE GOAT. WHAT'S THE ANSWER?"

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commands a superb view of the valley of the Bow, is the Banff Springs Hotel, a huge pile of cold gray stone which architecturally is a compromise between a French château and a Scotch baronial castle. Owned and operated by the Canadian Pacific, it is one of the most luxurious and best-managed resort hotels on the continent, though I must confess that I find it hard to reconcile Georgian, Jacobean, and Tudor suites, Japanese bellboys, a French cuisine, and a German *mâitre d'hôtel* with the Rockies. But you forget such incongruities as these when, from the window of your room, you behold the surpassing splendor of the panorama spread before you.

The hotel has several features which distinguish it from any other tourist hostelry I know. It has a double swimming-pool, one part out-of-doors, the other within, and both heated, so that you can bathe regardless of the weather. The menu, half a yard long, lists such frontier dishes as haunch of venison, bear chops, and buffalo steak, not to mention brook trout and prairie chicken. I was told that the golf course, whose holes are so placed that, if you hook or slice, your ball will almost certainly disappear in the Bow,

cost four hundred thousand dollars, but this did not impress me nearly so much as the fact that the caddies are Indians. Which reminds me that while we were there I saw a match between the Scotch golf professional and an Indian chieftain, the one using his full set of clubs, the other a bow and arrow. The red man won quite easily.

In Switzerland you must go to the mountains, but at Banff the mountains come to you, their wooded slopes sweeping right down to the edges of the town. The place is, in fact, completely hemmed in by mountains: Girouard, Peechee, Inglismaldie, and Aylmer on the north; Norquay and Cascade on the east; to the south the pearly peaks of the Bourgeau Range; and on the west Mount Rundle. They don't seem particularly lofty, doubtless because there are so many of them, yet the lowest vastly exceeds in height such Eastern giants as Mitchell, Washington, and Katahdin, while one, Mount Aylmer, rises two miles into the blue.

A mile or so down the valley from Banff is a large, fenced enclosure, the government corral, where all, or nearly all, of the species of big game native to this

## THE MOUNTAINS

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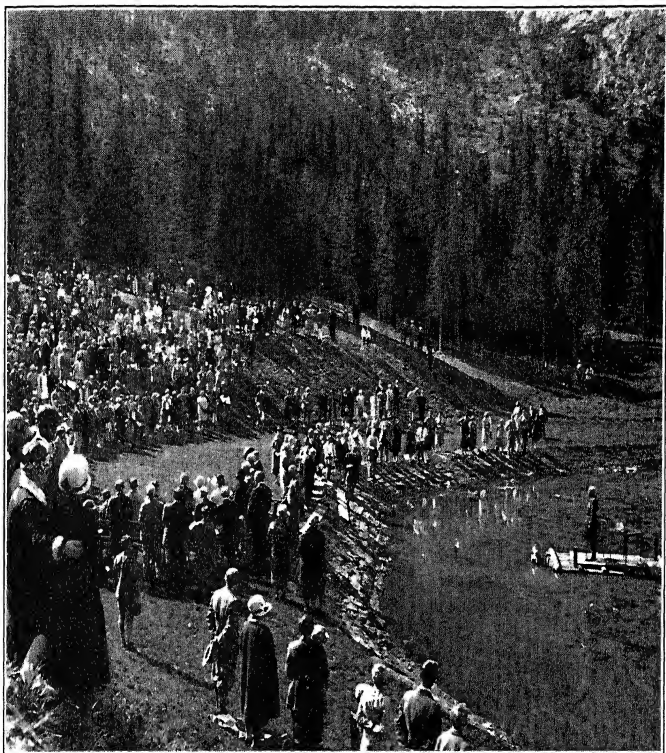
region roam the range under something approximating natural conditions. Here may be seen one of the largest herds of bison—or buffalo, as we insist on calling them—remaining on the continent. The animals are increasing so rapidly that it is found necessary to kill off the older ones from time to time, which explains the buffalo steaks served at the Banff Springs Hotel and the buffalo robes which are on sale in the curio shops, a good one being procurable for about a hundred dollars. Here also may be seen moose, caribou, elk, deer, mountain sheep and goats, and a few musk-oxen brought down from the Barren Grounds. Visitors are permitted to enter the enclosure, but under no circumstances afoot, one or two fatalities having shown that the buffalo bulls have an unreasoning antipathy for pedestrians.

As shooting is prohibited in all of the Canadian parks, these areas fairly teem with game, the black bears being a positive nuisance. Even the larger and more savage species of the genus *Ursus* occasionally come down to the fringes of civilization. On one occasion, while riding a narrow, precipice-bordered trail above Lake Louise, I rounded a shoulder of rock to find

a grizzly confronting me. The great beast showed no signs of hostility, but had I not flung myself from the saddle my terrified pony would have taken me over the precipice.

The high-spots of the season at Banff are Indian Week and the Highland Gathering, the former the third week in July, the latter toward the end of August. To take part in the pageants, dances, and tribal sports of Indian Week, some hundreds of braves, accompanied by their squaws and children, come in from the Stoney Reservation at Morley. They pitch their tepees beneath the terraces of the great hotel, the smoke of camp-fires rises above the trees, and the mountains echo the savage whoops and high-keyed chants which once brought a chill of fear to the hearts of men who are still living. The fantastic figures of the braves in war-bonnets of fur or feathers, their faces streaked and ringed with ocher and vermilion; the squaws in fringed and beaded garments of white buckskin; the circle of painted tepees; the ruddy glow from a mighty roarer illuminating the forest clearing—all these combine to form a picture of the West That Is Gone.





*Photograph by Canadian Pacific Railway Co.*

THE HIGHLAND GATHERING AT BANFF

"Ralph Connor" conducting Sunday service from a raft in the  
Devil's Cauldron



Quite as colorful in its way is the Highland Gathering, when Scotsmen from every part of Canada and the United States, and even from the Old Country, assemble at Banff to compete in dancing and musical contests and athletic games. For a few days Banff takes on the atmosphere of the Scotch town for which it was named, the shrill skirl of pipes pierces the steady thunder of the Bow, and the terraces and corridors of the hotel are crowded with brawny figures wearing the brilliant tartans of the clans. One has only to call, "Mac, are ye there?" and a dozen voices will answer, "Aye, aye, mon." On a level stretch of greensward below the hotel is staged a replica of the famous Braemar Gathering; pipers in the uniforms of Highland regiments prance past, ribbons fluttering and pipes squealing; men and women in bonnets, kilts, and sporrans compete in the sword-dance, the reel, and the Highland fling; and in the evening the syncopated measures of American jazz give way to the plaintive airs of Bonnie Doon.

The region around Banff is a vast rock-garden, a botanist's delight. Nowhere else, save in the Moroccan Atlas and the Riff, have I seen wildflowers growing

in such amazing variety and profusion. From mid-June until the beginning of September the mountain slopes are so carpeted with flowers—purple anemones, blue and yellow columbines, bronze-red gail-lardias, white and lavender clematis, clumps of goldenrod, patches of azure flax—that they look as though gorgeous tapestries had been spread upon them. On the upper slopes grow violets and asters, while still higher up, above five thousand feet, you will find purple betonies, flaming tiger-lilies, huge spikes of blue lobelia, and clumps of the scarlet Indian paint-brush. But perhaps you don't care for flowers as much as I do.

If you are to believe the statements in the folders issued by the railway company, the fishing in the vicinity of Banff is unsurpassed on the continent, and this is true in theory, for five varieties of trout—lake, brook, bull, cut-throat, and Dolly Varden—have their habitat in the waters of the Rocky Mountain National Park. Perhaps it was an off-season when I was there, but my own experience was extremely disappointing. Accompanied by a veteran guide with his canoe, I took a train to a station forty miles up the Bow and

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then fished down-stream. Though I whipped every pool and tributary, tried every temptation in my fly-book from coachman to scarlet ibis, the only reward I received for my efforts was a bad cold, due to sitting for some hours in wet clothing after the canoe capsized in the rapids at the foot of Castle Mountain.

### III

Hidden away at the back of a mountain palisade, forty-odd miles west of Banff and six hundred feet above the railway, with which it is connected by a cable line, is Lake Louise, the home of the rainbow. It was my good fortune to visit Louise in the company of its discoverer, Tom Wilson, an old man now, but one of the most picturesque and interesting characters in the mountains. In 1882 Wilson, in camp near Laggan, heard the thunder of an avalanche. The Indians told him that the sound came from the big snow mountain above "the lake of little fishes." He had never heard of the lake, but

. . . a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable changes

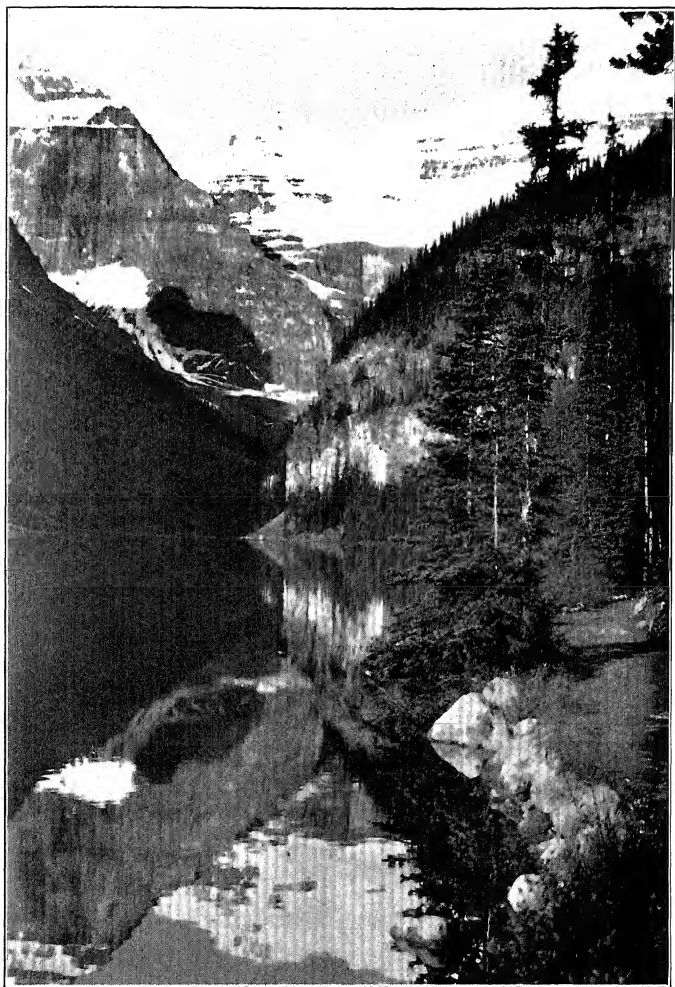
On one everlasting Whisper day and night repeated—  
so:

“Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges—  
Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!”

In most countries the lake would either have retained its picturesque Indian appellation or have been named after the white man who discovered it, but the Canadians, in order to show their loyalty to the Crown, changed its name to Louise in honor of the royal princess, a daughter of Queen Victoria, who was the wife of the then Governor-General of Canada.

Though only three or four miles long, Lake Louise has been termed “the most perfect gem of scenery in the known world,” which, though a rather sweeping assertion, is not so extravagant as it sounds, as you will admit when you have seen it.

Set in an amphitheater of mountains whose forested slopes rise steeply from either shore, like the sides of a V, the lake mirrors the gleaming expanse of the Victoria Glacier, which sweeps down in a broad river of ice from the tremendous heights above its southern end. Perhaps it is loveliest at dawn, when the rising sun, reflected from the encircling snow-peaks, trans-



LAKE LOUISE

In its peacock-tinted waters is mirrored the tremendous bulk of the  
Victoria Glacier





## THE MOUNTAINS



forms it into a sheet of rosy coral. But, as the day wears on, its surface undergoes a curious change, color gradually merging into color through the whole gamut of the spectrum, until, at nightfall, its wealth of purples, blues, and greens, flecked with gold, is as gorgeous as a peacock's tail.

The hotel at Banff, as I have remarked, is an adaptation of the Scotch baronial style, its rugged outlines and mellow tones harmonizing admirably with its surroundings. But the architects of the Château Lake Louise appear to have taken an asylum or a factory for their model. Consequently, the huge, barrack-like structure strikes a discordant note in an otherwise entrancing picture, though I must confess that the ugliness of the building itself is quickly forgotten in the beauty of its setting. The landscape architects, however, knew their business, and no one who has seen Louise in summer is likely to forget the glory of the hotel's Alpine gardens or the sea of yellow poppies which sweeps from the terraces to the water's edge.

Louise, like Banff, is a starting-point for innumerable excursions, afoot, on horseback, or by motor car. If you enjoy mountain-climbing (which I do not, pre-

ferring to do my mountaineering through a telescope) there await you a whole galaxy of peaks, culminating in Mount Lefroy and Mount Victoria, each well over 11,000 feet. Nimble-footed mountain ponies will bear you by steep and narrow trails which wind through fragrant forests of spruce and pine to Paradise Valley, a mountain garden carpeted with wildflowers and watered by a torrent which cascades down an enormous rock stairway called the Giant's Steps; to the Plain of the Six Glaciers, where half a dozen rivers of ice may be seen at once; or to the Lakes in the Clouds, two small bodies of icy water, blue as sapphires, nestling in rocky *cirques* above the snow-line.

The most important of the longer excursions is that to the Yoho National Park, whose five hundred square miles of mountains and forests, rivers and lakes, lie just beyond the Great Divide on the western slopes of the Rockies. All the principal points of interest in the park with the exception of Lake O'Hara and Lake McArthur, which are accessible only by trail, may be reached very economically and comfortably by motor-bus if one's purse does not permit of hiring a private car.

## THE MOUNTAINS



The highway from Banff and Lake Louise climbs by long and easy gradients to the summit of the Great Divide, which separates the waters flowing into the Pacific from those that eventually find their way to Hudson Bay. On the crest is a memorial to Sir James Hector, discoverer of the Kicking Horse Pass—so named because the engineer was kicked by his pony while trying to extricate the animal from the torrent into which it had fallen—the discovery of this lofty defile having made it possible to carry the railway across the highest range of the Rockies at a point more than a mile above sea-level.

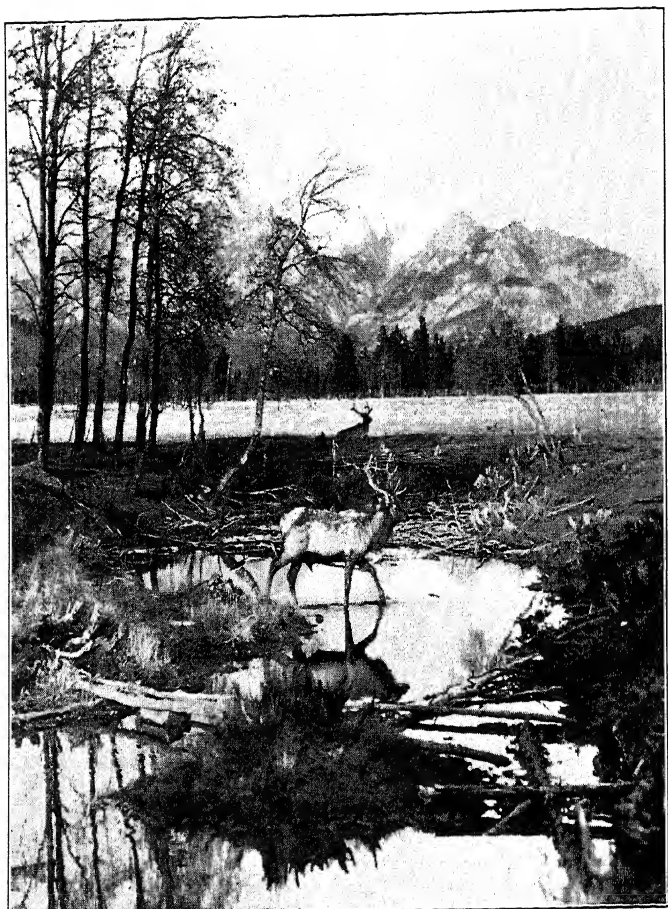
Four or five miles beyond the Great Divide is Lake Wapta, not much more than a large pond, on whose shores the Canadian Pacific has built a bungalow camp. Wapta in itself is of no great importance, though it is a quiet, restful place and one could spend a few days there doing nothing quite agreeably. But from Wapta starts the trail for Lake O'Hara, a four hours' horseback ride—and O'Hara is one of the places which you shouldn't miss.

It is hard to say just what it is that gives O'Hara its singular charm, yet it captivates every one who

visits it. Perhaps it is its atmosphere of restfulness, its remoteness, for it is beyond sight and sound of motor cars and trains. Perhaps it is its color, an indescribable green, or, rather, a *mélange* of greens—bottle, jade, apple, grass, Nile, emerald—varying with every breeze. Perhaps it is the majesty of the peaks which stand guard about this lovely little sheet of water—Wiwaxy's jagged summit, the white splendor of Lefroy and Victoria, the grandeur of Yukness, Hungabee, Riddle, Odoray, and Schaffer, the towering bulk of Huber. Or perhaps it is the feeling of utter content that comes when, after a long and tiring trail ride, one dines by candlelight on freshly caught brook trout, fresh vegetables, and strawberries, and then lights a pipe and draws an arm-chair before a roaring fire. There are never many guests at O'Hara—the camp has accommodations for only about a score—but they are usually interesting ones. When I was there, for example, my fellow-guests included the director of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, a retired British general, an eminent German scientist, and a family of hunting people from Long Island.

While you are at O'Hara you might as well keep on





*Photograph by Canadian National Railways*

AN ENCHANTED LAND  
Jasper National Park in the Canadian Rockies

## THE MOUNTAINS

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to Lake McArthur. You can go there and back in a long morning and it is worth the exertion. The trail emerges from the scented twilight of the primeval forest into high meadows which look as though they were upholstered in chintz, so gay are they with wild-flowers. Thence up and over the rugged shoulder of Mount Schaffer, where a superb view of the Ottertail Valley may be obtained. The last two or three miles are hard going, for the trail leads across a steep slope covered with loose rubble, and here it is advisable to dismount and lead your horse.

McArthur, like all of the *cirque* lakes, is only a small body of water, but it is one of the largest to be found in the Rockies at such an altitude—a mile and a half above sea-level. It is cupped in the Biddle Amphitheater, overhung on one side by Mount Schaffer and on the other by Park Mountain, whose barren slopes, clothed with snow even in midsummer, drop sharply down to the water's edge. Just as O'Hara is a symphony in greens, so McArthur is a study in blues—aquamarine, ultramarine, sapphire, robin's egg, turquoise, cerulean—and the reflection of the sun from the surrounding snow-fields covers its surface

with a sheen of silver. But, despite its gorgeous color—a sapphire set in platinum—it is a chill, eerie, desolate spot, a fit setting for the Nibelungenlied.

Retracing our steps to Lake O'Hara and Wapta, we again turn west by the highway which traverses the cañon of the Kicking Horse, where the Canadian Pacific, in order to overcome the operating difficulties imposed by the heavy grade, has constructed two spiral tunnels which are marvels of engineering ingenuity and skill. From Yoho, a short distance farther on, a branch road leads a dozen miles up the enchanting Yoho Valley to the bungalow camp whose rustic buildings stand in the edge of an alpine meadow near the foot of Takakkaw Falls.

Here the glacial waters which form the Yoho, bursting through a notch in the tremendous cliffs below the Daly Glacier, hurl themselves into the green lap of the valley twelve hundred feet below. I say "hurl themselves," but that is not the proper term, for, despite the great drop, the waters appear to descend unhurriedly, with a curious leisureliness, like an unrolled length of silvery chiffon, or falling snow, or smoke driven downward by the wind. Now and then

there rises above the roar of the falls a deep, low rumble, and an avalanche of rock and rubble comes down in thunder. Occasionally there is a sharper note as masses of ice, breaking loose from the glacier above, are swept over the brink to splinter themselves with the crash of bursting shells upon the boulders below.

I should have enjoyed spending a week, or even a fortnight, in the Yoho Valley, but there is so much to see in the Rockies that, fearful of missing something of beauty or interest, one is forever hurrying on to the next place. The next place, in this case, was Emerald Lake, which can be reached by motor from the Yoho camp in a couple of hours, the drive being one of the finest in the mountains.

Following the foaming Yoho to the valley's mouth, the road swings around the base of Mount Field, crosses the angry torrent of the Kicking Horse, winds through a dim, primeval forest, and eventually into Snowpeak Avenue, a stretch of highway two miles long and as straight as though laid out with a ruler, with a snow-bonneted peak rising at either end. More winding wood-road and suddenly, through a rift in the

trees, you glimpse the twin peaks of the President rearing themselves two miles into the cloudless blue. And then Emerald Lake—which is not emerald at all, but, owing to the milkiness of its glacial waters, a clouded jade—lies smiling at your feet.

IV

In the southern Rockies there are six national parks—Banff, Yoho, Kootenay, Glacier, Waterton Lakes, Mount Revelstoke—and a British Columbia provincial park, Mount Assiniboine. These are all within the territory served by the Canadian Pacific and form what might be described as that system's tourist kingdom. Away to the north, where the Canadian National crosses the mountains, is Jasper National Park, the largest government reservation on the continent, stretching from the eastern foothills of the Rockies to the summit of the Great Divide, from the Columbia ice-fields to the 53rd parallel. West of Jasper Park, on the other side of the Divide, the government of British Columbia has established another provincial park which embraces the territory around Mount Robson. The combined area of these



ON LAC BEAUVERT

Neither Minnehaha nor Pocahontas, but the lovely Olive Borden

THE MOUNTAINS



nine parks, amounting to something over eleven thousand square miles, is roughly equivalent to that of Belgium.

The Jasper-Robson region is wholly within the domain of the Canadian National system, which, crossing the Rockies by the Yellowhead Pass, separates near Mount Robson, one line leading northwestward to Prince Rupert, a port at the mouth of the Skeena, just below the Alaskan panhandle, while the other, swinging southwestward, follows the Fraser through the Selkirks into Vancouver. It is a simple matter, therefore, to view both the northern and the southern sections of the Rockies by traveling westward by one of the transcontinental systems and returning by the other.

Sweeping right across Jasper Park is one of the most picturesque rivers of the North, the Athabaska, which rises in the vicinity of the Columbian ice-field and flows northeastward for nearly a thousand miles to empty into Athabaska Lake. From its broad and winding valley, floored with lush green meadows, rise wooded benches set with little lakes which in the crystalline air glow like jewels. From the benches the

mountains rise in splendor, range on range, the dark forests which clothe their lower slopes running out in gray and brown and purple rock, and the rock disappearing on the higher peaks beneath hoods of snow and ice.

The center of tourist activities in the park is Jasper Lodge, the picturesque summer hotel which the Canadian National has built on the edge of Lac Beauvert, three miles from Jasper station. Instead of an incongruous, many-storied structure of steel and stone, with towers and turrets and terraces which would be wholly out of place in such a setting, the architects had the good taste to build a long, low-roofed, rambling hostelry of logs and boulders—the largest log building in the world, it is claimed—so that there is nothing in its appearance to form a discordant note. The guests do not sleep in the lodge itself, but in log bungalows, of which there must be a hundred or more, large and small, set on the edge of the lake amid green lawns and flowers, producing the effect of a huge garden.

One of the features of Jasper is the superb golf course bordering the shores of Lac Beauvert. The cost

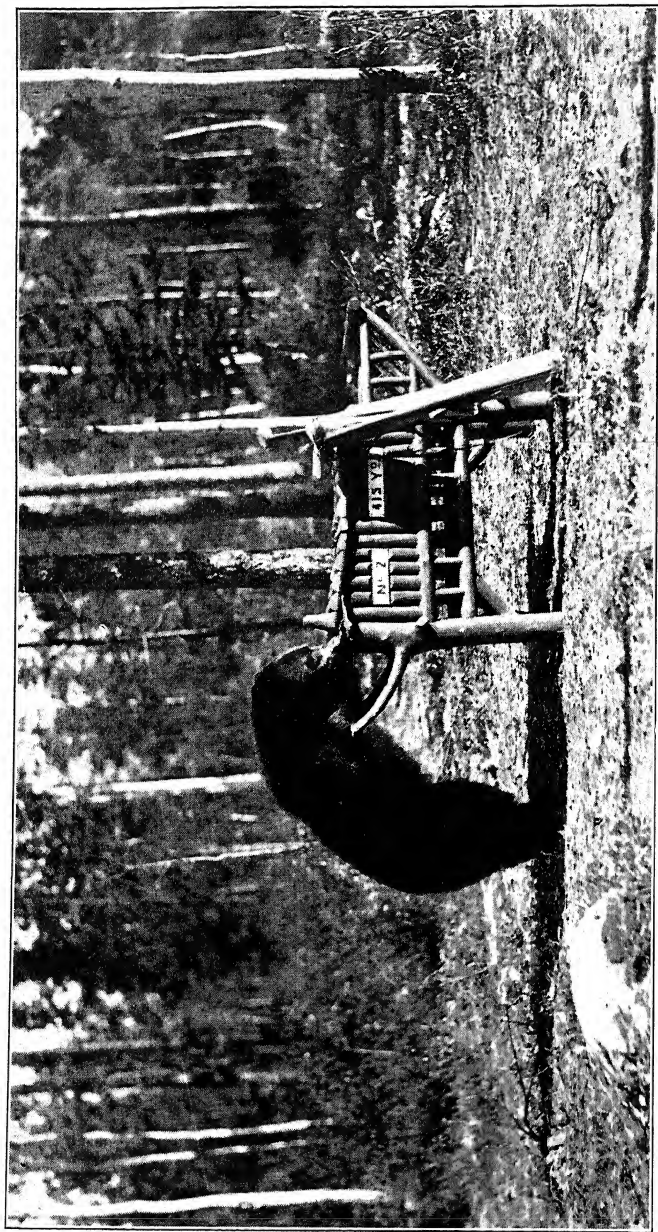
of its construction was enormous, for it involved the blasting away of limestone ridges, the removal of huge rocks, the cutting of broad fairways through the primeval forest, and the hauling in from the prairies of thousands of tons of soil and thousands of square yards of sod. It may not be the finest golf course on the continent, as some enthusiasts assert, but it is certainly one of the finest, and I know of none that has a more glorious setting, with the bright green waters of Beauvert on one hand, the dark green of the forest on the other, and the Rockies lifting their snowy crests all around.

A touch of the frontier is lent to golf at Jasper by the antics of the large but perfectly harmless black bears, who make the course their playground and evince a lively interest in the game, sometimes to the embarrassment of the players. When the course was inaugurated some years ago by the late Field Marshal Haig, the hero of Ypres drove a ball two hundred yards down the first fairway, whereupon a bear ambled out from the forest, retrieved the ball, and disappeared amid the trees. It was an unprecedented situation, for which the rules of the game made no

provision, but I believe it was finally decided to call it a rub of the green.

Of the numerous excursions to be made from Jasper Lodge the easiest and most popular is that to Mount Edith Cavell. Twenty miles to the south of Jasper, at the end of the fine motor road known as the Edith Cavell Drive, this beautiful white peak overwhelms the whole Athabaska Valley with its majestic loveliness. Hanging like a silver cross upon the breast of the mountain is the gleaming cruciform of Angel Glacier; the limpid little Lake of Forgiveness lies smiling at its feet; and Throne Mountain, suggestive of a celestial seat, forms a fitting background. Of all the monuments, mausoleums, and cenotaphs which commemorate the heroes of the Great War, none can compare in beauty and grandeur with this memorial to the English nurse whose death before the rifles of a German firing squad in Brussels horrified the world.

The outstanding feature of all this region is, of course, Mount Robson, 12,972 feet in height and the loftiest peak in the Canadian Rockies. It stands on the British Columbia side of the Great Divide, just beyond the western boundary of Jasper National Park and



Photograph by Canadian National Railways

A BIT TRYING FOR A NERVOUS GOLFER

The bears at Jasper emerge from the forest which borders the course to drink from the pails at the tees and lumber off with the balls

THE MOUNTAINS

fifty miles from Jasper. It is clearly visible from the railway, and the observation platform of a transcontinental train is, to my way of thinking, the most satisfactory place from which to see it. For Robson is not a friendly mountain. Too massive, too aloof, too armored in ice to encourage close acquaintance, it has been scaled less than a dozen times. I must confess that Robson, like Everest, failed to arouse my enthusiasm. I was quite content to view them both from a respectful distance and let it go at that. For mountains are, after all, like beautiful women. Some are cold and haughty; others are gracious and friendly.

V

After an entire summer in the Rockies I was surfeited with mountain scenery, so I failed to show much enthusiasm when Sir Henry Thornton, the president of the Canadian National, who has a bungalow at Jasper, suggested that I visit Lake Maligne.

“But it is the most beautiful lake in the Rockies,” he assured me. “The most beautiful, in fact, that I have ever seen. Mark my word, if you make the trip you will never regret it.”

So we set out from the lodge one bright blue August morning, my daughter and I, together with two English friends, accompanied by a pack-train, for it had been decided that after visiting Maligne we should return by Shovel Pass and the Athabaska Valley. The party was in charge of Jack Brewster, one of the most celebrated guides and outfitters in the Rockies and as fascinating a companion as I have ever known. Brewster is a name to conjure with in the mountains. There are seven brothers—at least I think there are seven of them—and a sister or two, and they are engaged in pretty much every form of tourist enterprise in the region. They outfit and guide shooting, fishing, and mountaineering expeditions; they own whole herds of saddle horses and operate fleets of sight-seeing buses and motor cars; one sister runs a dude ranch at Kananaskis on the Bow, and another sister and her husband manage the Yoho Valley bungalow camp. You will find no finer people than the Brewsters anywhere.

It is a two days' ride from Jasper to Lake Maligne, which means taking things easily and stopping now and then to fish. The route follows the famous "Atha-

baska Trail”—for generations prior to the coming of the railroad the great highway of the fur trade—to Maligne Cañon, where the rushing river has cut its way through the limestone ridge which sought to check its course in a gorge two hundred feet deep and in places only a yard or so across. Thence through dim forests, where the great pines rise like the columns in a cathedral, and so across sunlit, flower-spangled meadows, to Medicine Lake, where we sat down to the best meal I had in the mountains—perhaps because I was so ravenously hungry—and where we spent the night. After supper we played bridge before a roaring fire in the rest-house for a pair of beautifully beaded moccasins which Brewster offered as a prize. The second day was no different from the first, save that I caught a dozen Dolly Varden trout in a mountain stream, and as the shadows cast by the great peaks were lengthening we drew rein on the shores of Lake Maligne.

Sir Henry had not overrated the beauty of the lake. Perhaps it is not, as a famous publicist grandiloquently remarked, “the most magnificent thing a human being can hope to look upon this side of Paradise,” but it is of surpassing loveliness. Yet viewed

from the châlet, which stands at its northwestern end, it is somewhat disappointing. To see it to the best advantage one must take a boat and go down the lake, through the rocky gateway of the Narrows. There it opens up in startling beauty and grandeur. Overhanging it on the eastern side are the peaks of Leah, Thumb and Sampson Colin Range, while on the opposite side the white tongues of glaciers and the gray tails of waterfalls descend from the great heights of Charlton and Unwin to the blue waters below. To the south, at the foot of the lake, McLeod and Brazeau dominate the scene.

Maligne is reminiscent of many famous lakes without really resembling any of them. It combines the rugged grandeur of Louise with the gorgeous colors of Emerald and O'Hara; the diversified shore-line of Como with the soft beauty of Maggiore and Lucerne. I have seen it the color of rose-coral, of sapphire, turquoise, jade, amethyst, but when the sun is bright and high it is for the most part that unbelievable blue which can be found nowhere else save in the Blue Grotto of Capri or on old Persian tiles.

The charm of the lake lies largely in its isolation,



Photograph by Canadian National Railways

ON THE TRAIL TO MOUNT ROBSON
A pack train crossing a mountain stream

THE MOUNTAINS



its solitude, for it can be reached only by trail and there are no buildings on its shores save the modest log chalet, the camp and a forest ranger's cabin. One of these days, I suppose, the highway will be extended to the lake, and a summer hotel will be built upon its shores, and there may even be a golf course, and tourists will pour in in thousands. Thank heaven that I saw Maligne very much as Tom Wilson first saw Louise and Emerald, before man had a chance to mar it.

From the western side of the lake a trail winds up through deep woods and across alpine meadows to the eight-thousand-foot Shovel Pass, which forms the main passageway between the Maligne and Athabaska valleys. When half-way to the summit we encountered several broad stretches of what appeared to be lush meadows but proved to be treacherous bogs in which our horses nearly foundered. Then came a long and chilly ride across a stony, wind-swept moraine, so that when we reached the pass darkness had fallen. The pass itself reminded me of the Himalayas, being desolate and forbidding, but once over the saddle the character of the country abruptly changed. Now the trail dropped as sharply as it had climbed and half an

hour of brisk riding brought us to the timber-line. Brewster had sent the pack-train ahead with orders to make camp in a spot he had chosen, and when we arrived the tents had been pitched on a grassy shelf beside a tumbling stream, a great fire was sending its sparks skyward, and supper was cooking. Broiled trout, beans, bacon, and black coffee. A final pipe before the fire. A pup-tent, two Hudson Bay blankets, my saddle-bags for a pillow, and eight hours of dreamless sleep. Up with the sun, a quick wash in the chilly waters of a glacial stream, a hot and hearty breakfast, and back in the saddle. *That's* living!

There are certain incidents, quite unimportant in themselves, which stick in one's memory, and the ride from Shovel Pass down into the Valley of the Athabaska is one of them. The sun, a ball of molten brass, was topping the peaks of the Colin Range. The sky was as blue as the inside of a Chinese bowl, the forest fragrant with the scent of balsam, the air like dry champagne. Presently the trail emerged from the tall timber on to grassy uplands. Below us the Athabaska meandered down the valley floor like a bright blue ribbon tossed carelessly upon the ground. The ponies

THE MOUNTAINS

quicken^d their pace and all too soon we were back in civilization again. The trail became a wagon road, the wagon road a highway. A tourist-laden motor-bus came roaring round a bend. We clattered across the golf course and a man in knickerbockers impatiently bawled "Fore!" Through the thinning trees we glimpsed the roofs and chimneys of the hotel. A moving trail of smoke smeared itself against the sky. The mountains echoed to the locomotive's screech as the west-bound train pulled in.

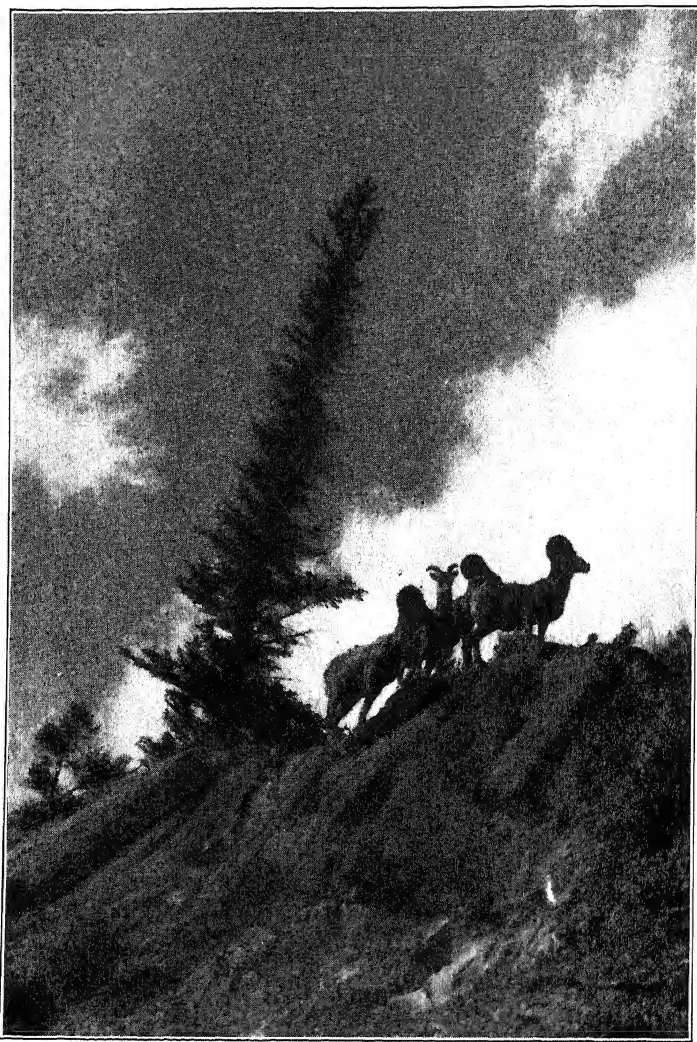
CHAPTER VI

THE FORESTS

I

TO the vast majority of Americans, British Columbia is scarcely more than a name upon the map. They are vaguely aware that it produces enormous quantities of timber, tinned salmon, and large red apples; that grotesque totem poles tower above its Indian villages; and that there is some impressive scenery along its coast. That is about the sum total of their knowledge of Canada's westernmost province, though, if further pressed, they would probably volunteer the information that its capital is Vancouver—which, as it happens, is not the case.

Yet, were I asked which of the nine provinces of the Dominion is, everything considered, the most interesting, I should unhesitatingly name British Columbia as my choice. Cut off from the rest of Canada by the great barrier of the Rockies; possessed of



Photograph by G. M. Taylor

UNBROKEN TRAILS

THE FORESTS

matchless scenery, of inexhaustible and almost untouched natural resources; its vegetation and its climate ranging from Alpine to Mediterranean, it constitutes a kingdom in itself.

And no mean kingdom either, though its size is not appreciated because the province is seldom shown in its entirety on railway maps. Sweeping from the summit of the Great Divide down to the shores of the Pacific, from the American border northward across some twenty degrees of latitude to the boundaries of the Yukon, it covers an area greater than that of California, Oregon, and Washington put together, or, if you prefer a European comparison, greater than France and Italy combined, with Switzerland thrown in for good measure. Perhaps it will give you an even more graphic idea of its extent when I remark that the mounted policeman who turns the head of his pony southward from Lake Atlin in pursuit of a fugitive from justice must cover a distance equal to that from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico before he is halted by posts bearing the letters "U.S.A."

Though British Columbia shares the Canadian Rockies with Alberta, it has half a dozen great ranges

of its own, the wild and magnificent scenery of the Selkirks in many respects surpassing that of the Rocky Mountains. Hurrying across the province to the Pacific are a number of great rivers, including the Columbia (whose lower course is in the State of Washington), the Fraser, the Skeena, and the Kootenay. It is estimated that between them they can supply upward of a million horse-power, of which less than half has thus far been harnessed. A curious feature of the hinterland, I might mention parenthetically, is a well-defined valley which, though nowhere more than half a dozen miles in width, may be followed uninterruptedly for at least eight hundred miles. The coast, deeply indented by profound and gloomy fiords with stupendously steep and lofty walls, is one of the most remarkable in the world, resembling that of Norway but on a vastly grander scale. Fringing the coast is a bewildering archipelago of islands, the largest, Vancouver, being half the size of Cuba.

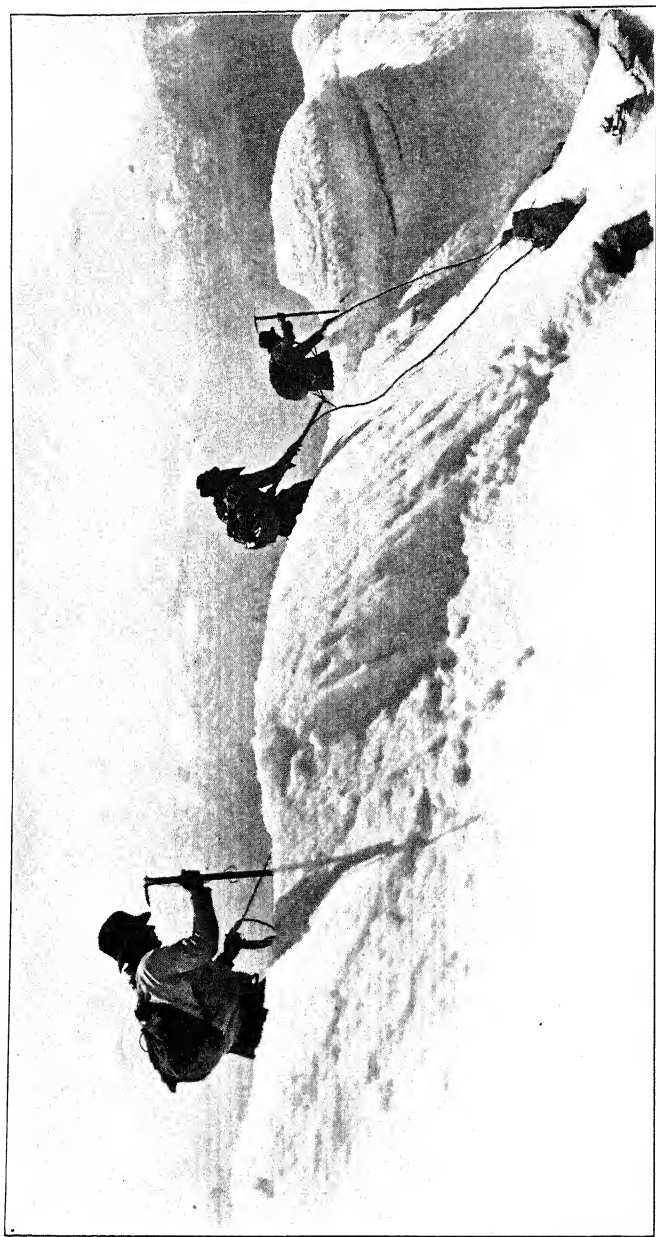
The British Columbians boast that whereas the provinces to the east of the Rockies have weather, theirs has climate. Generally speaking, the interior is dry—Kamloops, for example, has an average rain-

fall of only about eleven and a half inches—whereas on the coast, in the vicinity of Prince Rupert, nearly eight feet of rain falls each year. The people of the Pacific Northwest—British Columbia, Washington, and Oregon—don't mind rain, however. You will see the golf courses of Victoria and Vancouver crowded with players during what easterners would consider a downpour. "Raining?" they exclaim in surprise if you suggest that it might be well to take refuge in the clubhouse. "Why, this is only a little mist." In the Rockies and the Selkirks the winters are as severe as those of Switzerland, but Victoria, thanks to the influence of the Japan Current, has a climate fully as mild as and much more equable than that of the Riviera. By mid-February its gardens are gay with spring flowers.

Few countries are so rich in natural resources as British Columbia. Its principal source of wealth is, of course, its forests—it contains the largest compact area of merchantable timber on the continent—which are greater in extent than those of the New England states, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Blue Ridge region combined.

Its underground treasures consist of gold, silver, lead, copper, zinc, and coal, it being estimated that the coal measures of the province contain forty billion tons of bituminous and sixty billion tons of anthracite—a sufficient supply of fuel to keep the Dominion's home fires burning until Gabriel's trumpet sounds "Cease working." Next in economic importance is the fishing industry. I don't know what proportion of the salmon served on the tables of the world comes from British Columbia, but as long as they continue to pour up the streams of the province in their present numbers the devout may be sure of having fish on Fridays. You may believe it or not, but I have seen the tributaries of the Skeena so crowded, packed, jammed with salmon that the Indians threw them out on the banks with pitchforks by the wagonload.

Topographically speaking, British Columbia consists of parallel ranges of mountains rolling like tremendous waves, ever increasing in size, from the shores of the Pacific to the Continental Divide. In the troughs between the waves, however, are numerous valleys of amazing fertility on whose floors herds of dairy cattle graze contentedly in lush green grass,



Photograph by Canadian National Railways

ON THE BACKBONE OF THE CONTINENT

The ascent of Mount Robson, the monarch of the Canadian Rockies, 12,972 feet high

while the "bench lands" higher up are crowded with fruit orchards, so that in the spring the slopes are blanketed with blossoms.

Though fruit is grown successfully in many parts of British Columbia, the center of the industry is in the lake district, a small and comparatively isolated area in the extreme south, lying between the Selkirks and the Gold Range, stretching from the main line of the Canadian Pacific down to the American border, and watered by the Columbia and the Kootenay.

The northern gateway to this region is Sicamous, famous for its trout fishing, whence a railway meanders southward for five-and-forty miles to Vernon, a charming little town at the head of the Okanagan Valley. From Lake Okanagan, a narrow body of water seventy miles in length, the lake district extends westward to Lake Windermere, where the Rockies proper begin. It is a country of fertile valleys nestling between the swelling breasts of hills, with snowclad peaks beyond; of streams and meadows and woodlands and numerous thriving towns; of prosperous-looking farms and orchards and truck gardens. Everything that comes out of the earth, from apples to

apricots, turnips to tobacco, canteloupes to cucumbers, and all that fatten upon it, do well in this favored land.

Set in the valleys are the most charming lakes imaginable, as translucently blue as aquamarines. The lakes of eastern Canada are beautiful, but they lie in the grip of somber primeval forests. The lakes of the prairie provinces have for the most part flat, uninteresting shores. But the lakes of British Columbia, despite the mighty mountains which hem them in, possess that soft and sylvan quality which one associates with England.

For the man without money, or with a very little money, the scattered agricultural districts of British Columbia do not offer the same opportunities as the prairie provinces, for improved land is high, labor is high, and living is, on the whole, more expensive than on the other side of the Rockies. Most emphatically it is not a land for a man whose only capital is the conviction that Providence intended him for "an outdoor life." The notion is not uncommon, particularly among English settlers, that in order to achieve success in fruit-growing all one has to do is to plant his

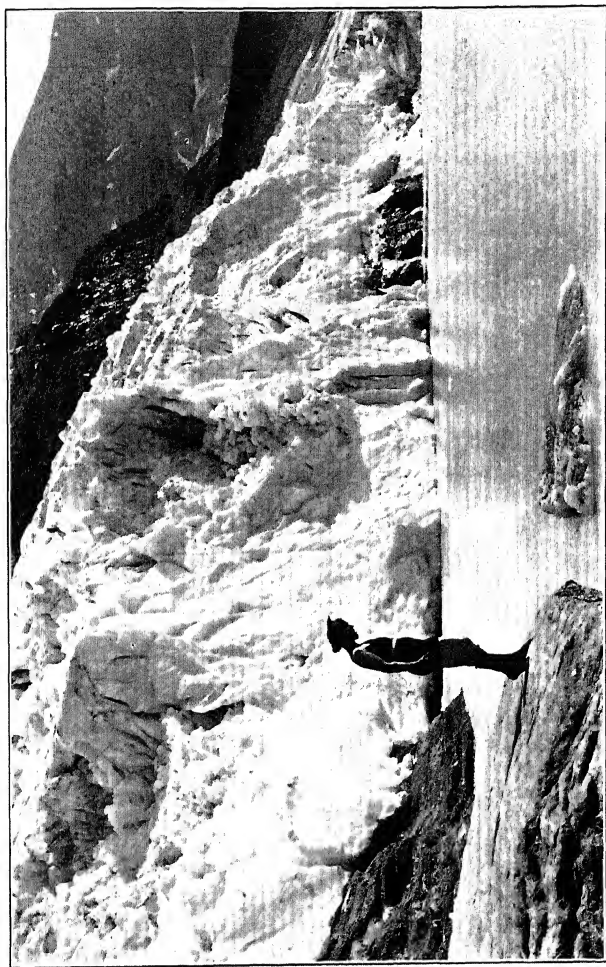
THE FORESTS

trees, watch them grow—during which period he can get in a good deal of shooting and fishing—pick the fruit, and sell it. As a matter of fact, there are few forms of endeavor which require more experience, demand more unremitting toil, and involve more discouragements and disappointments.

For the man with some practical experience, a willingness to work hard, and a certain amount of capital, these favored districts of British Columbia are the ideal country for a pleasant rural life, provided, of course, he is fit to be a colonist at all. The climate, though cold in winter, is healthy and invigorating; the streams are filled with fish and the forests with game; and the cultural standards are far higher than in most agricultural communities, this being due to the influx since the Great War of retired officers and others who could no longer afford to live in England. The social life, if not exciting, is a very pleasant one, for nearly every community of any size has its golf, tennis, and aquatic clubs, the educational facilities are excellent, and in the Okanagan Valley is held an annual musical festival which would do credit to a far larger community.

It is not surprising, therefore, that this section of British Columbia has attracted a class of settlers considerably above the average of those found in other parts of the Dominion, many of them people of culture and most of them possessed of a certain amount of means. Drop in at any gathering in Vernon or Penticton and you will be astonished at its cosmopolitan atmosphere. Some of the men you meet will address you in the cultured accents of Oxford or Cambridge; others will speak with the nasal drawl of the American farmers, thousands of whom have moved across the border from Washington, Idaho, and Montana. Mingled with these are other and rougher types—cattlemen down from their ranches in the foothills, miners from the camps along the Kootenay, Japanese and Chinese truck-gardeners, and a sprinkling of bearded Doukhobors from South Russia.

The Doukhobors, a primitive folk from the Black Sea provinces of Russia, which they left because they were at odds with their own rulers, have settled throughout the Canadian West in large numbers. Despite their peculiar customs and sometimes inconvenient and embarrassing superstitions, the Doukho-



"SEPTEMBER MORN" ON BERG LAKE, JASPER NATIONAL PARK

THE FORESTS

bors are, on the whole, a distinct asset to those communities in which they settle, for they are invariably docile, harmless, industrious, and law-abiding. Their system is communistic, the inhabitants of each village tilling the land in common. Crops go into a common storehouse, the proceeds from them into a common fund. Debt among them is almost unknown, for extreme simplicity of life is a tenet of their religion, and, as a consequence, their credit is high with the bankers and merchants in the towns. The men are skilled in carpentry, masonry, carving, and agriculture; the women, when they are not making homespun on their spinning-wheels, work cheerfully in the fields beside the men. They are strict vegetarians and believe that it is contrary to the Divine law to use animals as beasts of burden, so that it is no uncommon sight in Doukhobor communities to see men and women hauling carts, plows, and harrows.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary simplicity and gentleness of the Doukhobors' character, and their conspicuous morality, they scandalize their Anglo-Saxon neighbors by their custom of bathing together in the

nude, which, incidentally, is common among the peasantry of southern Russia. Not long ago the members of one of the Doukhobor colonies in western Canada, feeling that certain demands made by the local authorities were in conflict with their consciences, marched in solemn procession to the county-seat to lodge their protest in person. If they counted on creating an impression they succeeded beyond their greatest expectations, not by reason of their obvious sincerity, however, but because every man, woman, and child in the procession was stark naked! The sight of a score of husky mounted policemen, their faces as scarlet as their jackets, attempting to wrap the protesting peasants in blankets and get them back to their farms again must have been a shriekingly funny one.

Until quite recently the whole civilization of British Columbia was confined to a belt, two hundred miles wide, across the bottom of the province, between the line of the Canadian Pacific and the American boundary. But since the completion of the Canadian National through to Prince Rupert, on the Pacific, the vast and virgin territories along the upper courses of the Fraser and the Skeena have been

opened to colonization, so that to-day central British Columbia is dotted with farmsteads and thriving agricultural communities as far north as Hazelton.

II

It is only natural that one should take more than a passing interest in the progress and future of a young man whom one has known since childhood. And that is the way I feel about the hinterland of British Columbia, for it was my good fortune to have made its acquaintance while it was still in the frontier stage of existence. Consequently I can look with a certain friendly condescension on the settlers who came in with the railway, for I traversed the country, on a journey which I made by motor from Mexico to Alaska some years before the World War, when the silence of its valleys had yet to be broken by the shriek of the locomotive, when the only roads, if they could have been called such, were mere trails chopped through the virgin forest.

In those days—less than two decades ago—life in that part of British Columbia lying north of the Canadian Pacific was still that of the Old West. White-

topped prairie schooners, no different from those which crossed the plains in '49, creaked into the wilderness in the wake of the pioneer; the settler cleared his little farmstead and built his cabin of logs from the trees which grew upon the site; mile-long pack-trains wound their way to the mining camps in the northern wild; along the Cariboo Trail—the one real road in all that region—tore amid rolling clouds of dust the six-horse Concord coaches of the British Columbia Express; Indian trappers still came in to the Hudson's Bay post at Fort Fraser with their loads of pelts.

When I drove my battered, mud-caked car into Hazelton in the summer of 1912 the inhabitants declared a holiday, for mine was the first car that frontier settlement had ever seen. At that time the place consisted of perhaps twoscore log huts and a few one-story frame buildings, three or four general stores, a blacksmith shop, and a restaurant known as "Black Jack MacDonald's Eating House." There was nothing in the nature of a hotel and I slept in the log cabin of the Yukon Telegraph Company's operator. I was out of gasoline but managed to obtain more from the



NOT A PERMANENT WAVE

This Blood chieftain is wearing a buffalo hair bonnet

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owner of a motor-boat on the Skeena at a cost of three dollars a gallon.

Eighteen years passed before I saw Hazelton again, this time from the observation car of a transcontinental train. I should not have recognized it had it not been for the name on the railway station. The picturesque log cabins had been replaced by trim white houses with green blinds. The boards laid end to end along the edge of the morass which constituted the settlement's only street had given way to sidewalks of cement. "Black Jack's" had gone, but a comfortable-looking hotel had taken its place. Motor cars—and not all flivvers either—were parked where in earlier days cowponies had been tied to hitching-rails. There were churches and a board of trade and electric street-lights and garages with the ubiquitous red gas-pumps standing like scarlet-coated sentinels before them. Civilization has come to this region. But the picturesque and hardy figures who blazed the way for Civilization have disappeared, never to return.

When I motored through British Columbia to Alaska in 1912 the road ended, so far as we were concerned, at Quesnel, on the Upper Fraser, where the Cariboo

Trail, which we had followed from Ashcroft, turned abruptly eastward to Barkerville, which was an important mining camp in the '60's. From Quesnel northward we literally chopped our way through the primeval forest, felling trees to bridge the smaller streams and ferrying the car across the larger ones on Indian rafts. The only human habitations were the cabins of pioneer settlers, and, as these were few and far between, we usually slept in our blankets beneath the stars. Frequently it took us a dozen hours of incredibly hard work to cover as many miles.

To-day, thanks to the progressiveness of the British Columbia Highway Department, you can drive all the way from the American border to Hazelton—a distance of a thousand miles—in perfect comfort over a road which compares very favorably with our secondary highways in the United States. For the first five hundred miles this road follows the foaming Fraser through some of the most magnificent scenery on the continent, the Cascades and the Cariboo Range rising on the east, the Coast Range on the west. Right up the center of the province the highway runs,

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through Lytton, Lillooet, Lac La Hache, Williams Lake, Soda Creek, and Quesnel, to Prince George, a junction point on the Canadian National, where, turning westward, it follows the railway through the Nechako and Bulkley valleys to Hazelton. Every settlement along the route has its gas station and repair shop, and at night the motorist can always find a clean and comfortable hotel, all of them being notable for the excellence of their food.

Though this road opens up to the motorist a rich, beautiful, and virgin country, its real importance lies in the fact that it constitutes the first completed link of the Pacific-Yukon Highway, which, when finished, will continue northward from Hazelton to Lake Atlin, on the border of the Yukon Territory, to Whitehorse, Cariboo Crossing, Dawson City, where cars will be ferried across the Yukon, and so to Fairbanks, in the heart of Alaska. In a much nearer future than most people suppose, it will be possible to drive in your own car from your own front door, whether in Augusta, Me., Miami, Fla., or San Diego, Cal., all the way to the Arctic Circle. By 1940, or perhaps before then, people

will think no more of driving up to Alaska for the summer than they do nowadays of driving down to Florida for the winter.

The completion through to Prince Rupert of the Grand Trunk Pacific—now a part of the Canadian National system—not only gave the Dominion a second transcontinental line, but it opened up a rich and virgin country to colonization. You may labor under the impression that central British Columbia is a land of mountains and forests, but therein you are mistaken, for from Prince George, where the railway leaves the valley of the Fraser, to Hazelton, where it enters the valley of the Skeena, the line traverses a broad belt of extremely fertile farm and fruit lands, watered by countless streams, thickly sprinkled with lakes, and, despite its latitude, with a temperate climate. Central British Columbia is still a new country, scarcely past the frontier stage of development, but it is so rich in forests, minerals, and water-power, its agricultural possibilities are so boundless, that in another decade it should be as prosperous as the Okanagan Valley, which has long been known as the garden of the Canadian Northwest.

Many people have the impression that the Canadian Pacific has a monopoly of the scenery beyond the Great Divide and that along the Canadian National, from Jasper to the Pacific, there is nothing of particular interest. Such is very far from being the case. At Bulkley, for example, the transcontinental trains pause for a few minutes in order to give the passengers an opportunity to view that curious work of Nature known as the Bulkley Gate. Here the Bulkley River, swirling down through its deep and narrow cañon, has smashed its way through a rocky rampart which is as sheer and smooth and massive as the Great Wall of China.

At Amilyak, a Siwash village near Hazelton, the Bulkley is spanned by a suspension bridge, its single span, four hundred and fifty feet in length, swinging giddily above the angry waters. This was erected after the collapse in 1917 of the original structure, a product of Indian ingenuity, which was built in 1865 from the miscellaneous materials left on the site by the Western Union Telegraph Company, when the unexpected success of Cyrus Field's Atlantic cable caused the abandonment of the scheme for an overland tele-

graph line from America to Europe via British Columbia, Alaska, the Aleutian Islands, and Siberia. On my first visit to Amilyak, I walked over the original Indian bridge, the ramshackle affair swaying so sickeningly that I knew how Blondin must have felt when he crossed Niagara Falls on a tight-wire.

From Hazelton the railway follows the north bank of the Skeena all the way down to the Pacific at Prince Rupert. It is a fascinating country, this Valley of the Skeena, and as the train roars westward there is no lack of variety in the shifting scenes. Dense black forests of spruce and pine give way to ordered rows of fruit-trees and rolling pasture lands; flitting past in rapid succession are lumber towns, ranches, mining camps, salmon canneries with huge revolving wheels whose buckets scoop the fish from the water, and quaint Indian villages above which rise grotesquely carved and painted totem poles.

At Kitwanga, where dwells the remnant of the tribe once famed as the People of the River, the train considerably stops long enough to give the passengers time to stroll through the village of wooden shacks and to examine the fantastic but impressive totem

poles and the curiously decorated Indian graves. The Canadian Government, coöperating with the railway company, has had the foresight to insure the preservation of these strange memorials to a vanishing race by setting toppling poles firmly erect on bases of concrete, filling their decaying centers with cement as a dentist fills a tooth, and, after restoring the colors to their pristine brilliancy, giving them preservative coats of varnish. To persuade the Indians to agree to these restorations required considerable diplomacy, but the Canadians have been conspicuously successful in handling the redmen, and the redmen, in turn, have profited by the generosity of the traveler. It is a thousand pities that our own government does not take similar steps to ensure the preservation of the totem poles in the Indian villages along the coast of Alaska, for, though far more numerous and more interesting than those of British Columbia, they are rapidly falling into decay from neglect.

Prince Rupert, the Pacific terminus of the Canadian National system, sits on Kaien Island at the mouth of the Skeena, some five hundred miles north of Vancouver and only forty from the lower end of the

Alaskan panhandle. The site is a picturesque one, for from the beach which borders the seaward face of the city the ground rises abruptly to a lofty bench, so that on clear days a magnificent view may be had of the fourteen-mile-long harbor, of Digby Island, of the Indian village of Metlakatla, and, on rare occasions, of the mountains of Alaska.

The town was named, as those who are familiar with European history have probably guessed, after that adventurous prince of England and Bohemia, a nephew of Charles I, who was in turn a cavalry leader, a naval commander, and the first governor of the Company of the Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay.

When the builders of the Grand Trunk Pacific—now, as I have already explained, a part of the Canadian National system—were casting about for a terminus on the Pacific, it was believed for a time that the only practicable harbor was Vancouver, for the government surveys indicated that every bay and inlet along the littoral was blocked by reefs or rocks. So certain was the president of the Grand Trunk Pacific that there must be at least one good harbor other than



It looks like a monument to a baseball player but it is the totem of an Indian family on the banks of the Skeena in northern British Columbia

that of Vancouver on British Columbia's six-hundred-mile-long coast that he ordered a fresh survey made by his own engineers. This new survey revealed the fact that the government engineers who had prepared the admiralty charts had made a slight mistake. Their charts showed that Tuck's Inlet, at the mouth of the Skeena, was impracticable as a harbor because its entrance was blocked by submerged rocks, but, as it turned out, they had placed the rocks in the wrong place, for they blocked the entrance to another inlet, some distance down the coast. The development of Canada's Pacific seaboard had been arrested for a quarter of a century by that bit of carelessness.

Now that the Grand Trunk Pacific had a deep and spacious harbor, all that remained was to build a town. Most towns grow gradually, expanding with the increase in population, but Prince Rupert was built to order, from blue-prints, like an office building or a millionaire's country estate. Long before the railway was completed the engineers had chosen the site and a famous firm of American landscape architects had been commissioned to lay it out, all complete with avenues and parks and public buildings and water and

lighting systems. Experts who have studied the plan on which Prince Rupert is built assert that in time it will be one of the most beautiful cities on the continent, though truth compels me to remark that to achieve this proud distinction it still has a long way to go.

Unless one has witnessed the amazing development of the ports along the Pacific Coast, it is impossible fully to realize the possibilities and potentialities of this all-of-a-sudden city tucked away amid the fiords under the lee of Alaska. To begin with, it has certain geographic advantages which cannot be overlooked. Most important of these is the fact that it is five hundred miles nearer the Orient than any other port on the Pacific seaboard of the continent. For that matter, the route from London to Yokohama via Prince Rupert is eight hundred miles shorter than via New York and San Francisco. What is even more important, however, Prince Rupert is the gateway to one of the richest regions in the world—the only gateway. The terminus of the sole railway which taps the vast reservoirs of grain, fruit, and timber in upper Alberta and British Columbia, at the mouth of a river which pene-

trates far into the interior, surrounded by halibut fisheries and salmon canneries, and with the only deep-water harbor between the Fraser and Alaska, it seems as certain as anything can be in a world of uncertainties that Prince Rupert will eventually rival Vancouver in commercial importance.

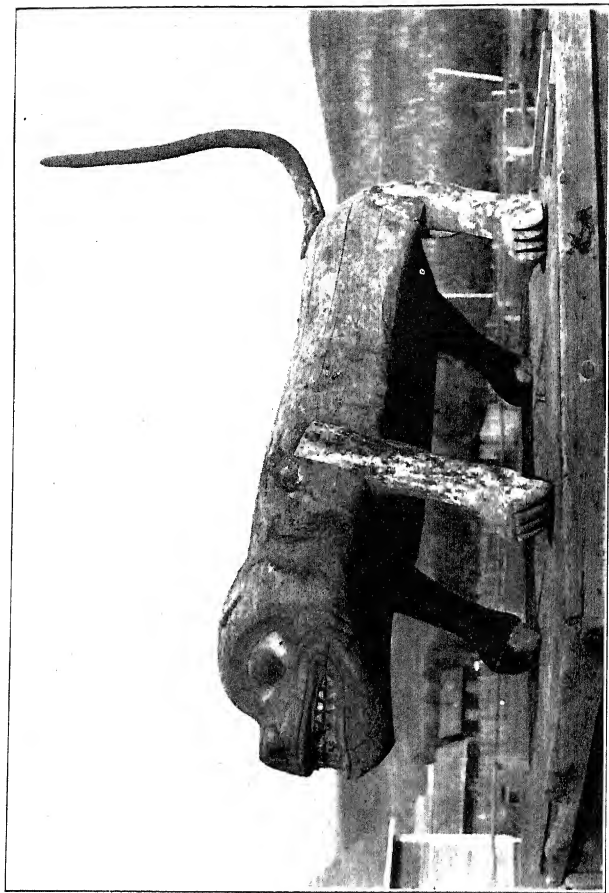
III

The city of Vancouver was unwisely given the same name as the long, narrow island which lies parallel to the coast of British Columbia for three hundred miles. At the southern extremity of this island, which was named after George Vancouver, the English navigator who discovered it in 1792, is Victoria, the inconveniently situated provincial capital. All this occasions considerable confusion in the outside world, for Vancouver is by far the larger and busier city—it has 350,000 inhabitants as compared with 70,000 in Victoria—and though it is not the capital it should be.

The anomaly of a province twice the size of France having its capital on an island some hours' steam from the mainland, with all the consequent inconvenience and delay, is explained by the early history of this re-

gion. A wilderness teeming with game and inhabited only by Indians, it was long a happy hunting ground for the Hudson's Bay Company. When the eyes of the world were drawn to the Pacific Coast of North America in 1849 by the gold discoveries in California, the Hudson's Bay Company, which had already established a fort and trading-post on the present site of Victoria, obtained a charter to colonize and govern all of the British territory lying west of the Rockies.

At this time, be it remembered, the whole of the Pacific Northwest was a sort of no man's land, to which neither England nor the United States had laid definite claim, though the former, realizing the immensity of its natural resources and the enormous strategic advantage that would accrue from its possession, was beginning to take an interest in it. The general opinion held in the outside world was summed up by Daniel Webster, who, speaking of the Oregon country, had said on the floor of the United States Senate: "What do we want with this vast, worthless area, this region of savages and wild beasts, of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie-dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts or these



HE SCARES THE EVIL SPIRITS AWAY
The dog totem at Kitwanga, British Columbia

endless mountain ranges, impenetrable and covered to their base with eternal snow? What can we ever hope to do with the western coast, a coast of three thousand miles, rock-bound, cheerless and uninviting, with not a harbor on it? Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific Ocean one inch nearer to Boston."

In its attempt at government the Hudson's Bay Company failed dismally, as might have been expected from a mercantile concern. Vancouver Island then became a crown colony, and, notwithstanding the fact that it took five months to reach it from England, began to attract a few settlers from the mother-country. The mainland, however, with a coastline and interior of seemingly unbroken mountains, and inhabited by hostile Indians, received no attention until late in the '50's, when gold discoveries on both the island and the mainland brought a great rush of miners from the Californian fields into British territory.

Not until 1858 did the governor of Vancouver Island think it worth while to pay a visit to the mainland, when he established a sort of local administration with its headquarters at a mining town optimistically called

Hope. Two years later the territory on the mainland, up to that time known as New Caledonia, was organized as a crown colony under the name of British Columbia, with its capital at New Westminster, near the mouth of the Fraser. For half a dozen years the two colonies maintained separate existences, with their own governments and their own postage stamps—the latter, by the way, now being extremely rare. In 1866 the two colonies united, taking the name of one and the capital of the other, and five years later British Columbia joined the Canadian federation.

Up to that time, be it remembered, British Columbia had had no connection whatsoever with Canada nor anything in common with the Canadians. Without railways, cut off by the Rockies, from the Dominion its connections with the mother-country were through the United States or by sea around the Horn. It was as British as Bermuda or the Isle of Wight, its population consisting in the main of employees of the Hudson's Bay Company and their descendants and of the Britons who came with the gold rush in the '50's and '60's and remained on as settlers. These for the most part established themselves in and around Victoria, presumably

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because its moist climate reminded them of home. Consequently the atmosphere of the island to-day is far more English than that of the mainland.

Vancouver, built on the heights above an arm of the sea, Burrard Inlet, has one of the finest natural harbors in the world, with a water-front of more than ninety miles. At its wharves are moored vessels flying the flags of many nations and from them steamers set out for strange and far-off ports. It is a satisfying place for those afflicted with the wander-thirst, for here come ships from all the Seven Seas: majestic Empress boats, gleaming in white and gold, nine days out of Yokohama; lean black liners with the rising-sun flag of Nippon flaunting from their taffrails; Australian mail-boats from "Down Under"; coasting steamers in from the Alaskan ports; lumbering freighters bearing on their sterns "Liverpool" or "Hamburg" or "San Francisco"; stinking whalers, red with rust, back from the icy seas beyond Bering Strait. One feels on singularly intimate terms with the shipping that passes in and out of Vancouver harbor, for the vessels run so near to the shore that the waves churned up by their propellers drench the lawns of the gardens which run

down to the water. While I was lunching at a country club on the edge of the harbor an Australian liner swept by, so close that it seemed as though its yards would touch the back-stop of the tennis court.

In 1886, shortly after the establishment of Vancouver, a great fire swept the whole town out of existence. This was regarded as a calamity at the time, but the smoke clouds had silver linings, for the ramshackle wooden structures of pioneer days which went up in flames have been replaced by buildings of brick and stone, so that the business district of the city, though it can lay no claim to architectural distinction, has a substantial and pleasing appearance.

Judging from their window displays, the department stores of Vancouver are as up to date as those of Seattle and San Francisco and Los Angeles. The Hudson's Bay Company store, which not so many years ago was a trading-post where the Indians came to barter their furs for blankets and powder, has one of the most elaborately equipped beauty parlors in the West. Vancouver has an excellent club, where you can find all the English periodicals and newspapers, and on the outskirts of the city are numerous golf courses


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whose sites were until very recent years covered with virgin forest. On an eminence in the heart of the shopping district rises the Hotel Vancouver (I can strongly recommend its caviare), a huge establishment owned and operated by the Canadian Pacific; and the Canadian National, not to be outdone, has an equally large hostelry in course of construction hard by.

Vancouver is built on a long, narrow, hog-backed peninsula between Burrard Inlet, which forms the harbor, and another but shorter arm of the sea known as English Bay. At the tip of this peninsula is Stanley Park, some three or four miles long by a mile in width and one of the most beautiful public pleasure-grounds in the world. Portions of it have been landscaped, with charming rose gardens and broad stretches of carefully marceled lawns whose green expenses are broken by masses of azaleas and rhododendrons, but the greater part of its thousand acres remains as Nature left it, a primeval wilderness, with gigantic specimens of the forest trees—spruce, cedar, hemlock, fir, and pine—which are the province's chief source of wealth.

On three sides Vancouver looks out on mountains—the Coast Range on the north, the Cascades on the

MARCHES OF THE NORTH



east, and the Olympics to the south—but dominating and dwarfing all the surrounding peaks is Mount Baker, which is not in British territory at all, but across the American border in the State of Washington. For Mount Baker, nearly eleven thousand feet in height, is not only the loftiest mountain in this region but the most conspicuous, by reason of the fact that it stands alone. An almost perfect pyramid, gleaming like an immense cone of crystallized sugar, and strongly reminiscent of Fujiyama, it seems to rise from just beyond the encircling forest, yet it is forty miles in an air-line from Vancouver and considerably more than that from Victoria, but clearly visible from both. It is the first thing you see when, approaching by sea, you enter the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and when you sail away its summit is visible long after the coastline has sunk from sight.

IV

Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, is some eighty miles from Vancouver, the fast steamers of the Vancouver-Victoria-Seattle service making the run in about four hours. After clearing the capes of Bur-

rard Inlet the steamer turns due south and, traversing the open water of the Gulf of Georgia, enters the beautiful archipelago of small wooded islands which fringe Vancouver Island's eastern coast, the channel which winds between them being in places so narrow that you could throw a stone ashore.


In the early '70's the southern islands of this archipelago, known as the San Juan group, were the cause of a somewhat acrimonious dispute between Great Britain and the United States, both nations bolstering up their claims to them by landing troops and hoisting their respective flags. The question was finally submitted to the arbitration of the old Emperor William I of Germany, who probably knew as much about the San Juan Islands as he did about the planet Saturn. In any event, and in spite of the fact that they are considerably closer to the Canadian shore than to the American, he awarded them to the United States, a decision which caused a good deal of hard feeling among the Canadians for a time.

Emerging from the islands by Haro Strait the steamer cautiously picks its way through the long, narrow, curving channel which gives to Victoria's

landlocked harbor a certain resemblance to a chemist's retort. "The first and last port of call" for vessels plying between Vancouver, Seattle, and the Far East, the harbor of Victoria is a busy place, filled with craft of every description—huge, two-funneled trans-Pacific liners; trim cargo boats and rusty tramps flying the flags of half the seafaring nations of the world; Japanese fishing craft with tattered, weather-beaten sails; whalers, recognizable by the scarlet lookout-barrels lashed to their mastheads, outfitting for two-year cruises in the Arctic; white-hulled pleasure yachts, dainty as a *débutante*; greasy tugboats, panting and shrieking.

The harbor winds, narrow and river-like, into the very center of the city, in which respect Victoria resembles Stockholm, so that when you disembark, instead of having to make a long trip across town by taxi, as is the case in most seaports, you are actually *there*. As a consequence there is something singularly intimate and friendly about arriving in the British Columbian capital. You feel as though you were entering a room. Everything is close at hand. Dead ahead rises the Empress Hotel, so close to the harbor's edge that

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it seems as though the captain intended to make fast alongside the terraces on which the guests are having tea. At the left, across a spacious plaza, is the fine building of the Union Club, beyond which the business section of the town slopes gently upward, its streets lined by American-style department stores with small, English-looking shops tucked in between them. On the right bank, in a small park, stand the imposing buildings of the provincial parliament, the dome surmounted, appropriately enough, by a statue of Captain Vancouver, together with the Connaught Library and a group of museums which house some fine ethnographic and natural history collections. The surprising magnificence of these public buildings is due to the fact that the Victorians, realizing that their city is inconveniently situated for purposes of administration, took steps to discourage any attempt to transfer the capital to the mainland by persuading the provincial parliament to sink so great a sum in these pretentious structures that future legislatures would hesitate a long time before abandoning them and moving the seat of government elsewhere.

“To realize Victoria,” wrote Rudyard Kipling in

an enthusiastic moment, "you must take all that the eye admires most in Bournemouth, Torquay, the Isle of Wight, the Happy Valley of Hong Kong, the Doon, Sorrento, and Camps Bay, add reminiscences of the Thousand Islands, and arrange the whole around the Bay of Naples, with some Himalayas for the background." While he was about it one wonders why he didn't throw in Constantinople, Colombo, Rio de Janeiro, the Italian lakes, and San Francisco for good measure. But, though Mr. Kipling laid on the colors with a lavish hand, truth compels me to admit that he wasn't so far wrong at that.

The fact is that Victoria, though by no means impressive in situation, for the Olympic Mountains on which it looks are miles away, in the State of Washington, exercises on every visitor a singular and lasting charm. This is due in part, I should say, to its cultured and agreeable society, and in part to the mildness of its climate, for the summer heat rarely reaches eighty degrees and in winter the thermometer very seldom registers ten degrees of frost, so that when eastern Canada is still buried beneath snow and ice. Victoria is green and smiling.

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I do not think it is the city itself which makes such a pleasant impression on the visitor, however, for architecturally and scenically it is not greatly different from certain towns on the southern coast of England; but rather the mellow quality of the surrounding countryside, which presents a striking contrast to the wild and rugged scenery of the mainland. For example, oaks do not grow on the mainland of British Columbia, but here on the island the English oak, solitary, stately, and venerable, rises from green meadows which might be those of Devon. Gabled, English-looking country houses of stone or brick or beam-and-plaster are picturesquely perched on seaward-looking knolls or gorse-carpeted hillsides. The narrow country roads are bordered by hedges, like those along English lanes. Market gardens and fruit orchards dot the rolling landscape, and among the scattered fir woods—for the primeval forest which formerly covered the whole island has in the south been largely cut away—clumps of Canadian maples light the autumn scene with orange, scarlet, and crimson flames.

Settled in Victoria and thereabouts are many retired army and naval officers, as well as civil servants

who have seen service in India or the colonies, so that the local society has a cosmopolitan atmosphere wholly lacking in most English provincial towns of the same size. Here, too, many people of English stock but born on the island lead leisurely lives on money inherited from their pioneer ancestors. And since the World War a number of comparatively well-to-do Englishmen have come out to Victoria in order to escape the appallingly heavy taxes in the mother-country and because they can get more here for their money than at home. As a matter of fact, Victorians with incomes of, say, \$5,000 a year, seem to get more enjoyment out of life than many Americans I know who have \$50,000.

I can recall no other community in the world, not even on the Riviera or in California, which offers so many forms of recreation at such moderate cost. Golf is played practically every day of the year on the half-dozen courses near the city in a climate and surroundings reminiscent of Hampshire or Devon. Some of the links resemble those of Scotland in that they are laid out along the shore, so that an over-strong approach will often send the ball across the green to trickle down

amid the sand dunes or pebbles on the other side. There is excellent fly-fishing in the streams and lakes of the island, all of which contain some variety of trout, and if you care for sea fishing there are cod and sea bass off the coast and in the estuaries the spring salmon known as grilse. Deer are plentiful in the back country, while pheasant, quail, and grouse are so numerous and tame, even within a few miles of the city limits, that motorists frequently run over them. Speaking of game, Vancouver Island is the sole habitat of that extremely rare animal, *Ursus Kermodei*, a small white bear. In summer there is sea bathing on the sand beaches near Victoria, and in cold weather there is swimming in the huge pool of the Crystal Garden, the exotic vines which clamber over its inside walls lending it a tropical appearance. The countless bays, inlets, and estuaries which indent the coast of the island provide ideal waters for yachting, motor-boating, and canoeing. The English settlers, particularly the retired army officers, have brought with them their love of horses, and among the brilliant social events of the year are the semi-annual race meetings. Other sports include tennis on grass, dirt, and wooden courts,

badminton, archery, lawn bowls, hockey, football, and cricket, though curiously enough this characteristically English game is not so popular in this English community as baseball, which arouses as much enthusiasm as it does in the States. When all is said and done, Victoria is an ideal place for the man with social and sporting tastes but comparatively small means who wants to take life easily without feeling that he is regarded as a loafer because he does not go to an office at nine o'clock every morning.

The difference between Vancouver and Victoria is that between a wide-awake, energetic, hustling young business man who is out to make his pile and employs the methods of a booster, and an elderly gentleman of sporting tastes and a conservative mind who, having acquired a modest competence, has settled down to forget business and enjoy life quietly. The resident of Vancouver will proudly show the visitor a bewildering succession of wharves, railway yards, factories, and building sites, bombard him with statistics, swamp him with advertising literature, and assure him very earnestly that he can make a fortune by investing in local real estate. The Victorian, on the other hand—

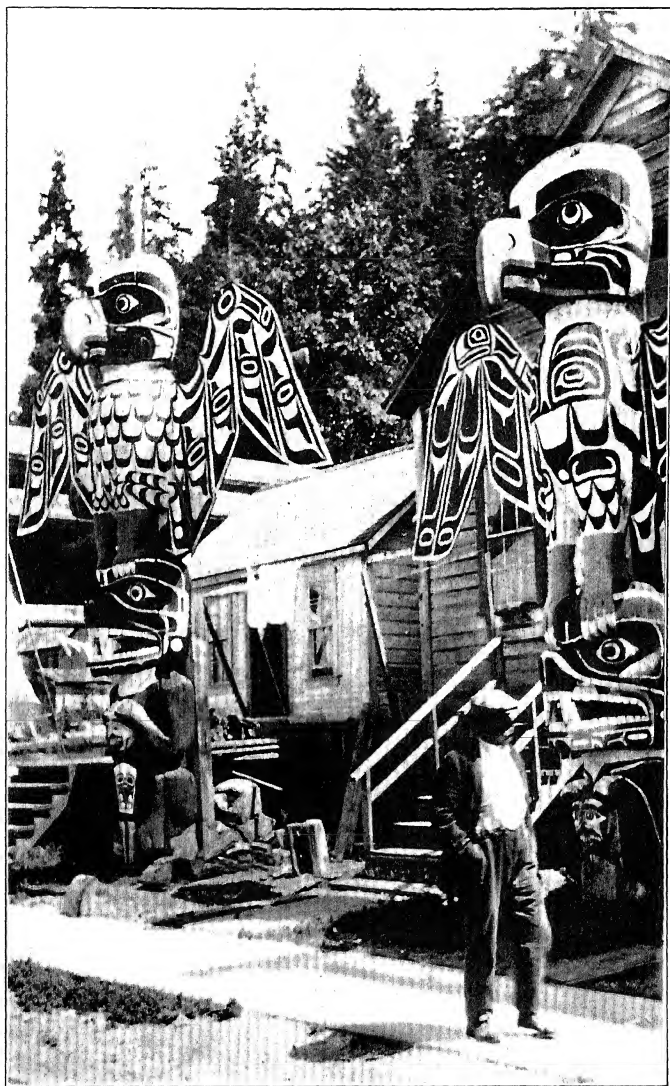
provided the visitor comes with letters of introduction—will run him out to one of the country clubs for luncheon and a round of golf, discuss the respective merits of dry and wet-fly casting, point out the race course and the cricket field, and bring him back for “a spot of tea” at the Union Club.

The original settlers of Vancouver Island, as I have elsewhere remarked, were not Canadians, but came directly from Great Britain by sea or through the States. And a large proportion of the later arrivals are also British-born. As a consequence, Victoria is the most British community in Canada, the people of Vancouver declaring somewhat cynically that the Victorian accent is more English than anything to be heard in England itself.

Every one who visits Victoria makes a pilgrimage to the widely advertised Butchart Gardens, on the West Saanich Road, eleven miles from town. Though private property, they are open to the public, and, despite the conspicuous absence of keep-off-the-grass and don't-pick-the-flower signs, the public behaves vastly better than it does under similar circumstances in the United States. The sunken gardens, which cover

only a portion of the fifteen acres, occupy a series of abandoned quarries, with rocky walls a hundred feet high which in summer are completely hidden by blossoms and verdure. The remainder of the gardens, though attractive because of the magnificent floral display, do not deserve serious attention from the standpoint of a landscape architect, for a naturally enchanting setting has been marred by too many wooden trellises, concrete ornaments, and cast-iron gnomes.

The people of Victoria do not hold Americans in very high regard, and, after seeing the behavior of certain of my countrymen, I must admit that the attitude of the Victorians is justified. Victoria, of course, is wet, which means that upon obtaining a permit liquor can be purchased at the government liquor stores though it must be consumed at home, which, in the case of American visitors, means in their hotel rooms. During the summer every steamer from Seattle brings a load of thirsty Americans, who proceed to stock up with booze and do some heavy drinking. From all I could learn they seldom cause the authorities much trouble, but they are boisterous and frequently offensive, and, consequently, they give all Americans



Eagle totems at Alert Bay, on the eastern coast of Vancouver Island

a bad name. I speak feelingly on the subject because I did not get a wink of sleep during my first night in Victoria on account of the carousing of the Americans occupying the adjoining rooms. Human nature being as it is, however, I do not see how this sort of thing can be prevented so long as the United States is dry and Victoria is wet and steamers ply frequently between the two. But I have often wondered why so many Americans, apparently feeling it incumbent on them to get drunk when outside their own country, cannot at least get drunk like gentlemen.

V

Do not get the impression that everything of interest on Vancouver Island is in and around Victoria, for Vancouver Island is nearly three hundred miles in length and the finest scenery is in the hinterland. The southern half of the island is accessible by railway, the fertile and prosperous farming country around Lake Cowichan being tapped by the Canadian National, while another line, the Esquimalt & Nanaimo, follows the east coast as far as Comox, on Cape Lazo. By far the best way to see the back country, however, is

to hire a motor car and follow the superb highway which leads into the heart of the island.

The first forty miles of the Island Highway are known as the Malahat Drive, which crosses the lofty range forming the backbone of the island by a rather terrifying series of zigzags and hairpin turns, being in places no more than a shelf blasted from the face of the rock. It is, I imagine, the only road in the world on which one finds signs reading "Please avoid running over Game Birds." Nor is this an idle request, for the gorgeously colored Chinese pheasants with which the island abounds, disdainful of motor cars, strut leisurely across the road like farmers' chickens.

There are few finer scenic highways than the Malahat Drive, for, though it runs in the main through a dense primeval forest, it affords numerous enchanting views of the rugged coast and the island-studded Strait of Georgia. At the highest point, a quarter of a mile above sea-level, the giant Douglas firs in the gloomy gorge below look no larger than the evergreen shrubs on a front lawn, yet many of them are three hundred feet in height and ten feet in diameter. It is not generally realized, I imagine, that

half of Canada's forests are in British Columbia, and that half of that province's timber is on Vancouver Island.

For a score of miles or so after leaving Victoria the highway leads through a prosperous agricultural country, past neat, English-looking farmhouses, long ranks of ordered fruit-trees, and sleek cattle grazing contentedly on the rolling meadow-lands. This is the favorite haunt of the gentlemen immigrants, young Englishmen who, barring their small pensions, have nothing save their farms to live upon. Yet they live very well on the whole, it being asserted—and I can quite believe it—that a man who is willing to do a moderate amount of work can get more out of life in this country on a thousand dollars a year than he could in England on a thousand pounds.

Ladysmith and Nanaimo, on the coast, are both colliery towns, here being the only high-grade bituminous coal fields on the Pacific coast. At Nanaimo the road divides, one branch continuing up the coast while the other swings sharply inland to Alberni and Port Alberni. The latter occupies the anomalous position of being in the middle of the island and at the same time

on its western coast, for, as you will note by glancing at the map, an arm of the sea called Barclay Sound here penetrates into the very heart of the island, thus making it possible for deep-sea vessels to tie up at Port Alberni's wharves and take aboard cargoes of fish and lumber. A dozen miles north of Alberni, walled in by forest, is Great Central Lake, famous for its fishing and wild-fowl shooting. Until quite recently it had a unique hotel, called the Ark—a floating caravansary of twenty bedrooms built on a raft anchored in the lake. When the fishing became indifferent in the neighborhood where the Ark was moored, the proprietor would hoist anchor, start up his motor-boat, and tow his floating hotel to better fishing grounds. The fish had a hard time keeping away from it, and were no doubt greatly relieved when it burned.

Returning to the Island Highway at Nanaimo, we continue northward past Qualicum Beach, with its broad sands and pleasant resort hotel; skirt the bright blue of Union Bay; follow the rugged shore of Cape Lazo to Comox, a tranquil, easy-going, contented little town; and so on, through Campbell River, to the road's end at Forbes Landing, which looks out across

THE FORESTS

Discovery Passage, the narrow channel connecting Queen Charlotte Sound with Georgia Strait.

We are now rather more than half-way up the island, within easy reach of the great triangle of forest and mountains, eight hundred square miles in extent, which forms Strathcona National Park. From here on to the northern extremity of the island stretches a dense primeval wilderness, unexploited and almost unexplored, the only signs of civilization being the lumber towns, fishing settlements, and Indian villages along the coast.

Of the interior of northern Vancouver Island next to nothing is known. The explorers have not yet gotten around to it and it remains a blank space upon the map. An atmosphere of mystery attaches to all unknown regions, and of this one, as might be expected, strange stories are in circulation. They tell of the Forbidden Plateau, a lofty, isolated, inaccessible tableland which is shunned by the superstitious Indians, who believe that it is inhabited by a race of ferocious giants. Of strange Indian tribes, dwelling in the depths of the forest, who press the heads of their children, when very young, into fantastic shapes, like the savages of

certain tribes in Africa. And of a curious, half-mythical animal, the calico or spotted bear, alleged to be a cross between the common black bear of British Columbia and its great white cousin of the polar seas, but more probably a relation of *Ursus Kermodei*, the white bear I have previously mentioned. The Forbidden Plateau, and the Indians with the misshapen heads, and the bears marked like Holstein cows may be there, and then again they may not. I cannot say. But one of these days I think that I shall get an outfit together and go into that northern hinterland and satisfy my curiosity.

CHAPTER VII
THE WEST COAST

I

WHEN I told my friends in the East that I was going up the western coast of the continent to Alaska and the Yukon they were not encouraging. "There really isn't anything to see up there except forests and mountains," they assured me. "And it is always cold and rainy. You had much better go to Europe." And when I returned they greeted me with "Well, you didn't see much that was interesting, did you?"

If I had time I told them that I had seen a thousand miles of fiord-indented coastline vastly more impressive than that of Norway; a mountain higher than any in the Alps; a glacier covering an area one-tenth that of all Switzerland; a river longer than any in Europe save the Volga; valleys rimmed by snow-fields and carpeted with wildflowers; inlets so choked with salmon that one could almost cross on them; nuggets of virgin

gold sparkling in river-beds; totem poles as hideously fantastic as the carvings in Hindu temples; daisies the size of saucers and dahlias as large as dinner plates; stern-wheel river-steamers like those that once churned the Mississippi; more reindeer than there are in Lapland; Indian villages, mining camps, trading-posts, and blue-fox farms; thermometers standing at 100° in the shade in the edge of the Arctic; and a sun by which one can read a newspaper at midnight.

There is always a thrill in setting out by water for strange places. I like the bustle on the wharf and the shouted farewells, the cries of "All ashore!", the clanging of bells, the hoot of tugboat whistles and the resonant response of the ship's siren, the band playing "Auld Lang Syne." I like the clean taste of the salt breeze, to feel beneath my feet the steady throb of the engines, to watch the foam thundering aft along the rail. Particularly I like to speculate on what awaits me at the end of the voyage.

By ocean liner and army transport, coasting steamer and river boat, launch, canoe, and raft, I have traversed most of the waters of the world, but I can recall

few sea voyages so enjoyable, so packed with novelty and interest, as that up the Pacific Coast of Canada to Alaska. This is due not only to the splendor of the scenery, but to the fact that the ship hugs the coast so closely that there is always something to see between the frequent ports-of-call. The very names on the chart smack of romance and adventure—the Strait of Georgia, Desolation Sound, Discovery Passage, Poison Cove, Aaltenhash, Bella Bella, Prince Rupert, the Queen Charlotte Islands, Revilla Gigedo Island, Fort Wrangell, Ketchikan, Sitka, Juneau, Skagway. . . .

The Alaska-bound steamers leave Vancouver in the late evening, which, to my way of thinking, is the pleasantest time to sail, for you can dine leisurely on the hotel roof-garden and, having sent your luggage ahead by the porter, stroll down to the wharf and go aboard just as the warning whistle sounds.

The captain bellows his orders from the bridge. The gangways are swung clear with a rattle of chains. A rapidly widening ribbon of black water appears between the edge of the wharf and the ship's tall side. Slowly her bow swings seaward. The propellers churn the water beneath her stern into foam. The deck pulses

as the engines begin their rhythmic snore. The city lights, now mere pricks of flame in the darkness, outline the water-front like the "Queen's Necklace" at Bombay. The heat on shore is stifling, but a wave of cool air sweeps the vessel's decks as she meets the salt breeze blowing in from the Strait of Georgia. The light on Point Atkinson blinks in farewell. Officers muffled in pea-jackets pace the bridge. You knock the ashes from your pipe and make your way to the bar for a Scotch-and-soda. Then you turn in, beneath two blankets. Alaska-bound!

Morning breaks fresh and clear—one of those glorious blue-and-gold mornings characteristic of summer in the North Pacific. To port are the dark forests of Vancouver Island. Off to starboard the snow-bonneted peaks of the Cascade Range rise majestically against the azure sky. A school of sleek black porpoises leap and dive off our bows. Seagulls swoop and wheel overhead. We are already in the same latitude as Labrador but it is by no means chilly, though the air has the exhilarating quality of dry champagne.

There are three great inside passages in the world

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where ocean-going vessels may steam for hundreds of miles through waters sheltered by long chains of coast-wise islands. One is along the coast of Norway. Another borders the seaboard of Chile. The third leads from Vancouver up the coast of British Columbia to Alaska. During the whole of the four-day voyage from Vancouver to Skagway, a distance of a thousand miles, the ship is exposed for only a few hours, while crossing Queen Charlotte Sound, to the swell of the open sea. Barring this single short stretch of open water, which is rarely rough in summer, the vessel might be steaming through a canal. It would be difficult, indeed, to find the slightest excuse for seasickness on the voyage to Alaska. Yet they tell the story of a woman, hysterically afraid of *mal de mer*, who upon going aboard went directly to her cabin and to bed. The ship was scheduled to sail at ten o'clock. At ten-thirty she rang for the stewardess.

"I'm terribly ill," she wailed. "I feel as though I were dying. Send for the doctor."

In due time the ship's surgeon appeared.

"Oh, Doctor," groaned the passenger, "I've never

been so seasick before. I can't stand this pitching and rolling another minute. I've never known the sea so rough."

"But, madam," said the surgeon, "the ship is still at the wharf. We haven't started yet."

### II

An enjoyable—and, to the sea-timid, a reassuring—feature of the Alaskan voyage is the ship's proximity to the shore. So narrow is the inside passage, so closely does the course hug the coast, that one does not need binoculars to enjoy the ever-changing panorama of mountain and forest, bay and river-mouth, lumber mill and mining camp, Indian village and fishing settlement, which unrolls to view as on a motion-picture screen.

The first port-of-call, reached the morning after leaving Vancouver, is Alert Bay, a picturesque fishing village on the eastern coast of Vancouver Island. Strung like a line of sentinels before the ramshackle Indian dwellings which fringe the shore are lofty totem poles, grotesque, hideous yet fascinating, while guard-

ing the home of the chief are two enormous "thunder-birds" of carved and painted wood.

Across the way, on the mainland, are the small settlements of Ocean Falls and Powell River, standing on sites hewn from the encircling forest, which provides the raw materials for their busy pulp and paper factories. A little farther on is the thriving coastal village of Bella Bella, near which, in the heart of the forest, are a number of those lonely, water-bound rocks beside which the Indians bury their dead.

Then comes Prince Rupert, western terminus of the Canadian National Railways, an all-of-a-sudden city, built from the plans drawn up by a Boston firm of engineers and architects, which sprang up almost overnight on Kaien Island, at the mouth of the Skeena. Dominating both town and harbor is Mount Hays, 2300 feet high, appropriately named after the great railway-builder who went down on the *Titanic* and to whose vision the extension of the Grand Trunk through to the Pacific was due.

After Prince Rupert the blue-green sea again. The rugged outlines of headlands melting in the off-shore haze. Deep fiords with towering walls of rock opening

up mysteriously. Islands, hundreds of them, large and small, flat and mountainous, barren and wooded. The land blurred by mist into a symphony of blues and grays. Rain on the sea and rain on the deck. Then the golden lances of the sun piercing the cloud-banks and the surface of the sea sparkling as though strewn with diamonds. A rainbow arching over the shaggy hills. The soft purr of the engines as the ship cleaves a dead flat expanse of bright green enamel. Waves curling like snowy ostrich feathers from the bows.

### III

Prince Rupert is some five hundred miles north of Vancouver. Another half-hundred miles and we come to Dixon's Entrance, which marks the boundary between Canadian and American waters. Now we are under the Eagle, in the territorial waters of a land that within the memory of living men was ruled from Petersburg. Even to-day, after a lapse of more than threescore years, few Americans realize the immensity of this northern territory, which, until its purchase by the United States in 1867, was known as Russian America. Did *you* know that Alaska is larger than



France, Italy, and Germany put together, with Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and Hungary thrown in for good measure? That the distance from Cape Muzon on the south to Point Barrow on the Arctic is equal to that from the Gulf of Mexico to the Canadian border? And that from Attu Island to the head of the Portland Canal is a considerably greater distance than from New York to San Francisco?

The United States paid \$7,200,000 for Alaska, and the then Secretary of State, William H. Seward, who was instrumental in putting through the deal, was violently assailed for his reckless extravagance in paying such a price for so worthless a territory. (It is not generally known, by the way, that Seward also negotiated treaties for the purchase of the Danish West Indies and of the Bay of Samana on the northern coast of San Domingo, and for American control of the Isthmus of Panama, but these were not ratified by the Senate.) Alaska was long referred to by the short-sighted as "Seward's Folly," yet to-day the value of the reindeer herds alone greatly exceeds the price paid for the whole territory. The blue-fox ranches also represent an investment equivalent to the amount the

country cost us. The price paid by Secretary Seward was considerably less than the value of the gold, silver, and copper taken from Alaskan mines every year. And the products of the Alaskan fisheries yield annually more than seven times the purchase price of the territory. Yet they called Seward a fool!

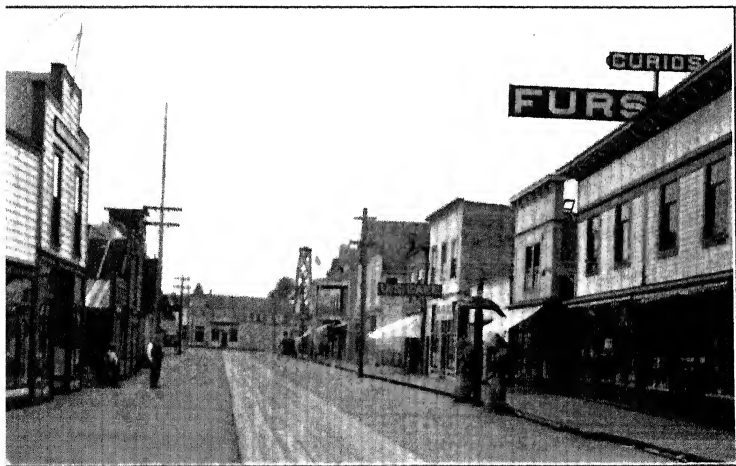
The present Territory of Alaska—the name is probably a corruption of a native word meaning “island” or “peninsula”—was first explored by the Russian navigator, Captain Vitus Bering, in 1741. His reports resulted in the sending out of many private vessels manned by traders and trappers, who established trading-posts along the Pacific seaboard. Spanish expeditions visited the southeastern coast in 1774 and 1775 and laid a foundation for subsequent territorial claims by the Dons. Three years later the famous English navigator, Captain James Cook, fresh from his cruises in the South Seas, made surveys from which the first approximately accurate chart of the coast was published, but it was left for another English mariner, George Vancouver, to make charts in the modern meaning of the term.



*Photograph by Canadian National Railways*

#### WRANGELL, ALASKA

The bustling American town which is the successor to the old Russian fort and trading-post is superbly situated at the entrance to Wrangell Narrows



*Photograph by Canadian National Railways*

#### WRANGELL, ALASKA

The town consists of a long main street paved with planks and bordered by nondescript frame buildings, and a waterfront fringed with wharves and salmon canneries



Owing to the excesses committed by private traders, who robbed, massacred, and hideously abused the Indians, the Tsar's government in 1799 granted a monopoly of the trading rights in its American territory to the Russian-American Company, which administered the country for sixty years. The charter of the Russian-American Company expired in 1861 and an imperial governor, Prince Maksutov, was appointed by the Tsar to administer the affairs of the territory. In 1864 the Russian governor granted permission to an American company to make preliminary surveys for a proposed telegraph line from the United States to Europe via Bering Strait and Siberia, but the success of the Atlantic cable promised to make the construction of the line unprofitable and the scheme was abandoned. The reports brought back by the surveyors regarding the immense natural resources of the country aroused considerable public interest in the United States, however, and the negotiations for its purchase, which had been tentatively begun a dozen years before, were renewed. In 1867 the purchase was consummated for \$7,200,000—considerably less than the

cost of many a New York skyscraper—and the Stars and Stripes were hoisted over the fort at Sitka to the thunder of warships' guns.

Our great northern possession consists of a compact central mass and two straggling appendages: Continental Alaska, Aleutian Alaska, and the "Panhandle." We are concerned here only with the last-named, a long, narrow strip, thickly fringed with islands, which extends southward to the long arm of the sea known as the Portland Canal, thereby cutting off the northern half of British Columbia from the Pacific.

The Panhandle is in many respects the most picturesque and interesting part of Alaska, which is fortunate in view of the fact that it is all of the territory that the great majority of American visitors see. Along its coast are sprinkled five of the principal towns: Juneau (the capital), Sitka, Ketchikan, Wrangell, and Skagway. Here also are many of the most profitable forests, mines, and fisheries. The scenery is extremely beautiful and impressive. The islands of the Alexander Archipelago rise in some cases a mile above the sea, their sheer sides scarred with marks of glacial action, their tops luxuriantly wooded. The beachless coast is

only a narrow ledge between the mountains and the sea, and unlike the coast of Norway, to which it is frequently compared, is bold, steep, and craggy. Through the inner channels, sheltered from the Pacific by the rampart of islands, runs the remarkable "inside passage" of which I have already spoken.

The first port at which the steamer touches after crossing the international boundary is Ketchikan, which, appropriately enough, means "Town Under the Eagle" in the native Tlingit tongue. It has a population of about six thousand according to the local Chamber of Commerce, though the inhabitants of its rival, Juneau, will scoff at this as being double the actual figure. No matter, for Ketchikan is a progressive, up-and-coming little town, its inhabitants for the most part engaged in mining, fishing, lumbering, trading, or fur farming, for the raising of blue foxes has become one of the important industries of Alaska.

Ketchikan is of the new Alaska and has nothing in common with the frowzy, lawless, rough-and-ready country of the gold rush days. It is brisk and business-like, prosperous, well ordered, up-to-date. It has modern department stores, motion-picture houses, ice-

cream parlors, and a daily newspaper with a Sunday colored comic supplement. Its streets, as in all Alaskan coast towns, are of planks laid closely together, giving it a vague resemblance to Atlantic City. This resemblance is increased by the enormous number of curio, souvenir, and postcard shops, most of them distinguished by the totem poles—some genuine and others faked—which stand like cigar-store Indians before their doors.

At Ketchikan the gold rush began. Not the rush to find gold, but to spend it. The steamer's side had no sooner rubbed the wharf than the passengers were streaming ashore, swarming through the town like a mopping-up party in a captured village, invading stores and buying everything in sight. They acted as though they were afraid that the boat would sail before they had time to spend all their money. From shop to shop they scurried, purchasing postcards to send to the envious folks back home, genuine Indian-carved walrus-ivory brooches and cigarette holders made in Japan from bone, and miniature totem poles manufactured in Seattle. They haggled with the squaws



squatting on the wharf for beaded moccasins and Indian dolls; they inspected the odoriferous fish canneries; they used up miles of Mr. Eastman's films taking photographs. The road to riches in Alaska, I decided, is in extracting gold not from the ground, but from the tourists' pockets.

The harsh blast of the siren is answered by a thousand mountain echoes as the ship leaves Ketchikan in its wake and heads toward the narrow passage between the islands of Gravina and Revilla Gigedo. Our course lies close to land, and a panorama of unending interest unrolls itself before our eyes. Scattered along the foreshore are picturesque fishing settlements and unlovely canneries and lumber camps and Indian villages with fantastic totems peering from amid the trees, and solitary log cabins set in clearings which the settlers have chopped from the primeval wilderness. Fish leap from the clear water in silver flashes. An eagle soars high overhead. We skirt the edges of small islands, where weird carven monsters stand guard over the Indian burial-grounds concealed in the shadows of the pines. Dugout canoes shoot across our bows or

pitch and toss in our wash, the copper-skinned, Mongolian-looking occupants staring up incuriously at the faces which line the rail.

Now we are approaching Wrangell Narrows, the tortuous, river-like passage, eighteen miles long but only a few hundred feet wide, between Mitkof and Kupreanof islands. The channel, marked by buoys, is barely wide enough for two ships to pass, and the tide rushes through it with such velocity that navigation is always difficult and at times dangerous. Incidentally, the route through the Narrows is ninety miles shorter than the one around Cape Decision, which must be taken in bad weather.

For two hours the vessel, steaming at half-speed, cautiously threads the channel, but the two hours pass quickly, for this is perhaps the most beautiful part of the entire trip. On either hand tremendous mountains, wrapped in shaggy cloaks of spruce and pine, sweep down to the water's edge. So close is the shore that you can see the blue foxes nervously pacing their pens as the ship sweeps past the establishments of the fur-farmers. That's what I like about the trip to Alaska. Instead of sitting, bundled in rugs, on the

deck of an ocean liner, staring for five days or more at an empty, heaving sea, you can see things throughout the whole of the thousand-mile voyage.

After a time the Narrows open out into Frederick Sound, and across the gleaming waters you sight the tin roofs and cannery-stacks of Wrangell. The small and rather unattractive town sits on an island at the mouth of the Stikine River. It was originally called Fort St. Dionysius, and then Fort Stikine, and finally Fort Wrangell in honor of Baron Wrangell, one-time governor-general of Russian America. It is a dilapidated, torpid little place, of some interest in Alaskan history, and of temporary importance in the '70's as the outfitting point for thousands of miners, who made their way to the gold-fields of the Cassiar district via Telegraph Creek. From the mills of Wrangell comes much of the high-grade spruce used in the manufacture of airplanes; it has salmon, shrimp, and crab factories where the meats which we use in salads and picnic sandwiches are prepared and packed with amazing rapidity by the deft brown fingers of Tlingit Indian girls; and the town is said to have more totem poles than any other place in Alaska.

I remember Wrangell mainly because of a purchase I made there. Nearly every one, I have observed, is interested in "finds," whether Flemish tapestries or Sheraton tables, old paintings or rare postage stamps, so let me tell you what I found in this forgotten village on the coast of Alaska.

The steamer arrived at Wrangell shortly after day-break. It was raining and I was one of the few passengers to go ashore. Being in need of exercise, I set out for a brisk walk down the plank pavement which leads to the edge of the town. Where the boards ended stood a dilapidated eating-house which in pre-Volstead days, I judged, had been a saloon. My walk had given me an appetite and I hankered for a cup of coffee, but repeated knocking at the door of the hash-house brought no response.

Peering through the grimy window to see if any one was about, I descried on a shelf within an object which aroused my curiosity. It was a stone image, about fourteen inches high—a crude representation of an eagle, its beak sunk on its breast, its heavy-lidded eyes half closed. On the sides, where the wings should have

been, hieroglyphics were deeply graven in the hard, granite-like stone. It might have been Babylonian or Phoenician or possibly Mayan. It also bore a vague resemblance to the gargoyles which leer down from the eaves of Notre Dame. Nowhere in my travels up and down the world had I ever seen its like, but the moment I set eyes on it I determined to have it. About it there was something singularly mysterious and sinister. But, while I was still pounding at the door, the steamer's whistle blew and I had to race back to the wharf.

Weeks later, however, returning from the Yukon, I found myself in Wrangell again. This time the eating-house was open for business. The proprietor, a Rip Van Winkle sort of person with a white beard reaching half-way to his waist, was busy serving a throng of hungry customers.

"Is that stone carving on the shelf for sale?" I asked him.

"It's yours for five bucks, stranger," he replied, without looking up from the sandwiches he was making.

I handed him the money.

“What is this thing, anyway?” I demanded, once the image was in my possession. “Where did you get it?”

“I took it off’n the grave of old Chief Skowl when I fust come to Wrangell nigh on sixty year ago,” he answered. “It’s been a-settin’ right thar on the shelf ever since. Thet’s all I kin tell you about it.”

I took the image back with me to my home near Washington. It struck me that with a hole drilled through the head to the beak it would make a novel and interesting spout for a wall-fountain. On my way to the stone-cutter’s I chanced to pass the National Museum. Here, I thought, was a chance to learn something about the image, what it represented and its origin.

The official at the information desk directed me to the office of Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, curator of the Division of Anthropology and perhaps the foremost authority on that subject in the world.

“Let’s have a look at your carving,” he said, when I had explained the object of my visit.

I placed the image on his desk. When he saw it he gave a low whistle of astonishment. Then, still with-

out making any remark, he summoned a number of his fellow-scientists. They displayed such interest that I became embarrassed.

"It really doesn't amount to anything, gentlemen," I assured them. "It's an impertinence for me to take your time, but I wanted to learn something about it."

"You evidently fail to realize, Colonel Powell," Dr. Hrdlicka said gravely, "that you have here an object which is probably unique. The aborigines of Alaska carved in wood, and in walrus ivory, and occasionally in slate, but this is the first example of their work in stone that I have ever seen. What, may I ask, had you intended to do with it?"

I evaded his question. In view of the importance which these men of science attached to the object I thought it as well not to confess that I had intended to have a hole drilled through it and use it as a water-spout.

"The museum has had an expedition working on Wrangell Island all summer," continued Dr. Hrdlicka, "yet you stop off there for an hour and purchase in an eating-house for five dollars an object vastly more important than anything brought back by our experts."

You will see your way clear, I trust, to present it to the nation, in which case we will be glad to give it a prominent place in the museum."

I did not present the image to the nation, though I may do so eventually. At present it stands on my library table at Journey's End, mysterious, grotesque, sinister, peering at me malevolently from beneath its lowered lids as though defying me to pierce the secret of its history.

### IV

Some hours after leaving Wrangell the steamer abruptly altered its course, swerved to starboard, and cautiously entered the rock-walled fiord known as Taku Inlet. Little icebergs, like vanilla sherbets floating on the water, showed the way. We steamed slowly up the inlet and the mountains rose about us, waterfalls spreading themselves like fichus of white lace upon their swelling bosoms. Then we rounded a rocky headland and before us, in all its gleaming grandeur, lay one of the wonders of the North—the great Taku Glacier.

Fifteen miles long, a mile and a half across, and



two hundred feet in height, the mighty river of ice, born of a boundless snow-field which is the mother of a hundred glaciers, sweeps majestically downward from the mountain heights until it disintegrates into icebergs at the edge of the sea. The lances of the sun splinter against its coruscating surface in rainbow spatters; surf boils in thunder at its feet.

The Taku is one of the most remarkable tidewater glaciers in the world. It is what is known to scientists as a "live" glacier, and though its seaward progress is slow, as the progress of the hour-hand of a clock is slow, it nevertheless covers seven or eight feet a day.

We skirted the edge of the barrier, but at a respectful distance, for a chorus of rendings and cracklings gave warning that the glacier was in labor and that another iceberg was about to be born. Even as we watched there was a shattering roar, like the bursting of a high-explosive shell, and a mass of ice the size of an apartment house broke from the face of the glacier and plunged amid a smother of foam into the sea.

Rearing themselves above the surface of the glacier like gigantic stalagmites are fantastic incrustations, conical or columnar in form, which are so delicately

poised that the slightest vibration will dislodge them. The steamer sounded its whistle and before the echoes of the blast could be flung back by the hills a lofty column of ice collapsed into fragments with the crash of a six-inch gun. Shortly before our visit, so I was told, a United States revenue cutter had entered Taku Inlet and had dropped a few shells on the glacier by way of target practice. Our captain mentioned the incident resentfully. He felt that shelling such a masterpiece of Nature smacked of vandalism.

Though the Taku Glacier is the most accessible and the most beautiful in Alaska, it is by no means the largest. Farther to the north, sweeping down from the ice-fields of Mount St. Elias and visible from the decks of steamers plying between Juneau and Cordova, is the Malaspina Glacier, the largest in the world, covering an area of 1500 square miles, or nearly a tenth the size of Switzerland.

Very noticeable now is the lengthening of the hours of daylight, for we are approaching the Land of the Midnight Sun. At nine o'clock in the evening the sun is still well above the horizon—a sphere of molten gold

whose rays gild sea and mountains and turn the western sky into a gigantic palette daubed with glorious colors. Even in the Panhandle there is no true darkness from the end of April to the middle of August, while at Fort Yukon, on the Arctic Circle, it is possible to take photographs at midnight.

The next port-of-call after Wrangell is Juneau, the capital of Alaska, a busy and thriving place of some five thousand inhabitants, set on a promontory between the mouth of the Taku River and the entrance to the beautiful Lynn Canal. On the west, as the ship enters the harbor, is the famous Treadwell mine, which has produced \$68,000,000 worth of gold—nearly seven times the price paid for all Alaska—and hard by is the abandoned mining town of Douglas, which passed out of existence overnight when the mine caved in as a result of the galleries' having been driven too far under the sea-floor.

On the hillside behind Juneau stands a huge frame structure of some twenty rooms which is the official residence of the governor, an up-to-date executive who makes periodical inspections of his huge territory by airplane. Not far away is the raffish-looking residence

of the late Chief Johnson, head of the Raven branch of the Taku Indians, who celebrated his accession to the chieftainship by giving a potlatch—that is, a feast at which presents of value are distributed lavishly—costing twenty thousand dollars.

Despite its board-paved streets and flimsy architecture, the Alaskan capital is a neat, clean, well-run town with electric light, drainage and water systems, fire and police departments, churches, hospitals, public schools, newspapers, department stores, motion-picture theaters, and an admirably arranged museum containing an interesting collection of objects relating to the history and resources of Alaska.

The streets of Juneau present many striking contrasts, for here the North greets the South, here civilization merges into the frontier. Pretty American girls, as smartly gowned as their sisters in New York and Chicago and San Francisco, make way for Indian squaws in blankets and moccasins with beady-eyed papooses slung across their backs. Jaunty youths in knickerbockers or flannels, local business men, tourists fresh from the States, rub shoulders with miners and lumbermen, fishermen and trappers, Japanese, Chi-





A PAGE OUT OF THE ROMANTIC PAST

"The Trail of '98." Gold-seekers crossing the White Pass in the depths of winter during the rush to the Yukon

nese, Indians, and 'breeds. Up and down the few miles of planking roll expensive motor cars bearing Alaskan license-plates. In the shop windows is displayed everything that a sophisticated community could ask for, from radios in Circassian walnut cabinets to bathroom fixtures of pastel-tinted porcelain, from silver cocktail shakers to women's pink silk underwear. In the windows of the Nugget Shop, which is a Juneau institution, Chilkat blankets—which are not really blankets at all, but richly embroidered ceremonial capes—Tlingit baskets, shaman's rattles, and walrus-ivory carvings divide the space with paintings by a Royal Academician who spends his summers in Alaska. Before the motion-picture houses long queues of movie fans wait patiently for the beginning of the second show; from the loud-speaker of a radio in a newsroom come words spoken by a man in far-away Seattle; the ice-cream parlors and soda-water fountains are crowded with laughing, chattering youngsters; at Odd Fellows' Hall a jazz orchestra is playing the same dance music that is being played on Broadway. And all this in a setting that was a howling wilderness within the memory of living men.

And everywhere are totem poles. They tower above the wooden streets like telegraph poles, and smaller replicas, sold to tourists by the thousands, are found within the shops. Here, where the Auk and Taku Indians once had their camps, still stand the strange heraldic symbols of their families and clans—the fierce-beaked thunder-bird with flapping wings, the shaman with his stovepipe hat, the boar with an otter issuing from its mouth like a tongue, the pop-eyed giant with the whales under his arms. Hideous, mysterious, inscrutable they stand, rear-guards of barbarism, strange survivals of an Alaska that has gone.

One can spend a few days in Juneau very pleasantly. Provided you can tear yourself away from the curio shops—and, apart from the cheap trinkets, there are many beautiful and worthwhile things to be found in certain of them—you can visit the near-by villages of Auk and Taku Indians, with their curious burial-grounds; or you can hire a motor car and follow the wooded road which runs for fourteen miles along the edge of the sea to the great Mendenhall Glacier. You can make an evening excursion of it, if you wish, for even at ten o'clock at night there will be sufficient



light for photographs. You leave your car at the end of the motor road and follow a rough and winding trail which leads up steep banks of shale, across stone-strewn moraines and foaming torrents, to the glacier's very edge. Issuing out of the unknown, the river of jagged ice rumbles past against a background of forest and mountains, green and blue and violet fires in its depths, on its journey to the sea.

From Juneau a long, free run down that beautiful, mountain-walled fiord known as the Lynn Canal to Skagway. The water is an incredible green—the iridescent blue-green of a peacock's tail. Wooded islands slide astern. Glaciers pour down on either hand. The great peaks rear themselves in purple majesty. The sun, after staying up long past its normal bedtime, reluctantly disappears, but for hours afterward the sky is illumined by the afterglow. The ship forges steadily into the North, leaving a mile-long phosphorescent furrow in its wake. Then dawn, and “the sun comes up like thunder.” The sky is a vaulted ceiling of blue enamel. The ship floats upon a painted sea. And dead ahead, against the green of forests, rise the roofs of Skagway. Above and beyond is a notch in the rampart

of mountains. The White Pass! The gateway to the Klondike and the Yukon!

Now we are at the edge of the true North, the land of Indians and Eskimos, of chechakos and sourdoughs, of reindeer and huskies, of trading-posts and mining camps, of fabulous gold mines, trackless tundras, unexplored mountains, uncharted rivers, of lost lakes teeming with fish and of hidden valleys teeming with game, of the Northern Lights and the Aurora Borealis, of Sam McGee and Dangerous Dan McGrew. Here is the vestibule of adventure, the gateway to the gold-fields, the anteroom of the Arctic.





HE DIED WITH HIS BOOTS ON  
The grave of "Soapy" Smith, Skagway gambler and gunman

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## CHAPTER VIII

### THE LAND OF GOLD

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#### I

THE present Skagway is a ghost-town. For the wide-open, rip-roaring, money-or-your life Skagway of "Soapy" Smith, the Skagway immortalized by Jack London and Rex Beach and Robert Service, died with the collapse of the gold rush to the Klondike. To-day, its gambling hells converted into billiard parlors, its saloons into restaurants, its brothels into boarding-houses, many of its hastily-run-up buildings falling into ruin, it drowns in its narrow valley between the head of the Lynn Canal and the foot of the White Pass, dreaming of the mad, bad days when gamblers and gun-fighters, desperadoes and deputy sheriffs staged pistol duels in its streets, when the shouts and songs of boisterous sourdoughs and chechakos were punctuated by the click of roulette balls and the crack

of revolvers, and when its fame—or ill-fame—echoed round the world.

It sprawls at the foot of the barrier mountains as though it had tried to get over them and failed. That is the trouble with it. In the closing years of the last century—"the days of old, the days of gold, the days of Ninety-Eight"—Skagway went up through the White Pass to the gold-fields of the Klondike and never came back. What was left behind is to-day be-draggled and dispirited. Upon second thought, however, that is not wholly true, for the little town, despite its vanished glories, its deserted and dilapidated buildings, remains a cheerful, pleasant, homelike place.

The Indian name, Skagua, means "North Wind," which at certain seasons is doubtless a good description, for the town lies only about six degrees below the Arctic Circle. But when we landed there in early August there was not enough breeze stirring to flutter the leaves of the cottonwoods, and the thermometer on the veranda of the Golden North Hotel stood at 96°.

The visitor gets a hint of what the old Skagway was like upon landing from the boat, when the town's one

and only hotel motor-bus—the latest thing in that type of vehicle a third of a century ago—comes rattling and banging down the long wooden wharf. At the wheel sits a picturesque local character named Martin Itjen, who from beneath a Texas Ranger moustache expectorates streams of tobacco juice with amazing accuracy of aim. His ramshackle yellow bus comes clattering up to the steamer's gang-plank with its brass gong clanging like a fire-engine, the toy policeman on its radiator cap throwing its arms about as frantically as a real one, and a stuffed bear snarling from the running-board.

“All aboard!” shouts Martin Itjen as the passengers troop ashore. “All aboard for the Golden North, Dewey, and Portland hotels and the Pullen House!”

You clamber in, the gong clangs, the engine groans and wheezes, and the antediluvian conveyance heads up the creaking, mile-long wharf, swings around a cluster of tumbledown warehouses, passes the custom house, and comes to an abrupt halt in order to let the daily train of the White Pass and Yukon Railway, whose tracks run down the center of the main street, rumble by. The visitor get another dash of local color

as a sort of sledge on wheels, drawn by four Alaskan huskies harnessed tandem, tears past in a cloud of dust.

The leading hotels in Skagway are the Golden North and the Pullen House. I was tempted to put up at the former on the strength of its glamorous name, but switched to the latter because I wished to meet "Ma" Pullen, a celebrated Alaskan character, known to and beloved by all sourdoughs as "the Mother of the North." She came to Skagway, a young widow, in the Gold Rush days, and has been there ever since.

The Pullen House is a large, old-fashioned frame dwelling standing in pleasant grounds of its own on the banks of a little river. One wing of it "Ma" Pullen has turned into a museum, where she gives daily lectures to her guests. One speculates on how she succeeded in bringing together such an astonishing assortment of objects—Indian baskets, shaman's rattles, Chilkat blankets, carved walrus tusks, pickaxes and shovels, pans for placer mining, piano lamps with bead-fringed shades, pieces of black walnut furniture of the Reign of Terror decorative period, gold nuggets, buckskin garments, brass cuspidors—spittoons, in



frontier parlance—embroidered sofa cushions, wreaths of horsehair flowers, seashells, arrowheads, oil paintings, chromos, lithographs, world without end, *Amen*.

The museum also contains a collection of gambling paraphernalia which, so far as I am aware, is unique. Here are curiously shaped gaming tables, roulette wheels of silver and rare woods, faro layouts, keno gooses, dealing boxes, stacks of poker chips, counters and markers of bone and ivory, loaded and unloaded dice, packs of much-thumbed playing cards, some stained with whisky and some with blood, to say nothing of such murderous appurtenances of the gambler's trade as six-shooters, Derringer pistols, arm-holsters, and Bowie knives. It is, in its way, a tremendously interesting collection and I commend it to the attention of Mr. Henry Ford, who collects Americana on a large scale, for it is characteristic of a significant, if lawless, period in the history of the American frontier and should be preserved for the edification of future generations.

This forgotten town on the edge of the Arctic is about the last place on earth where you would expect

to find flowers of superlative size, coloring, and beauty, yet behind its neat white picket-fences grow blooms which would sweep the board at any flower show. We were shown sweet-pea vines twenty feet in height, with bunches of blossoms as large as your fist; pansies the size of saucers; dahlias fourteen inches across (I know because I measured them); and trailing begonias as gloriously colored as orchids. Though it is late in the season before Skagway's gardens begin to show signs of life, the rich soil, the abundance of moisture, and the long, hot summer days with sunlight for the greater part of the twenty-four hours, combine to give the vegetation a luxuriance unknown in temperate climes.

In view of the lawlessness which characterized Skagway in Gold Rush days, and the glamour which enveloped the place, perhaps it is not surprising that the principal sight, which all visitors wish to see before anything else, is the grave of a notorious desperado, "Soapy" Smith, who died with his boots on in an encounter with a deputy sheriff. A stranger might assume that Soapy was the tutelary genius of the town, for the first thing one sees upon arrival at Skagway is

his "skull" painted on a sheer wall of rock high above the harbor; picture-postcards showing him after death, stretched on a slab in the morgue, are sold in all the curio shops; thousands of visitors make pilgrimages to his grave in the local cemetery.

Jefferson R. Smith, better known as "Soapy," was a gambler, a gangster, and a bad man. In the wild days of '97 and '98 he was the self-appointed mayor of Skagway. He was as undisputed boss of the town, which then had upward of fifteen thousand inhabitants, as Al Capone was of Chicago before the Federal Government brought his rule to an end. The profits which he made from his gambling establishment he augmented by levying tribute on saloons and houses of prostitution. He gathered about himself a formidable gang whose members balked at nothing. The sourdough, coming out with his poke of gold, was usually the victim, but the chechako going in was not overlooked. Soapy and his confederates usually succeeded in "cleaning" them at the gambling tables, but if the chosen victims refused to play they were blackjacked and robbed. They lost their money either way. With Soapy it was a case of "Heads I win, tails you lose."

But the day came, as it had in the San Francisco of half a century before, when the decent element in the community refused longer to be terrorized by desperadoes. A vigilance committee under the leadership of a deputy sheriff named Frank Reid was organized to rid the town of Soapy and his gang. The vigilantes were holding a meeting on the wharf when the gangsters attacked them. Soapy and Reid met face to face. Both drew at the same instant. Their six-guns roared as one. The gangster crumpled with a bullet through his heart. The deputy, mortally wounded, lived three days.

To-day Frank Reid and Soapy Smith sleep side by side in the little cemetery on the edge of the town. Over Reid's grave is a stone monument bearing the inscription, "He gave his life for the honor of Skagway," but no one pays it more than passing attention. The wooden head-board which originally marked Soapy's grave has been replaced by a marble tombstone provided by an anonymous admirer in the States. The lettering has been almost obliterated by the tourists who have scrawled or carved their names upon it, but one can still make out the words: "Jeffer-



*Photograph by Canadian Pacific Railway Co.*

# IN THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

These pictures were taken at Fort Yukon, Alaska, which is actually on the Arctic Circle, at 11.30 p. m.



*Photograph by Canadian Pacific Railway Co.*

# INDIAN SHACK, FORT YUKON, ALASKA



## THE LAND OF GOLD

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son R. Smith, Died July 8, 1898, Aged 38 Years." In death, as in life, the desperado holds the center of the stage.

### II

During the tourist season there is a daily train service from Skagway over the White Pass to White Horse, on the Yukon, whence river-steamers sail once a week for Dawson City. It is one hundred and ten miles from Skagway to White Horse and the fare is ten cents a mile, and, considering the interest and beauty of the trip, is cheap at the price. Your rail and river transportation from Skagway to Dawson City and return will cost you one hundred and fifteen dollars. Even if you cannot afford the fortnight, more or less, which is required for the trip to Dawson, you should under no circumstances fail to go at least as far as the summit of the White Pass—which can be done during the day the steamer remains in port—and, if you can stop over a boat, to Carcross and Lake Atlin. It is a pity to go to the very door of the Yukon and then turn back.

At Skagway began the historic trail to the gold-

fields—the terrible trail which broke the hearts of so many men and the backs of so many horses. There were two routes to the head of navigation in the early days—the White Pass and the Chilkoot—and it was said that whichever route a man selected he would curse himself for not having taken the other. But to-day one goes over the White Pass—where only thirty-odd years ago tens of thousands toiled and struggled, froze and starved, and where hundreds lost their lives—seated in an arm-chair in an observation car.

It is a small, narrow-gauge train, not much more than a toy, but so steep are the grades leading to the summit of the pass that two engines are required to haul it and a third to push it. Crossing the Skagway River, the line laboriously climbs the slopes of Sawtooth Mountain to Rocky Point, where it crosses the old "Trail of '98." Then comes the Skagway River Gorge, where the train crawls timidly along the brink of a dizzy precipice beneath a canopy of overhanging rocks. The higher we climb the smaller the trees become. Indeed, one could almost guess the elevation by their size. Whereas the lower slopes of the mountains are heavily timbered with magnificent specimens of



fir, spruce, and pine, at the summit of the pass there are only a few stunted pines, for it is above timberline.

Nine miles from Skagway, at Pitchfork Falls, the railway crosses a mountain torrent which flings itself over the edge of the cliff in a smother of spray and spume. Two miles farther on is Black Cross Rock, a gigantic block of stone, estimated to weigh one hundred and fifty thousand tons, which, dislodged by the blasting incidental to the construction of the railway, crushed out the lives of two workmen who didn't see it coming. The rock which killed them, a black cross painted on its face, fittingly enough forms their tombstone.

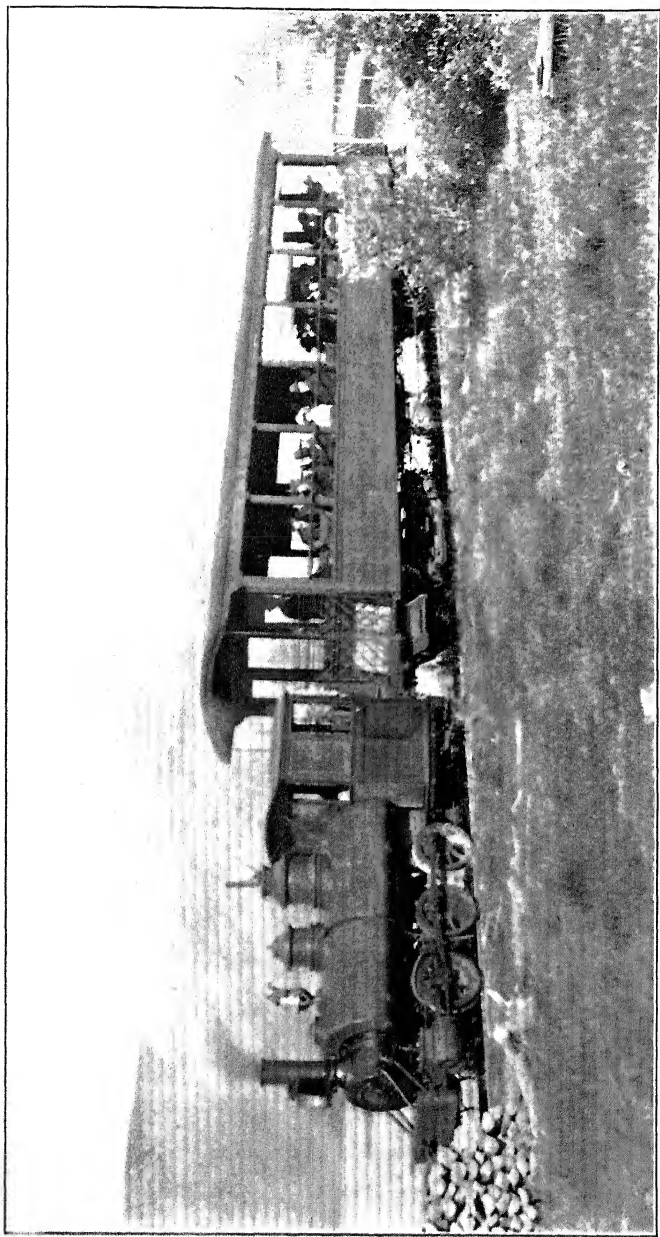
The toy train, its engines panting stertorously, clambers and corkscrews up, and up, and up, the windows framing breath-taking vistas at every turn. We see, here and there, the rude cabins of prospectors, and sometimes the prospectors themselves, bearded and booted figures out of the storied past. "You betcha, stranger, there's still gold in them thar hills."

On a modern cantilever bridge, said to be the northernmost structure of its kind in the world, the

railway is carried across Dead Horse Gulch, where the early prospectors, finding it impossible to take their pack animals farther up the increasingly difficult trail, drove them over the cliffs to death on the rocks below.

After Glacier Gorge comes the steepest part of the ascent, a detour of four miles being necessary in order to make the grade up Tunnel Mountain. The train emerges from a short tunnel into a world of blue sky, gleaming mountain-peaks, and brilliant sunshine to halt at Inspiration Point. All about us rise tremendous mountains, rusty red, violet, purple, green, or gray patched and bonneted with snow, and far in the distance, framed by a notch in the mountains, are the sparkling waters of the Lynn Canal, seventeen miles away and 2400 feet below. If you are continuing north you must travel upwards of two thousand miles before you sight the sea again.

It is only twenty miles as the railway goes from Skagway to the summit of the White Pass, but so steep are the grades, so sharp the curves, that it takes the little train two and a half hours to make the trip. Here, nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea, is the international boundary, marked by a



TRANSPORTATION IN THE NORTH

The train which runs between Taku Arm, Yukon Territory, and Lake Atlin in British Columbia



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stone obelisk; here the Stars and Stripes float beside the Union Jack. You do not enter the storied Yukon until a little farther on, however, for, as you will note by glancing at the map, a narrow wedge of British Columbia here separates Alaska from the Yukon Territory.

As we come to a halt with the hiss of escaping steam and brakes asqueal, mounted policemen in scarlet jackets, spurs clinking, flat-brimmed sombreros tilted jauntily, stride through the train on the lookout for fugitives from justice and other undesirable characters. Outside Indian youngsters with straight black hair and copper skins romp about the platform; a couple of bearded prospectors are loading a pack-horse with camp equipment preparatory to setting out on the eternal quest for gold; savage-looking huskies bare their fangs and growl menacingly if you attempt to make friends with them. Now you feel that you are in the real North at last.

Thus far we have been traveling "up North," but from the summit of the pass onward it is "down North," as any sourdough will remind you, for the streams plunging down the mountain slopes go to

feed the Yukon, that mighty waterway, more than two thousand miles long, which, though born within sight of the Pacific, sweeps around like a mighty fish-hook to empty into Bering Sea.

Now the line descends and we jog along more rapidly, sometimes attaining the dizzy speed of twenty miles an hour. Crossing a plateau dotted with little lakes and patches of cottonwoods and stunted pines, we come to Log Cabin, appropriately named, for all that remains of what was once a busy boom town is a solitary log shack, the headquarters of the mounted police. This was the beginning of the Fan Tail Trail to Atlin, traversed by tens of thousands of miners when the big gold strike was made in that region in '98.

On past Beaver Lake we rattle, and past Lake Linderman, the terminus of the Chilkoot Trail, to Lake Bennett, where the prospectors who managed to get this far built the crude boats and rafts by which they continued their long trek to the Klondike.

We built our boats and we launched them. Never has been  
such a fleet;

A packing-case for a bottom, a mackinaw for a sheet;

Shapeless, grotesque, lopsided, flimsy, makeshift and crude,  
Each man after his fashion builded as best he could.

In those stirring days Bennett had a floating population of at least ten thousand—and a rough, tough lot they were—but now the inhabitants consist only of a few section-hands, the half-dozen employees of the railway eating-house, and a mounted policeman or two. Here the trains stop for dinner and the passengers throng into the dining-room to seat themselves at one long table laden with all the characteristic dishes of the North—fried whitefish from Lake Bennett, haunches of mountain sheep and venison, moose and caribou steaks, and the most delicious berry pies you ever ate.

At the northern end of Lake Bennett, which is the real beginning of the Yukon River, is Carcross, a contraction of the old Caribou Crossing, so named because in the fall the migrating caribou swim the lake in such numbers that the steamers have to pick their way between moving islands of gray heads and branching horns. I was told that the mounted police stationed at Carcross once tried to estimate the size of this annual migration by counting the caribou as

they poured from the mouth of a near-by pass, but abandoned the task when their tally reached ten thousand.

### III

At Carcross thousands of the men who had set out for the Klondike were lured aside to the Atlin district, where gold was discovered in 1898. Though its mines did not prove so rich as was expected, Atlin soon had a population of ten thousand, some of them diverted from the mighty stream pouring over the White Pass; others who had pushed north over the Cariboo Trail from Ashcroft through a thousand miles of the British Columbian wilderness.

To-day it is possible to penetrate the scenic wonderland of the Atlin region in comfort, for thrice weekly during the summer months the little old stern-wheeler *Tutshi* sails from Carcross through Tagish Lake to the head of West Taku Arm. It is an overnight trip, and one replete with beauty and charm, for the sun obligingly remains above the horizon until far into the evening, the snowy summits of the close-packed mountains are bathed in gold and crimson, and



wooded islands float on an expanse of molten dark green glass.

Dotting the shores are the ruins of deserted mining camps, short-lived bonanzas whose names, long since forgotten, were once known everywhere, in whose saloons the miners paid for their drinks in gold-dust and wagered the fruits of months of toil on the spin of a wheel or the turn of a card. Now and again one is reminded of some forgotten tragedy, some unrecorded heroism. Thus, the steamer passes the spot, marked by a small white cross upon the shore, where Jack Fox lost his life while carrying a message from the Engineer Mine to Atlin begging for desperately needed medical supplies. The ice gave way beneath him and he could not gain the bank, but before he sank the heroic messenger succeeded in tying the letter to his snowshoe, which he flung ashore, where it was found by the party sent out to search for him.

From the head of West Taku Arm passengers are transported across a narrow neck of land, two or three miles wide, in a railway carriage which is first cousin to an open street-car, hauled by a diminutive wood-burning locomotive reminiscent of those which

first crossed the plains, to seventy-mile-long Lake Atlin, where another steamer waits to ferry them over to Atlin, a pleasant little wilderness town which aspires to become a summer resort—and probably will when the highway now under construction from the United States to Alaska is completed.

Hemmed in by dense forests and lofty mountains, with lakes and rivers on every hand, Atlin is the center of one of the best big-game regions on the continent, the sportsman who sets out from there with an experienced guide being virtually assured of returning with a complete “set” of trophies, which would include at least one of the four varieties of mountain sheep—bighorn, Dall’s, Stone’s, and Fannin’s—native to this region, a mountain goat, a moose, a caribou, an elk, a mule deer, a black bear, and, of course, a specimen of *Ursus horribilis*, the grizzly, king of the mountains. The waters in the vicinity of Atlin teem with Arctic trout and in many of the streams are salmon.

The town has an exceedingly comfortable and well-run summer hotel, the Atlin Inn, as well as a couple of less pretentious hostelrys which are open all the

year round; a few stores and outfitting establishments; and—of all things!—a landing-field, which the optimistic townspeople have chopped from the primeval wilderness in anticipation of the day when Atlin shall be on an established air-route from the United States to the Yukon and Alaska.

Nor is this as far away as it may seem to some, for to-day the up-to-date gold-seeker uses a monoplane instead of a pack-train or a dog-team. Throughout the High North aircraft are now quite commonly used for carrying passengers and mails, for exploring and prospecting, one of the most expert flyers being a Jesuit missionary who covers his vast diocese by plane. Most of the towns in Alaska and the Yukon now have their landing-fields, a fairly regular service being maintained between Carcross and Dawson by the planes of the Yukon Airways and Exploration Company. The saving in time is enormous. For example, in the old days it took at the least a week of terrible hardship and exertion to cross the Chilkoot Pass from Dyea to Bennett. Now a plane makes the same trip in forty minutes!

A dozen miles or so at the back of Atlin, reached

by an abominable road, is the abandoned mining camp of Discovery, a name which spread over the North like wildfire when gold was struck there in 1898. At the height of the stampede its population ran into five figures. To-day it has but two inhabitants: the postmaster, and the proprietor of the town's only store. Neither of them has anything to do save sit and drink and think, or sometimes just sit and drink, until Saturday night comes round, when a few miners drift into town to get their mail or purchase supplies. For there is still mining of a sort in the vicinity—hydraulic mining on Pine Creek, and some placer mines along Spruce Creek whose owners will permit visitors to sift a few pans of sand and will sell them the nuggets—if any—which they find.

It would be hard to find a more dismal and depressing place anywhere than Discovery. Picture a long and straggling main street, with grass sprouting between the rotting planks of its board sidewalks, bordered by unpainted and dilapidated frame buildings—stores, outfitting establishments, hotels, pool parlors, gambling houses, dance-halls, and saloons, judging from the weather-faded signs above their doors.

At first glance you get the impression that the inhabitants have merely gone away for the day, perhaps on a picnic, but a closer inspection shows broken windows, rotting floors, sagging roofs, and a thick coating of dust and mildew. In one of the saloons the bar remained intact, though the long mirror behind it had been splintered, evidently by bullets. Among a pile of newspapers flung in the corner of a pool-room I came across a yellowed copy of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, a third of a century old, containing a round-by-round account of the Sharkey-Jeffries fight. Over everything hung the silence of a cemetery. And, when you come to think about it, that is what Discovery is—a place of buried dreams and aspirations.

In the solitary store which remained open for business—and I judged that it was doing a very meager business, too—I discovered, protected by a glass case, one of the finest ship models I have ever seen. It was a four-masted schooner, technically correct to the minutest detail, with billowing sails of sheet copper which had been pounded to paper thinness. It had been made, so the proprietor of the store told me, by a Swedish sailor who had deserted his ship at Skag-

way in '98 to join the stampede to the gold-fields. He worked on it o' nights, by lantern-light, for upward of two years. When the gold at Discovery petered out he, like many others, was broke, with no money to meet his grocery bill, so he left the ship in payment. The storekeeper eagerly accepted the offer I made him—I don't suppose he had seen so much real money in years—and I took it out with me. To-day it sits above the fireplace in my library at Journey's End, its prow pointed toward the North. When the logs burn low, and the winter winds howl beneath the eaves, I think of the Viking who made it in his lantern-lighted cabin during the long Arctic nights.

### IV

If we are to continue on to Dawson City we must retrace our steps from Atlin to Carcross and thence take the train to Whitehorse, which is the terminus of the railway and the head of navigation on the Yukon. Leaving Carcross dozing in the sun beside Lake Bennett, we climb a low divide, drop down to Lewes Lake, crawl along the rim of Miles Cañon, where so many gold-seekers lost their lives while at-

## THE LAND OF GOLD

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tempting to navigate its angry waters in extemporized boats or on rude rafts, and then see, far below, the Whitehorse Rapids—five miles of seething, swirling waters from amid which jagged rocks rise like the fins of sharks.

In the days of the Gold Rush much of this region was erroneously believed to be American, which accounts for certain of the place-names. Thus, Lake Bennett was named after James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the *New York Herald*, and Miles Cañon after General Nelson A. Miles, then the ranking officer of the United States Army. The 100 per cent Americans who bestowed these names even insisted for a time that the Klondike itself was American territory.

I liked Whitehorse. It is a pleasant little town fragrant with the aromatic smell of new-cut lumber; clean, well-kept, open to the sky. Its broad streets, which lose themselves in the encircling forest, are lined by cozy-looking log cabins and neat white cottages, each set in a garden gay with flowers. It has three hotels, and though I cannot recall the name of the one at which we stopped, I remember that I had

a private bath—a rare luxury in the High North.

After Ketchikan and Juneau and Skagway, Whitehorse came as a pleasant relief, for it has not cheapened itself in order to extract money from the pockets of tourists. It has but one curio shop, and there the curios are only a side-line. The five hundred or so inhabitants seemed moderately prosperous and exceedingly optimistic, for they claim that the Yukon is rich in undiscovered gold-fields, that its surface has been little more than scratched, and that one of these days there will be another great stampede to the North. Well, as the poet says, “hope springs eternal in the human breast” and your Yukon gold-seeker is the hopefulest human that breathes.

But in the Yukon there are other underground treasures besides minerals. Ivory, for example. Not walrus-tooth ivory, which comes in small pieces and is brittle and difficult to work, but the huge tusks of *mastodon Americanus*, the ancestor of the elephant, which roamed this region fifty thousand years before History began. In the vicinity of Whitehorse the colossal skeletons of these Pleistocene monsters have been found in considerable numbers. I was told that



one resident of the town, employed as an engineer on one of the river boats, found himself almost penniless at the end of the Gold Rush, but has since amassed a modest fortune by mining mastodon ivory near his home. Which goes to prove that treasure is where you find it.

Tied up along the water-front at Whitehorse are many river-steamers, long since decommissioned in favor of more modern vessels, whose rotting deck planks fairly ooze romance. Here are the famous old stern-wheelers *Bonanza King*, *Yukoner*, and *Sourdough*. Moored to the banks of the mighty stream they once majestically rode, stripped of everything worth removing, they are melancholy survivors of a vanished era. In their cabins, on the tedious up-voyage from Dawson to White Horse, hard-earned fortunes in nuggets and gold-dust changed hands on the fall of a card. Aboard them many a man died suddenly, without benefit of clergy, because he held one ace too many or was too slow on the draw when he called another man a liar. Their decks were paced by many characters who have taken their place in the legends of the Northland, including "Dangerous Dan

McGrew" and "the lady that's known as Lou." In those days revelry ran high—and cost high with champagne at fifty dollars a bottle and whisky a dollar a glass. The only thing that was cheap was human life.

All the steamers employed in the Yukon trade were—and are—of one type: shallow-draft stern-wheelers. They were patterned after the Mississippi River steamers, with a "texas" perched up forward to give the man at the wheel a clear view of the river, tall twin funnels from which belched clouds of wood-smoke, and three decks whose cabins opened on narrow promenades. Passengers, mail, and express matter were carried on the boat themselves, but the freight, of which there were enormous quantities on the down-river trips, was loaded on barges which were pushed ahead of the steamers.

The period during which the Yukon is open to navigation is a short one, being dependent upon the going out of the ice in the spring and the fall freeze-up, but in normal years the steamer service begins toward the end of May and closes early in October. It is nearly five hundred miles from Whitehorse to Dawson, but so swift is the current that the steamers make the

## THE LAND OF GOLD

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down-trip in forty hours. The return trip, up-stream, is a different matter, however, the boats burning a cord of wood an hour. It is usually accomplished in about four days, but if large shipments of quartz ore have to be taken aboard en route, or if navigation is made difficult by fog, it may take considerably more. Generally speaking, however, one can safely count on making the round trip in a week. The fare from Whitehorse to Dawson and return, including meals, is about one hundred dollars, and the trip is well worth it.

*Hark! There's the whistle blowing. Come on!  
Let's go!*

### V

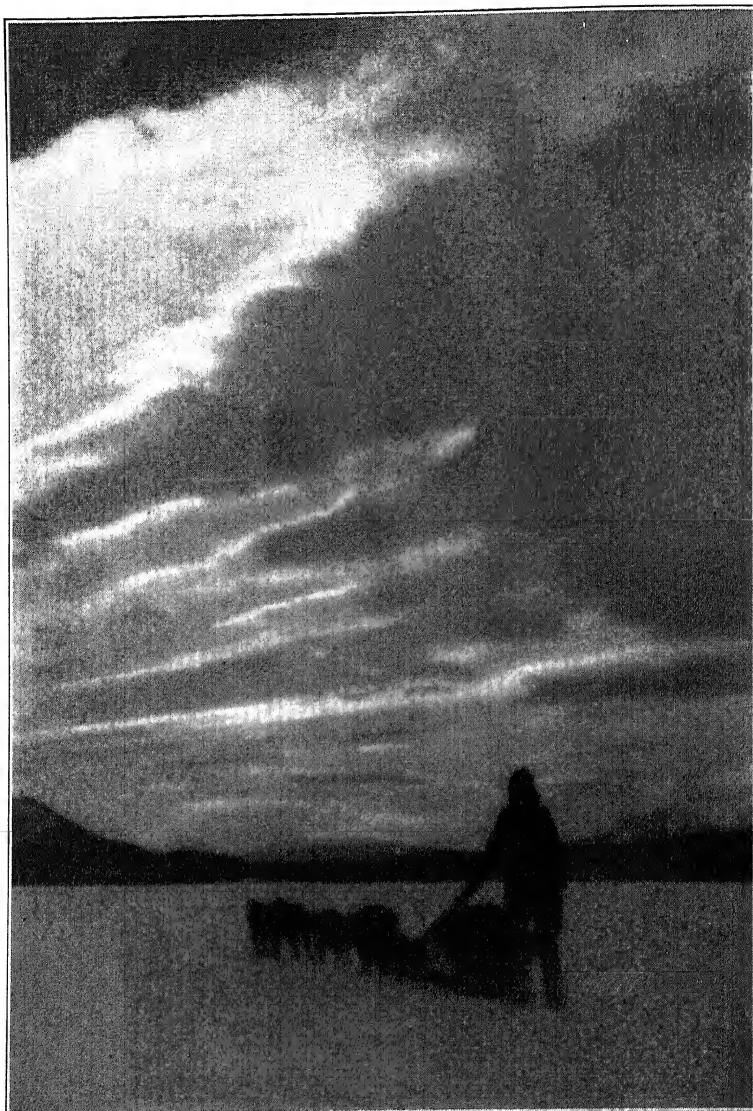
It is late in the golden afternoon when the *Aksala*—Alaska spelled backward—clears the wharf at Whitehorse, driving three heavily laden barges before her tandem, and, sweeping about in a great arc, churns her way through Lake LaBarge into the Lewes River, which does not actually become the Yukon until, half-way to Dawson, it is joined by the Pelly. The term “Yukon” it may be remarked in passing has

come to be so closely associated with Canada, which has given the name to a territory, that it is not generally realized that for nine-tenths of its course the mighty river traverses Alaska and is in the main, therefore, an American stream.

By far the most picturesque scenery is found along the Upper Yukon, above Dawson, where the stream is from a mile to three miles in width and flanked by the walls of mesas whose tops are in some cases three thousand feet above the level of the stream. The forests which cover the shores are for the most part of low-grade spruce or stunted pines, broken at long intervals by clearings in which stand the log cabins of prospectors, wood-cutters and trappers, fur-traders and fox-farmers, or, still more infrequently, a mounted police post, distinguishable by the Union Jack flying above it. But, despite these sporadic signs of habitation, the country is very sparsely populated, the whole Yukon Territory, with an area of more than 200,000 square miles, having barely four thousand inhabitants.

At the bends in the river the *Aksala* pushes its nose perilously close to the bank in order that there may be





*Photograph by G. M. Taylor*

WINTER ON THE YUKON BORDER  
High noon and thirty below zero

ample room for the swift current to swing the stern across the river—a maneuver made trebly difficult by the three unwieldy barges which the vessel is shoving before it. At intervals the steamer ties up at a wood-yard, for its consumption of fuel is enormous, and the passengers have an opportunity to stretch their legs ashore while woodsmen and deck-hands wheel aboard the cords upon cords of spruce which are required to appease the appetites of the hungry furnaces.

The passengers on the *Aksala* may not be so picturesque a lot as those who crowded the river boats of thirty years ago, for the gamblers and gun-fighters and ladies of easy virtue are missing, but they none the less form an interesting cross-section of the modern Yukon. Among them are numerous mine operators and metallurgical experts, of course; engineers in charge of the great hydraulic dredges operating near Dawson; merchants from the various river-towns between Whitehorse and Fairbanks; the manager of a branch bank which is housed in a log building on the Arctic Circle; a couple of mounted policemen with belt-straps of polished leather slanting across their scarlet tunics and broad yellow stripes down the sides of their

blue breeches; an aviator in the employ of an exploration company; the buyer for a famous fur house; a pair of Jesuit priests returning to their lonely mission stations in the Far North. Here, too, are ambassadors for American mining machinery and Scotch whiskies, envoys for wholesale drygoods establishments and hardware houses. To say nothing of the tourists—pretty school-teachers and bespectacled college professors, bridal couples on their honeymoons, business and professional men with their wives on a summer holiday—who pester the ship's officers with foolish questions and recite snatches from Service's poems on the slightest provocation.

Swiftly the steamer bears us northward. Now and then an eagle circles overhead, or a bear emerges from the underbrush along the bank, or a herd of caribou swim the stream. We touch at Yukon Crossing, with its log rest-house and stables for the use of the dog-sled runners who in winter, when the river is frozen over, carry the mails and a few passengers from Whitehorse to Dawson by the government trail—twelve days for the trip. Beyond Yukon Crossing we enter Five-Finger Rapids, where narrow, rock-bound is-



lands, outspread like the fingers of a hand, split the stream into four narrow channels through which the waters race in foam and thunder. At Fort Selkirk, at the mouth of the Pelly, where the Yukon proper begins, is a police post and a trading-station, together with the ruins of the former Hudson's Bay Company fort, which in 1852 was raided and destroyed by Chilkat and Chilkoot Indians from tidewater. Opposite Fort Selkirk rise sheer from the river's edge the curious palisades of rock known as the Selkirk Wall, which extends down-stream for a dozen miles, its surface so smooth that it appears to have been laid by human hands, block by block.

Below the Wall the river widens out. (It is twenty miles wide in places farther on.) Islands become more frequent. The trees are taller. The country changes from russet to green. More tributaries pour their torrents into the main stream, among them the Stewart, which gives access to the new silver-mining territory around Mayo. And so at last we come to the City of Gold, Dawson, capital of the Yukon.

Its buildings, mainly of unpainted wood, line the banks of the river and climb up the slopes of the

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Dome, a three-thousand-foot mountain which forms a background for the town. If you have come all this way in the expectation of finding the crowded, bustling, rip-roaring, wide-open mining town of Gold Rush days, or anything approximating it, you are bound to be disappointed, for since those hectic times the population of the place has dwindled from twenty-five thousand to a scant one thousand. Consequently, most of the houses are staring, empty, with sagging roofs and weed-grown dooryards. Indicative of the decline of the town's fortunes is the change of residence of the Gold Commissioner, who has closed the big yellow mansion which was formerly the seat of government and now lives in a modest log bungalow on the shoulder of the Dome. The American consulate, where Consul Ravndal once looked after the interests of thousands of gold-seekers from the States, has long since been closed.

But Dawson is not dead. There is life in the old town still. The main street is lined with stores, outfitting establishments, assay offices, banks, dance-halls, eating-houses, saloons, and hotels, all scrambled together. Many of the residents have neat and

comfortable homes surrounded by cheerful gardens ablaze with flowers. Still stands the storied Malamute Saloon, the favorite hang-out of Dangerous Dan McGrew, and visitors are proudly shown the small log cabin in which once lived a young Canadian bank clerk named Robert Service.

Living in Dawson, as in all the towns of the High North, is expensive. The smallest coin in use is the quarter-dollar. A shoe-shine costs a quarter, and so does a newspaper. One visitor handed a tobacconist two dimes and a nickel in payment for a two-bit cigar.

"We don't understand that kind of money up here," said the man behind the counter, pushing the coins back, "and we don't want it in circulation. We have no use for chicken-feed in the Yukon."

Though the old-time placer miners, each working his little claim by hand with pick and pan, have all but disappeared, their places have been taken by the great mining companies, which wash the hills away by means of powerful streams of water or with their enormous hydraulic dredges, big as battleships, churn the terrain into quicksand in their quest for gold. Already they have moved more dirt than was cast

aside in the digging of the Panama Canal, and in the process, have devastated the region as completely as the Germans devastated Northern France and Belgium. The amount of yellow dust thus garnered does not assume any startling proportions—the total yield of gold for the whole territory in 1929 was only \$654,000—but it apparently pays, for the operators say that they can continue hydraulic mining for another twenty years with profit, sweeping up what the old-timers overlooked.

Before leaving Dawson you should climb to the summit of the Dome, for from there is to be had a superb panorama of the surrounding country. All of the famous gold-bearing creeks rise not far from the Dome and find their way to the rivers through narrow, winding valleys. Over there to the eastward, beyond the broad flatlands of the Bonanza, the pale blue ribbon which is the Klondike River stretches away, away, until it is joined by that small tributary which was the richest of them all, the El Dorado. From this region which lies spread before us like a map in bas-relief was taken in the space of a few years gold to the value of two hundred million dollars. Yet, curiously

enough, few, if any, great fortunes were founded in the Klondike, though many were made in California in '49. Some of the gold-seekers returned from the Klondike richer than when they started; most of them returned poorer in everything save experience; and thousands did not return at all.

Yet, despite the privations and hardships which they suffered, few of the survivors of the Gold Rush regret their experiences in the Yukon, and many of them, I suspect, secretly hanker to return. For there is something of the hypnotic in the spell which the Northland casts over the souls of men. Once you have seen it you will long to go back, for, though it is as savage as a grizzly, it is as seducing as a siren.

There's a land where the mountains are nameless,
And the rivers all run God knows where;
There are lives that are erring and aimless,
And deaths that just hang by a hair;
There are hardships that nobody reckons;
There are valleys unpeopled and still;
There's a land oh, it beckons and beckons!
And I want to go back—and I will.

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